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TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

VOL. I.

TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND GERMANY

IN 1865 AND 1866:

INCLUDING

A STEAM VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE, AND
A RIDE ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS OF EUROPEAN TURKEY
FROM BELGRADE TO MONTENEGRO.

BY

CAPTAIN SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," ETC.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE choice of such a title for a work as shall at once express its true scope and aim, without appearing to be either pretentious or sensational, is always a difficult task for an author. Brevity being, above all things, essential, I felt that it was only in a preface I could hope to give my readers a full and clear insight into the nature of my present work. The following pages are, indeed, something more than a mere narrative of travel, as they contain a variety of notes and observations on the social, moral, and political condition of the countries through which I travelled, gleaned during repeated visits to the Continent, and which will be found preserved in the substance of different conversations held with such of the inhabitants as, from their position and intelligence, were best qualified to pronounce a decisive opinion on the questions we discussed.

With every wish to do justice to the present ruler of France, while acknowledging the astute policy by which he has raised himself to the high position he occupies—at the same time, that he has succeeded in curbing the revolutionary tendencies of the excitable people over whom he has been called to reign—I have not hesitated to censure such of his acts as I thought called for condemnation. As an Englishman, I am bound to acknowledge that his conduct towards this country has always been just and conciliatory, and the readiness with which he adopted, and put into practice, the doctrines of free trade, show him to be a man in advance of many of the statesmen of continental Europe. Still, if I have "set down naught in malice, I have naught extenuated."

As an impartial writer, I have felt it my duty to tell my countrymen the opinions I heard expressed in conversation by Frenchmen of every class and degree. The result of my own observation leads me irresistibly to the conclusion that the repressive policy he has so long, and, let me say, successfully pursued, has been carried somewhat too far. In his desire to put an end to everything in the shape of political agitation, he

has almost suppressed free thought throughout the whole of France. With him and his government free thought is dangerous—subversive of law and order, revolutionary and anarchical in its utterances; whether spoken or written, it must be suppressed.

It might be argued that a dread of free discussion must betoken the consciousness of some inherent failing on the part of a ruler. Now, without going this length, and while admitting that the French people are perhaps not yet ripe for the blessings of a perfectly untrammelled press, and that full liberty can only be enjoyed with safety by those who have gone through a long preparatory training, I must think that the repressive policy of the French Emperor has been unduly severe.

"*L'état, c'est moi.*" Do not trouble yourselves about the affairs of State—I am alone responsible for such matters, and will think for you. This would seem to be the true interpretation of the third Napoleon's policy, and it certainly does appear a rather dangerous one in the nineteenth century. In short, what the Roman Catholic Church undertakes to do for the conscience, the present ruler of France undertakes to do for the

intellect. But since men have refused to surrender their conscience to the keeping of a priest, they are hardly likely to resign their liberty of thought for any length of time to the keeping of a minister of the interior. As might be expected, the tendency of this coercive policy is to plunge the entire French nation into a state of materialism—men are degenerating into mere automata, whose only object in life is to make money, dress well, and enjoy themselves. The higher aims of existence seem to be gradually lost sight of; *la Bourse* rules the day; and *rem, rem quocunque modo* is now the motto of France—of France once the high-souled and chivalrous. A reaction must come, sooner or later, and it will be well if it finds the government prepared to meet it. Free thought may be repressed for a time, but, like the pent-up gases in the bosom of a volcano, they will at last find a vent for themselves amid the convulsion of an earthquake.

In turning to the other people of Central Europe—the Germans—whose present position, both social and political, has also been discussed at considerable length in these volumes, it is pleasing to see, so far as German unity is con-

sidered, that their prospects are very much changed for the better by the extraordinary events of the last few weeks. They seem at length on the point of achieving the high destiny that has been predicted for them by every observant traveller who has been accustomed to mingle with them for the last few years. And, however much we may sympathise with poor Austria and the petty princes of Germany, a great central German Protestant power, controlled by one of the most honest, right-minded, industrious people in Europe, would be a great gain to the whole civilized world. I have now only to say that, whatever offence the present King of Prussia may have given to the ultra-democratic party, society is deeply indebted to him. German unity will be a very different thing under his auspices from what it would have been if the Republican party in 1849, or the democracy of the cities with Schleswig-Holstein as their rallying cry, had triumphed in 1864. In both cases the present King of Prussia saw the danger—in both instances scotched the hydra before it had time to arrive at maturity, and history will do justice to the motives and the actions of this spirited and patriotic monarch.

With respect to the war with Austria, that man must be a very superficial observer of recent events in Germany who can see nothing in them but a plot of M. von Bismarck. He may have originated the time and the manner, but he had the wisdom to see that the time was come to strike the blow for German unity. He saw that the whole intellect of Germany was with him, as this work will show. He saw that the hour was come to destroy for ever that clumsy machine, the Deutsche Bund, and to terminate at once the ever-recurring disputes between Austria and Prussia. He knew that the whole people, both north and south, would gladly join even the reddest of the Red Republicans, if by that means they could gain the object they had in view—a united German Fatherland. Finally, I consider the exclusion of Austria from the councils of the German Fatherland as a happy event, not only to Germany, but to Austria herself. She will now be compelled to turn her whole attention to the magnificent countries she rules over in Eastern Europe, of which the reader will find in the pages of this work a somewhat lengthened description. She still possesses in Hungary and her other provinces all

the materials that form not only a prosperous but a powerful empire; but her rulers must for ever cease to be German. She must have a different rallying cry on the field of battle than that of "*Es lebe der Kaiser*," unless she would remain as she has always been, weak and wavering—now leaning in her distress on Russia, then on France, and again on Prussia.

My voyage down the Lower Danube will be interesting to the general reader as a characteristic sketch of the present state of Hungary. In my ride across the mountains of European Turkey he will find a description of the manners, customs, and social condition of a people living in a state of the most primitive simplicity, and practising all those virtues which distinguish men who have not yet been corrupted by the wealth, luxury, and artificial civilization of the West.

EDMUND SPENCER.

Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater.

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CHAPTER I.

Important Changes in Social Life on the Continent—What France was in 1815—Progressive Improvement of that Country in all that relates to Material Existence—The Great Anglo-Saxon Invasion—Its Effects upon the Habits, Manners, Customs, Industry, Political and Religious Opinions of the Continental People—Advantages of a Freehold over a Leasehold Tenure in building a Town—Paris of 1815 contrasted with Paris of 1866—The Octroi, its Advantages and Disadvantages—How it may be made available in the Improvements of a Town.

AMONG the various meditations that now and then occupy the mind of an old traveller, none are more interesting, none more deserving of notice, than those which suggest to his recollection the varied important changes which have taken place in the condition and prosperity of civilized man since the peace of 1815. Vast countries, which he had then seen reduced by war and rapine to poverty and bankruptcy, he now beholds not only prosperous in every sense of the word, but with a population in some instances nearly doubled in amount. Even those lying on the confines of benighted Asia, although their onward progress has not been so rapid, exhibit unmistakeable evidences of the salutary influences of time and tranquillity. Still,

although we readily admit the benefits we have derived from so long an exemption from the calamities of war, we must not forget how large a debt of gratitude we owe to the impulse given by the application of steam to the industry and commerce of the world. We must also remember that this powerful agent has been the means of carrying into every country into which a steamboat or a rail has penetrated, a degree of enlightenment, and an acquaintance with the arts and manufactures of civilized life, to which the inhabitants had been hitherto strangers.

To say nothing of the active part which we as a nation took in securing the peace of the world, few persons except those who like myself have been an eye-witness of the fact, can be aware how large a share our locomotive countrymen have had in originating various ameliorations in the manners and institutions of the Continental nations, and in assimilating them to our own. This will be better understood by the younger portion of my readers when I tell them that the gates of the Continent were no sooner opened, after the downfall of our implacable enemy, the first Napoleon, than a host of sight-seers, whose name was legion, spread themselves over the Continent, numbers of whom took up their permanent residence in various parts of France, Italy, and Germany; and as these were joined year after year by others similarly disposed,

we can well imagine what an influence so many thousands of well-educated men must have exercised over the inhabitants of every land in which they made their home, and how rapidly they propagated their own peculiar views and opinions. This irruption of our ever-restless countrymen, an irruption which never could have been effected save by a race of men at once energetic and wealthy, has been most appropriately termed by more than one foreign writer, "the great Anglo-Saxon invasion of the nineteenth century." And, undoubtedly, of every other invasion it has been the most salutary in its effects, for not only did these stranger armies enrich the inhabitants of every country they invaded, but they initiated them by example into the knowledge of various little mysteries and amenities of social life to which they had been hitherto strangers.

As might have been expected, our old enemy, and nearest neighbour, France, was the first country that benefited by this peaceful inroad of the wealthy islanders. Even at this distant day, when I picture to myself what France now is, and what I found her in 1815, when, as a little fellow, I was being conducted to a school in Paris, I think she had every reason to be thankful for the downfall of a man to whose insatiable ambition to become the Emperor of the West she, in common with the other countries of Continental Europe, was equally the

victim. How well do I remember, even at this distant day, the dreary towns I passed through on my route, and the wretched appearance of the inhabitants; for however much we may have suffered in being burdened with a national debt, we were mercifully spared by a kind Providence from what may be justly termed the horrors of war—invasion, and its innumerable ills. How well do I remember the swarms of mendicants that surrounded our carriage at all the post-stations, and their piteous cries for bread; neither have I forgotten that many of these unfortunates were maimed soldiers, still wearing the uniform of the first empire. This was doubly impressed upon my memory from the circumstance of the great interest my father, himself an old Peninsular officer, took in these poor fellows, evidenced in the liberal manner with which he distributed among them sundry small pieces of silver. In truth, no man but an actual eye-witness, who happened to be travelling in France at this particular time, can form an idea of the sufferings and privations her people endured after the capitulation of Paris, when they might have been said to be lying at the mercy of a million of foreign bayonets.

Among other things that particularly drew my attention at this time was the total absence in the hotels, as well as in the private residences of the

gentry, of those little household luxuries so indispensable to health and the comforts of existence. It seemed as if war, and everything connected with it, had been for years the only remunerative industry of the people, and that every fraction of the public money had been expended in fitting out and supporting these vast military expeditions which, in the long run, were only destined to provide matter for the pen of the historian in his description of a war which ended so ingloriously to the victor of so many battles, and in a manner so mortifying to the self-love of a gallant people.

In connexion with this subject, I must relate my first adventure in the land of the Gaul, which deserves to be recorded, if for nothing else than to show how widely we differed at that time in all our habits, customs, and usages, from a people who were only separated from us by a narrow channel of the sea. My father, who at the period referred to was somewhat of an invalid, rarely took any beverage stronger than tea, and knowing how little the French prized the fragrant herb, had provided himself with a plentiful supply before leaving England.

Now, as my little sister and myself were supposed to speak French with great fluency, having been taught it almost from infancy by a French emigrant, we were deputed by my father to give the necessary instructions to the waiter as

to the preparation of a dish of tea; but whether the garçon, who was a native of Picardy, understood no other language than his own patois, or that our French, spoken with an English accent, was unintelligible to him, I cannot say; certain, however, it is, the attempt made by the cook to comply with our wishes was most original, for the waiter laid on the table, much to our discomfiture as linguists, and to my father's infinite amusement, a large soup tureen, filled with the water in which the fragrant herb had been boiled, the whole carefully seasoned with pepper, salt, onions, gravy, and similar savoury ingredients. Tea at this time, as a beverage, was altogether unknown to the majority of the French people, whereas at present it is in general use, and its value as a refreshing beverage fully appreciated.

Our little adventure of the tea soup took place at Abbeville, in the "Hôtel du Tête de Bœuf" (at that time, as it is at present, one of the best hotels in France), where we took up our quarters for the night. In every other respect we had reason to be satisfied with the accommodation. The viands were excellent; the coffee and wines all that could be desired; the table-cloth and napkins white as snow, with an abundance of silver forks and spoons; but the knives—how can I describe them?—so primitive in shape, and utterly useless in any other ménage than that of a Frenchman.

Among other things that appeared strange and inconsistent in a country so highly-civllized as France, we were very much surprised to find that throughout the whole house there was not a carpet, nor even a bell to summon a waiter; while, to add to the other discomforts of the English visitor, the lavatory consisted of nothing better than an earthenware vessel, in shape resembling a pie-dish, and a bottle containing about a pint of water. Yet, in contradiction to this, and perfectly characteristic of the French, the furniture of our rooms was at once gorgeous and ornamental—quite palace-like in shape and appearance. Still, perhaps nothing occasioned greater annoyance to an English visitor than—a *désagrément* which, in some degree, even yet exists—the intolerable odour that pervaded the whole house, arising from a melange of garlic, cabbage-water, and, worst of all, the very defective state of the drainage. That we have learned much that is useful in our intercourse with the French, cannot be denied, but they must admit that in everything connected with domestic comfort and cleanliness, they are not a little indebted to the number of wealthy English residents that settled in their country after the peace of 1815.

In making these observations, I have been actuated solely by one motive—that of drawing the attention of the more youthful portion of my readers to the great fact of the powerful influence

England and her children have exercised in impressing an Anglo-Saxon stamp upon the manners, customs, and ideas of the great European family. How different would have been the result if we, in common with the other continental nations, had been compelled to submit to the crushing military despotism of the first Napoleon! If such a dire catastrophe had occurred, it is not too much to say that the whole civilized world would have been paralysed in its financial and commercial operations, and no other result could have ensued but universal bankruptcy. Again, steam, that great invention of the age, together with its numerous appliances, must have lain in abeyance; and, worst of all, we should have found history repeating itself in a state of society somewhat resembling the semi-barbarism to which mankind had been reduced by brutalizing wars and insurrectionary outbursts, after the fall of the Roman empire. At the same time, free trade, which tends more than any other influence to unite nations, even the most bellicose, in the bonds of peace and friendship, would never even have been thought of.

It would be idle to speculate any further upon what might have been the future of the past. Still, I cannot refrain from remarking that, events having taken a different turn, the whole civilized world has been spared, by a merciful Providence,

one of the greatest disasters that could have befallen the human race. Happily for the nations of Europe, a brighter sky has dawned upon them since those troublous times; and that great people, who, from their position, unity, and natural valour, exercise such a very powerful influence over the councils of nations, are becoming every day more solicitous to adopt the principles, ideas, and customs of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, more and more convinced of the advantages to be derived from peaceful, industrious, and commercial pursuits, and, consequently, less likely to lend themselves willing dupes of the ambitious schemes of any other military adventurers.

In recurring to my recollections of Paris in my young days, how great is the contrast between it and the splendid, beautiful capital we so justly admire in 1866, and which affords such a striking example of the prosperity so widely diffused among the inhabitants of every civilized country in this great industrious age. The tourists of the present day will no doubt be surprised when I tell them that, with the exception of the Boulevards, and one or two streets in the immediate vicinity of the Tuileries, the Palais Royale, and the Seine, the French capital was composed for the most part of narrow, gloomy streets—a gutter of dirty water running through the centre of each, emitting the most unpleasant odours; while after heavy

rains these unsavoury streams so increased in volume, that in some places it was necessary to secure the services of a boat. *Trottoirs* at this time had not been even meditated, so that the unhappy pedestrian who was not fortunate enough to obtain shelter in some shop or *porte-cochère* on the approach of a vehicle, was in danger of being run over, or at least splashed from head to foot. Gas, as we all know, was not the light of other days, and the streets of Paris were at that time only illuminated by dim lamps suspended across the streets, elevated or lowered by means of a pulley; but even these public luminaries were so few and far between, that they only served to make the darkness visible.

Louis Philippe, who had passed so many years of his chequered life in England, and had therefore become intimately acquainted with everything among us that was worthy of being transplanted into his own country, was the first monarch of France who commenced the work of remodelling a town which, like every other that had been constructed in an age when might was right, was only noticeable for the number of its narrow passages and other hiding-places, which enabled the inhabitants, in the event of an attack, to defend themselves with advantage, or escape from their pursuers. Wherever the breadth of the street would permit, the royal engineer caused *trottoirs* to be

constructed, and, by employing skilful workmen, he was enabled to commence a system of drainage worthy of the capital of a wealthy empire like France. With all due praise to the citizen king for the improvements he effected, they were trifling in comparison with those his more energetic successor has accomplished. The present Emperor has succeeded so well, that Paris is now not only a cleanly city, but one of the most beautiful in the world. It is, in fact, a model city, and a circumstance somewhat flattering to our national pride is that nearly the whole of the improvements executed by these two sovereigns are of English origin,—including the transformation of what had been a species of wilderness, the Bois de Boulogne, into an English park, where the inhabitants of Paris may enjoy one of the most extensive and agreeable promenades to be found in the vicinity of any European capital.

Last year, while wandering through this delightful city and its charming environs, I was certain to find at every turn something new and interesting. Entire streets, which in my younger days were known as the home of thieves and vagabonds, and never free from some kind of epidemic, have been completely swept away, and on their site I was not more amazed than pleased to see a magnificant thoroughfare, running through the heart of the city, lined with stately buildings more

resembling so many palaces than the dwellings of shopkeepers and private individuals. These were equally admirable for the beauty of their design and the solid style of their architecture, appearing as if they were intended to endure till the end of time. The same combination of elegance and utility equally characterizes the gorgeous fountain, with its crystal stream, and the less pretending lamp that lights you on your way. Above all, where shall we find such a magnificent promenade as the Boulevards, which, when illuminated by their splendid lamps, and those of their numerous shops, coffee-houses, restaurants, and hotels, filled with crowds of gay, pleasure-seeking pedestrians, resemble a perpetual fair? Again, you have only to stand at the fountains in the Place de la Concorde, and look which way you will, to admit that the picturesque beauty of the scene, and the splendid architecture of the buildings, cannot be paralleled in any other European metropolis. In short, nothing that ingenuity could devise, or good taste suggest, has been omitted to give additional charms to this queen of cities.

When I looked around me and saw the vast changes that had taken place since my first visit to Paris in 1815, when I contemplated the good taste with which the improvements have been planned and executed, I could not help wishing most fervently that we had among us some such

ruling influence, if for nothing else than to compel the richest corporation of any city in the world to expend some portion of its fabulous wealth in beautifying our fine old metropolis, whose position in many respects is superior to that of Paris, with the advantage of having for an artery one of the noblest rivers in Europe.

Of one thing, however, we may feel certain, that so long as the system of building houses on a leasehold, instead of a freehold tenure, as in Paris, continues, we shall always be amply provided with ill-constructed, frail tenements—thousands of mean-looking brick, lath, and plaster houses, the exact counterpart of each other, with their ugly lamp-posts and monotonous iron railing, built to last about half a century, or, it may be, by keeping them in some sort of repair, till the end of the lease, but not a day longer. This is the principal reason that London, in everything connected with architecture, contrasts so unfavourably with Paris. This is the reason that, in this immense metropolis of ours, we have so few houses worthy of being the residence of England's wealthy aristocracy and merchant princes. Then, again, without even alluding to that remarkable structure in Trafalgar Square, to which our satirical neighbours have given the name of "Nelson's Pocket-pistol," out of the number of fountains that the whim of the day has caused to be erected, is there one that has the

slightest pretensions to be considered either elegant or ornamental, with the exception of that in Victoria Park, the gift of Miss Burdett Coutts—a lady who, in addition to her other good qualities, is gifted with the most refined taste.

Perhaps of all the undertakings in connexion with the improvements in Paris, there was none more wanted, or that has given greater satisfaction, than the drainage of that immense city. To convey to the reader anything like a correct idea of this really magnificent work, he must fancy a subterranean channel, large enough to float a good-sized boat, perfectly ventilated throughout, and lighted with oil lamps. The drainage in London is undoubtedly a most herculean work, and equally magnificent. The only difference between the two is this, that, taking into account the length of the channel in each, and the difficulties contended with, that of Paris has cost nearly one-half less. But like everything else undertaken by the French Government, there is no time lost in summoning a board, and entering into a discussion about this or that place, this or that interest. The plan is at once sent from the Tuileries to the executive, who immediately set about the work, and, having the funds in hand, rarely fail in giving satisfaction.

It must be confessed that metropolitan improvements, however desirable, cannot be undertaken without money, and the question is, so far as our

dear old London is concerned, where is it to come from? If you hint to Her Majesty's Board of Works, on the grounds of salubrity, the necessity of better accommodation, you invariably get for answer that they have neither the money nor the power to undertake anything of the kind. If you apply to the City authorities, who have the money, and might be supposed to be interested in the beauty of a town to which they owe so much, they tell you that the pulling down of old streets and the building of new ones, is about the worst speculation going, forgetting altogether that what they gain in health and comfort more than counterbalances the outlay.

Happily, or unhappily, just as the reader may regard it, the citizens of Paris are obliged, perhaps somewhat arbitrarily, to contribute to the embellishment of their capital; but as the demand comes upon them in the shape of indirect taxation, they do not complain of it as a grievance, more especially as they have the wisdom to see that it tends to their own benefit in a variety of ways, to which they were hitherto strangers. It is true, the Octroi, that never-failing source of procuring money, when the municipality of Paris, or of any of the other great cities of France, need it, is a sad enemy to free trade and the liberty of the inhabitants; still, it works well in France, and suits a people who are used to it. This, in fact, is the source whence

the money came that has made Paris what it is. The Government had only to grant its permission, and then by doubling or trebling the Octroi dues, the money was raised, and the thing was done at once. Now, as I feel sure that John Bull would never submit to any measure half so arbitrary as this, and I should despise him if he did, I am afraid that our poor old city is likely to remain without improvement for many a year to come, unless, indeed, the Government should take it in hand, with the prospect of the speculation turning out in the long run a paying one, as it is said to be in Paris. At all events, I can testify to the fact that houses now let better in Paris than they ever did formerly; and the more costly and expensive they are with respect to size, ornament, and decoration, the more easily they find a tenant.

CHAPTER II.

The Improvements in Paris considered in a Military Point of View—National Character of the French—Their Inaptitude for a Constitutional Form of Government—Contrast between the Physical Education of the French and the English—In what manner the French are trained to be Soldiers—Influence and Tendencies of the Conscription—Military System of Education.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate fate of the Bonaparte dynasty in a country like France, where a change in the form of government is unfortunately too frequent to consist with the welfare of the people, the name of Louis Napoleon is certain to be immortalized, connected as it is with the regeneration of a city which may be said to have been rebuilt, so numerous are the improvements that have been made at his suggestion. It is true, his enemies, and he has many in France, ascribe the honour to Baron Haussman, the Prefect of Paris, a gentleman universally acknowledged to be one of the most clear-headed, active, and intelligent public *employés* in France, or indeed in any other country. Be this as it may, we everywhere see, in the admirable manner in which they have

been executed, the existence of a master mind, who has not only made his improvements a profitable speculation, but at the same time rendered Paris, with its numerous attractions, a sort of European capital—the very centre to which the wealthy and the gay from every part of the world are certain to turn, the city of every other where they are sure to find all their wants anticipated, together with a court as renowned for its hospitality as for its taste and magnificence.

The most remarkable feature, however, in connection with the recent improvements in Paris, is the fact that they have been executed according to a plan laid down by one of the ablest strategists in the French army. To be convinced of this, any of our military tourists, who may happen to visit Paris, has only to stroll through the new streets or Boulevards, when he will find that they have been invariably constructed on the principle of establishing the shortest and most direct communication between the various barracks, ports, and military stations in and around the city, with the view of enabling the military to act in concert, and with expedition, in the event of the disaffected again raising the standard of insurrection.

Here, again, the present ruler of France, with the foresight of a man of genius, had achieved what no former ruler of France had ever thought of; since in sweeping away the numbers of narrow

streets, zigzag intricate courts, *culs-de-sac*, and other dens and hiding-places, in the centre of old Paris, at all times the home of the very worst population to be found in any city, he has not only added to the salubrity of the capital, but in a manner destroyed the never-failing preserves of any future revolutionary chieftain who might be disposed to raise the standard of insurrection. It is true, the wisest plans, the most sagacious foresight, are often doomed to failure; and truly, in a country like France, where the inhabitants in times of popular excitement act and think on the spur of the moment, it is doubtful whether even Louis Napoleon, with all his daring, would be able to save himself from sharing the fate of so many of his predecessors.

All this feverish anxiety to be prepared for eventualities might lead a stranger to believe that the Emperor was anything but popular with the majority of his subjects, which is not the case. That the elements of revolution still exist, as well as the men to execute and profit by it, cannot be denied. It is also possible that what has taken place in former years may again be repeated with the same success.. A fate which can scarcely be avoided, so long as the executive persists in centralizing all political power in the capital, where an ignorant ochlocracy is always ready to be moulded by a band of clever intriguants into an engine of

mischief. What democratic France really wants is an opposing element in the constitution of the State, sufficiently strong and national to counteract the government of the mob, a government which has been rampant more or less in Paris ever since the first Revolution; and this she may have at any time by calling into action municipal freedom—by restoring the old spirit of independence and self-government as it existed in the provinces previous to the first Revolution and the downfall of monarchy —which being then lost, and with it all the historic landmarks of society, has been succeeded by a system of centralization unparalleled in the history of nations.

It was the want of this element in the constitution of the first Republic that led to the Reign of Terror; it was the dread of a repetition of what had taken place at that fearful epoch, when the same ochlocracy came into power in 1848, that paved the way to the absolute rule of Louis Napoleon. It is true, the *coup d'etat* had something to do with this—a freak of arbitrary power unparalleled in the history of nations, but which never could have taken place in any other country, or among any other people less impulsive than the French, who must have been thoroughly frightened at the time, thoroughly deficient in all moral courage or confidence in themselves, otherwise it is impossible to conceive how a people could, by their own act and

deed, transfer the dearest rights of man to the keeping of one individual.

In this instance we have a very striking characteristic of the French, so well described by Châteaubriand, in his "*Génie du Christianisme.*" "We are," said he, "nothing better, nothing more nor less than a nation of courtiers, soldiers, and puppets." From which he leads us to infer that, with such a people, a responsible form of government, as in England, would be impossible; and, singular enough, in all their revolutionary fluctuations they invariably returned to monarchy, as if that form of government alone could ensure to them at least the semblance of order and tranquillity. Indeed, there seems something in the French character peculiarly favourable to what we should call in England a passion for despotisms and systematizing; for with them anything approaching to perfection must be organized according to a given system, which, in fact, is only another word for servility. This is one of the principal reasons why they so readily submit to despotic rule, or, as the case may be, when they are tired of that, are led away by the theory of some other political party, whose system may happen to be more novel, more alluring, or more attractive than the other.

Without wishing to depreciate the character of our amiable neighbours, who excel every other

people in whatever relates to military organization, and are not behindhand in anything connected with either literature, science, or art, while at the same time they are characterized by those ennobling qualities that distinguish highly-civilized nations, it must be admitted, and they themselves do not deny the fact, that everything they have done since the first Revolution towards perfecting their political system has been a failure. That their present government practically refuses to recognize their dearly bought rights of man, and that the institutions of France can in no sense be compared with those of England, cannot be contested; for while we have been, during the last century or more, modifying and improving our political and social system, so as to meet the requirements of the age, they have been industriously overthrowing all that was manly, independent, and liberal in theirs. Nay, to such an extent have they carried their centralizing tendencies, that they may now be compared to so many children in leading-strings. This is much to be regretted in a people who, from their position and high standing as a first-rate military power, exercise so great an influence over the customs, manners, ideas, and institutions of so large a portion of the civilized world.

Nearly the whole of their great men, at least those who are known to be friendly to progress and the success of free institutions, ascribe this

weakness in the national character to various causes. For instance, the anti-Bonapartists do not hesitate to hold the first Napoleon and his crushing system of administration responsible for it, for having swept away all that remained among the people of the self-government of their ancestors, he left the masses since that period utterly unable to help themselves. On the other hand, those who are enemies to anything in the shape of priestly interference, throw the whole of the blame upon the imperfect education the youth of both sexes have been accustomed to receive for so many generations, in establishments where a narrow-minded priest, or a gloomy nun, are alone the teachers. The natural consequence, they say, must be, to promote effeminacy in the men, and the most abject superstition in the women; for how is it possible, they ask, that a pupil, who has passed the most interesting period of his existence—from early childhood to manhood—in one of those religious houses, where everything in the shape of active athletic exercise is discountenanced, can possess that muscular, well-developed frame which shows itself so prominently in those who have had the good fortune to be educated under a more liberal pedagogic *régime* than that which limits itself to instruction in praying and chanting, or the repetition of Ave-Marias and Paternosters.

The demoralizing luxuries introduced into

nearly every class of society since the establishment of the second empire is also very frequently alluded to, and denounced with great severity in the lectures of these French Solons—who occasionally comment in the most forcible language, and justly, upon the unnatural practice, now so general in France, of making marriage a mere commercial contract, in which every other consideration is sacrificed to that of money. This absolute slavery to mercenary considerations, they say, has tended, more than any other cause, to the deterioration of the French race, and is one that unhappily develops itself more and more in each succeeding generation. Nay, there are some who even go so far as to predict that if this practice continues without interruption for another half century, the noble French race, so long the admiration of the world, must dwindle down into one of dwarfs and *cretins!*

Be this as it may, it must be confessed that the French of our day, more especially the wealthy classes, cannot, as in the olden time, be accepted as the most favoured type of men and women among the great European races, more particularly when compared with ours. It is true, the higher and more wealthy classes adopt us in many things as their model, and nothing pleases them more than to be taken for a "milord Anglais." What a misnomer! In all my long intercourse

with them I never met with a Frenchman, of whatever rank, who had either the bearing or the muscular development of our landed gentry—a circumstance which must be ascribed, not so much to race, as to the absence in their public schools of that vigorous training which forms the healthy athletic man, and enables him, more than the most finished education could have done, to distinguish himself in every walk of life where a clear head, sound practical common sense, and that daring spirit of adventure which seems a part of our very nature, are the qualities required.

"They do these things better in France." Owing to the frequency with which this assertion is repeated in our public journals, it has almost become a proverb among us; and, truth to say, they do excel us in many things. Still, admitting all their tact and cleverness, they are far too imaginative and impulsive to be taken as safe guides. Their faults, also, and shortcomings as administrators have been so numerous, that we should act wisely only to adopt such of their institutions as have stood the test of time, and are really deserving of imitation. Again, it ought not to be forgotten that they are of a type diametrically the opposite of ours. You may drive a Frenchman, you may govern him by fear. On the other hand, if you would rule John Bull, accustomed as he is to self-government, you must

lead him with a gentle hand! So surely is man the creature of the institutions under which he has been brought up and educated from his earliest infancy.

The French make good soldiers—that is, they fight, as they do everything else, by systematic rule, and beat in the field every enemy less experienced in the art of war than they are. But taken in the mass, I cannot be accused of partiality when I assert, what history has so often confirmed, that they want the dash, daring, and headlong adventure—above all, the stubborn, unflinching endurance, of the British soldier. That they are less warlike, less willing to adopt the calling of a soldier than we are, must also be conceded. This is sufficiently proved by the fact that, were it not for the Conscription, which forces men into the service, the whole of France would not be able, at any price, to raise an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men.

If any of my readers should doubt the truth of this assertion, let him mingle, as I have frequently done, with the conscripts and their friends on the drawing-day, when the fatal numbers are declared —hear their wailings, lamentations, and curses, and he will be convinced that there are no people who dislike the trade of war more than they do. Yet such is the plastic nature of this remarkable race—so complete the subserviency with which

they bend to the will of a ruler—that, after a few months' training, they make excellent soldiers.

It must be admitted that the life of a common soldier in France offers little attraction to the lower classes. The pay they receive is a mere pittance; at the same time, they are subject to the most severe discipline, while, to add to their grievances, marriage, and all its social comforts, is discountenanced as far as possible by the authorities, their object being to render the army a sort of monastic establishment. With respect to the alluring prospect of preferment held out by the *Code Militaire*, to the effect that every French soldier carries in his knapsack the baton of a marshal of France, no man conversant with the army but must know that in a service where there is always a sufficient number of well-bred, well-educated young men serving in the ranks, few are the chances, slight the hopes the poor peasant or artizan can indulge of ever obtaining any higher position than that of corporal or sergeant at the utmost.

I think it is generally allowed by most foreign military officers of distinction, who have written on the subject, that our voluntary enlistment system ensures to a country a far better description of soldier than the Conscription, and would be generally adopted by the rulers of states, were it not for the heavy expense it entails on the

finances of a country, together with the uncertainty in seasons of danger of being able to obtain, in the shortest possible space of time, an efficient army by any other means. Independent of this, every military man must admit that the Conscription, by bringing together such a vast number of men, drawn from every grade of society, admirably serves the purpose of forming a great public seminary, which has the effect of diffusing knowledge, and a more refined tone of feeling and manners among the soldiers than could reasonably be expected in one composed of volunteers, where the whole of the men serving in the ranks are necessarily of the same class.

In opposition to this, you are frequently told by some of the most deep-thinking, influential men in France, that this promiscuous gathering together of the educated and ignorant classes, as brother soldiers for the time being, has been one of the principal causes why the military have invariably sided with the people against the government in times of popular discontent, or when any public grievance required redress. Taken altogether, much may be said for and against the Conscription. For my own part, knowing something of how it works, I most fervently hope that we may never be reduced to the necessity of raising an army by any other means than the voluntary system. At all times it

is a sad and disheartening spectacle to see a poor conscript dragged from his home and family, cursing and lamenting when he sees all his hopes and prospects through life blasted and blighted for ever. Such a system, as I said before, may suit the plastic nature of the French, and the inhabitants of the Continent in general, but will never be endured by a people like ours, who have been taught from their infancy to regard their individual independence as the first right of man, and its infringement the greatest of all earthly evils.

The French military authorities, than whom there are none who know better how to manipulate their material to the best advantage, take good care that these unwilling, sullen conscripts shall have at least but little time to lose in idle wailings. From the moment they join their regiment or depot, every hour in the day is occupied in acquiring the art of war; and so varied and elaborate are now the military regulations of the French army, that a soldier has not only to learn his drill, and how to fence, but to swim, dive, cook, dance, and sing, and, where it can be done, to raise by his own labour a sufficient quantity of vegetables for his own use. By having him taught to dance, it is intended to impart to his frame a degree of elasticity that will accelerate his movements either in a crowd, or on the field of

battle. In the same manner, he is kept for hours together in the fencing-schools, with the view that his ear may be accustomed to the clash of arms, and consequently hear with more certainty the orders of his commanding officer during the din and roar of battle.

In addition to this, there are the readers and lecturers of the regiment, whose duty it is, above all things, to instil into the minds of their hearers that the first Napoleon was the greatest captain that ever lived—the most unselfish of all French patriots—a sort of deity, who ought to be worshipped by every Frenchman who loves his country, its glory, honour, and prosperity. To these gentlemen also is confided the task of so colouring history, that when hearing one of their lectures on the wars of the first Napoleon, you cannot refrain from admiring the ingenuity with which they falsify statements, and prove to their own satisfaction, and that of their eager hearers, that the invincible French nation never yet lost a battle, except through the treachery or bad generalship of their leaders. Somtimes, by way, I presume, of giving variety to the narrative, their disasters, whenever they condescend to allude to such a thing, are ascribed to the all-powerful pelf of their ancient enemy, those sea-wolves, the sons of Perfide Albion!

It is, however, when the subject of the lecture is

a victory which has never been disputed, that the choicest flowers of eloquence are culled. It is then that the vainest and most impulsive people in the universe exhibit their true colours. Every sentence of thrilling interest is received with reiterated bursts of applause. It is then that the poor ignorant conscript, for the first time since he joined his regiment, becomes inoculated with the idea that a Frenchman is the noblest work of God, and that to him alone is given, as his birthright, the sovereignty of the world! It is then he regards himself for the first time as a hero, and longs for the hour that shall afford him the opportunity of winning for himself, by deeds of valour, the baton of a marshal of France. From that moment the little farm, with father, mother, brothers, sisters, and sweetheart, are as much forgotten as if they had never existed. He is from henceforth a Frenchman, a soldier in heart and soul, and *France ma patrie!* his all in all.

It is, however, impossible to render full justice to the amusement these lecturers will afford a foreigner. The gentlemen appointed to deliver them are always men of talent and acquirements. One of the best I ever heard was delivered by my old friend and schoolfellow, M. du ——. How well do I remember, when bantering him as one of the greatest charlatans that ever existed, his characteristic answer—

"Hein! mon cher, I only did my duty—I only obeyed the commands of my chiefs, which are, not to explain the truths of history, but to fire the valour of the sturdy peasant and hardworking artisan, the only real fighting element now left to us in France. We do these things better in France than you in your gloomy island. I am perfectly aware that, if I were to deliver such a lecture as the one you have just heard in the presence of an audience composed of your matter-of-fact, truth-loving boors, I should probably be thrust into the streets amidst their jeers and hootings. But my eloquence suits the taste of our youthful heroes, and also that of the intellectual classes, who know well enough that nothing can be accomplished in the France of our day without resorting to not a little exaggeration in colouring the truth; and the man who can do this successfully, and yet escape the odium of being considered a charlatan, will be certain ultimately to obtain high preferment."

Can the education of the soldier be more studiously cared for?—impossible. Yet, though we appear so far behind the French in what may be termed the accomplishments of the soldier, I have heard both Russian and German officers, of the highest distinction, assert that we possess, taken all in all, one of the finest armies in the world, and that there is no other the non-commissioned officers of which surpass ours in practical knowledge and

soldier-like bearing. The fact is, there is no want, in the British islands, of the real stuff from which to manufacture the best description of soldier; and though our officers, when taken in the mass, may be somewhat inferior to the French in professional knowledge, they amply atone for it by their indomitable pluck.

I have merely thrown out these few hints respecting the discipline of the French army with the view of drawing the attention of those who have it in their power to introduce any new regulation into our own that may be deemed conducive to the health of the individual soldier; and, at the same time, add to the efficiency of the army as a whole. Our Gallic neighbours are still, as they have always been, adepts in the art of war; we cannot, therefore, be far wrong if we take them as our guides.

On the score of health alone, a chapter or more might be written on the advantages of teaching our soldiers all that the French are now imparting to theirs. I know that the voice of the country, and our insular position, both militate against the expediency of maintaining a large standing army. Let it, therefore, be our endeavour to make what military force we have as effective as possible; and this cannot be better done than by taking care of the health of our soldiers, and giving them the best military education that can be procured. The French are fully aware of the advantage of a com-

bined mental and physical training, and knowing, as they do, that every soldier in their army represents a considerable sum of money, everything that the ingenuity of man can devise is adopted to preserve their health. Long experience, too, has taught them that nothing promotes this more than to encourage every description of exercise, which at once dispels the *ennui* of the barracks, and imparts a vigorous development to the frame. This course is the more imperative in us at a time when the whole of the rulers of Europe seem to have no other wish, idea, or thought than how to increase the numbers and improve the discipline of their soldiers.

Whether this new mania arises from any real dread of war, or from the fear of an insurrectionary outburst in their own dominions, it is impossible to say. If you put the question to those who may be presumed to know something of the secrets of cabinets, you invariably receive the answer: "We must be prepared for eventualities." Consequently, wherever you go, from one end of Europe to the other, you hear of nothing else than the Conscription, and the imposts necessary to support these vast standing armies which, in our day, are far more expensive, in proportion to their numbers and material, than they were during the great wars of the first Napoleon. Such an unnatural state of things must end, sooner or later, either in

a military revolt or a general bankruptcy. The latter, undoubtedly, would have been the fate of one or two powers I might mention, were it not that those mighty civilizers of our age, steam and free trade, had come to their aid.

CHAPTER III.

Tact Displayed by Louis Napoleon as a Ruler of France—In what Manner French Intellect is kept in Bondage—Hostility of the Government to a Free Press—Oral Substitute for a Free Press—Autocratic Government—Its Influences on the Character of a People.

IN taking up the thread of the very interesting conversation I held with my friend the lecturer, towards the close of the last chapter, I must crave the indulgence of the reader, on account of the great interest we must all feel in everything that relates to the army. Poor du B——, his history is a tragedy in itself, when we contrast what he is now, and the brilliant place he held in the councils of his country during the reign of Louis Philippe. He is, in fact, the type of the liberal and independent Constitutionalist in France, and had there been many like him, the French people would not now have to regret the loss of their liberties.

"Ah! mon ami!" continued my friend, "in the art of humouring the feather-headed, impulsive people committed to his charge, by the novelty of his measures, our present ruler, the third Napoleon, never had an equal. So nicely balanced,

indeed, have been the interests of all parties, so carefully have his measures been kept within the bounds of moderation, and so successfully carried into effect by a host of zealous agents, that, at the present day, not one Frenchman in a hundred thousand is aware of the fact that we have now in France only the despot who rules, and the slaves that are taxed to support his system. This may be a humiliating declaration for an old Republican Constitutionalist like myself to make, but I wish to convey to you some idea of the autocratic power, if I may so term it, now wielded by this very remarkable man, together with the completeness of a system which, while it feeds the national vanity, dispels all suspicion of the despotic tendencies of the government, which could never be popular among such a highly sensitive people as we are. It is nevertheless quite as effective in its administrative machinery for compelling obedience to the will of the Chief of the State, as that more rudely constructed by the government of the Czar of all the Russias. The result has been that, after a reign of fourteen years, the poor exile you and I were accustomed to visit in his anything but splendid domicile in London, then so demure and quiet in his demeanour, and looking as if he were a man who had played his last card in life, and lost the game, has now elevated himself to the proud position of a sort of political and military dictator

of the old and new world. Besides, he has so completely changed the character of the people over whom he reigns, and so altered even their occupations and amusements, that a stranger who had lived among us during the reign of the citizen king, would scarcely, as you well know, recognize us, at the present moment, as the same people.

"There is one feature, however, in the administrative system of His Imperial Majesty which is certain at some future time to be productive of evil to the Bonaparte dynasty in France. In making this statement I allude to the well-known unceasing hostility manifested by the reigning authorities to anything approaching to independence of thought or mind. All have paid the penalty, from Montalembert to the lowest penny-a-liner, whenever they attempted to maintain an opinion of their own, whether the subject under discussion referred to Politics, the Church, or Commerce. In this respect, His Imperial Majesty seems as if he were spellbound by the influence of his late uncle, who we know was no patron of literature or men of genius. Now, there is something so exquisitely clever, so inimitable in the well-devised plan adopted by his successor, for the overthrow of the independence of the press, and, at the same time, for converting it into an engine to be used to his own advantage, that I cannot forbear making a few allusions to a subject of so

much importance. It certainly ought to be generally known, if it were for nothing else than to publish to the world how valueless has become the press of France, in our day, as an exponent of public opinion.

"No one can doubt, not even the most ardent supporter of the Second Empire, that every thought of this remarkable man, from the moment he was invested with rule and power, was how, or by what means, he could destroy the independence of the press. With his usual cool-headed sagacity, in order to make it appear to the uninitiated that he was not personally interested in the affair, he went deliberately to work, not with whip and spur, as some silly autocrats in his place would have done, but in the gentlest manner possible, and always on the ground of 'public safety!' Public safety! What an ominous word in the annals of our unhappy country! What oceans of blood has it caused to flow! Armed with this all-powerful weapon—the preservation of a nation's social tranquillity—it was only necessary, when training *Messieurs les Journalistes*, gently to remind them that it would be advisable to check the exuberance of their opinions upon such subjects as they did not clearly understand. This, of course, was done most naturally by a simple advertisement, cautioning these gentlemen that they must not repeat the offence, save at the risk of seeing their journal

confiscated by a decree of the State—*public safety* demanding the sacrifice! Can we, then, wonder that such a threat as this hanging over every journal in France—like the sword of Damocles—entailing as it does a most ruinous loss of property, should have the effect of destroying even the semblance of a free press? The result has been that the whole of the press of our country has come under the systematic control of the government, and is now nothing better than a vehicle for the most brilliant writers of the day to vie with each other in clothing Napoleonic ideas in the most striking language, or, as the case may be, for the abuse of any foreign power that may dare to thwart the views of their Imperial master."

In giving publicity to these remarks of my friend on the political and social state of a country that exercises in our day such a powerful influence over the destinies of so large a portion of the civilized world, I wish it to be clearly understood that I have not been actuated by the intention of depreciating the character of a man who has done so much, since his elevation to the throne of the Bourbons, in repressing and keeping within bounds the hydra of revolution. Again, if the majority of the French people prefer the rule of an autocrat to that of a constitutional sovereign, it is no affair of ours. In the first instance, it was not forced upon them by their present ruler—the act

and deed was their own. Still, as one of the most influential among the great community of nations, we cannot help feeling dissatisfied, because, in giving absolute power to their monarch, they have awakened a feeling of mistrust and a want of confidence throughout the whole of Europe. Hence the large armies that are now everywhere kept on foot, and the preparations everywhere made to meet the eventualities of an age in which everything connected with peace and quietness rests on such an insecure foundation—the will of one man, whose word has become a law to the most restless, the most pugnacious people among civilized nations!

In returning to the question of a free press, there is something incomprehensible in the hostility of such a cool-headed man as Louis Napoleon is said to be, to men of letters; and this undisguised hostility appears still more extraordinary, coming as it does from one who has passed so long a time in England, and witnessed how much that country has been indebted to the influence of this faithful guardian of the public rights. Perhaps, after all, it is only an experiment he is making—an *idée Napoléonienne*, to see how far he can carry out his system without any intermeddling on the part of such a host of busybodies as *Messieurs les Journalistes*. Or it may be, as the French materialists say, "he fears that the actions of

some of his favourites high in office would not appear to advantage if criticized in the columns of a daily newspaper."

Be this as it may, the times are changed, and with them the wants and wishes of an impulsive, highly-civilized people. In fact, a new generation has sprung up, of active, energetic men, very different in character from those Louis Napoleon had to deal with at the time he carried out his famous *coup d'état*—men whom he must know are becoming every day more and more impatient of being kept so long in leading-strings. As a proof of this, wherever you go, whether you mingle with Legitimists or Orleanists, Republicans or Imperialists of the Prince Napoleon school, you hear allusions by no means complimentary to the working of the Imperial system, more especially in its foreign policy. As might be expected, Italy, and the Non Possumus of the Pope, are grand subjects of debate. Then there is the Mexican war, and the Polish and Danish affair, in which *perfide Albion* came in for her full share of abuse. These, however, are only secondary in interest to the yearly deficit in the budget. Whenever that delicate subject is broached in connection with the lavish expenditure of the most luxurious court in the world, then indeed the ire of this the most excitable people in Europe rises to fever heat; and, to make matters worse, they always take

care to clothe their conversation in a language which, for ambiguity, is as remarkable as it is for the smartness of its satire and the sting of its wit—dangerous weapons in the hands of a clever Frenchman, one of whose most striking characteristics is a keen sense of the ridiculous—far more to be dreaded, and much more deadly in its effects, than the abuse of the most rabid writer that ever wielded a pen.

I need not dwell upon the mischievous character of this hooded system of expressing the national grievances—a sort of oral press adopted by Young France in the present day—with the additional evil that you cannot distinguish truth from falsehood, or wit and smartness from calumny and scandal. But so it is ever with the human mind, however restrained, however kept in bondage; it will break out some time, and assert its independence, especially among a highly-civilized people like the French, sensitive as to their rights, and to whom the luxury of a free press to express their opinions is as necessary to their political existence as the food they consume from day to day is to their daily sustenance.

Now, as the continuance of the Second Empire entirely depends upon the conviction prevalent among a great number of Frenchmen that it assures more material well-being to the inhabitants of France, and a greater degree of political pre-

ponderance in the affairs of nations, than any of the other systems of administration hitherto adopted in France, it is marvellous that no attempt has yet been made to relax the censorship of the press—no attempt to establish that organ of public opinion—that surest safeguard of every government not afraid to expose its acts to the broad light of day. At all events, the executive would have the same path open to it for confuting the falsehoods of its enemies; whereas at present you read of nothing else in the public journals than long dissertations upon the perfection of the Imperial system, together with the most fulsome flattery heaped upon certain personages in high life, which nobody reads or cares about, well knowing that it emanates from the pen of some hireling scribe in fetters.

There cannot be a doubt that the present Emperor of the French is a man of first-rate abilities. Even his worst enemies admit that his rule, although surrounded from the first by numerous difficulties, has been marked with many solid advantages, political and material, to France. Up to the present time his star has been in the ascendant, but, like every other autocrat who has formed a system of his own, and governs with it, and by himself, one false step may be his ruin. Here, in fact, lies the danger of absolute rule, when compared with that exercised under a consti-

tutional government, where the sovereign can do no wrong.

This, however, is not the question. It is, how far the autocratic government of the Second Empire, linked, as it is, so closely with that established by the first Napoleon, may ultimately tend towards the ennoblement or debasement of the French people?—a question which demands a still more serious consideration, when we remember what an immense influence that nation exercises over the character, habits, customs, and manners of every other. For although we are slower in receiving impressions from abroad, owing to our insular position, and a sort of John Bull contempt for foreigners in general, we have not altogether escaped the contagious influence of our amiable neighbours on the other side of the channel—an influence which might have been far more extensive were it not for the check opposed to it by the example of a virtuous Queen, and the high moral character of every member of Her Majesty's government. In one instance, however, the influence has been highly advantageous, inasmuch as it has been the means of raising up for us, as if by magic, an army of volunteers, together with a navy, which may now defy the world in arms—two great facts, which not only preserve to us our old sovereignty of the seas, but proclaim, in a language not to be misunderstood, that the

England of to-day has lost nothing of the old energy and spirit that distinguished her during the early part of the present century. And now that I have got to a subject of so much importance to a seafaring people like ourselves, I cannot leave France without telling my readers something of what I have gleaned, during my residence in that country, respecting the present state of the French Imperial and Commercial Navy.

CHAPTER IV.

Observations on the French Maritime Force—Conscription for the Navy—Its bad Effects—The Emperor's Plan for establishing the Superiority of the French Marine—Its Failure—Opinion of Foreign Naval Officers on the French Marine contrasted with that of Great Britain—Reports of the Council-General of the Various Departments engaged in the Shipping Trade.

IT has been long patent to the whole world that, ever since the advent of the Second Empire, its founder, Louis Napoleon, has left no means untried, spared no amount of money, to raise the Imperial and Commercial Navy of France to the highest possible state of efficiency. As a commencement, the stupendous docks and fortifications at Cherbourg were finished and inaugurated with an *éclat* that rang from one end of Europe to the other. But this was not all, since nearly every other seaport situated either on the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, that was deemed worthy of being raised to the dignity of a naval depot, has been enlarged, fortified, or repaired. Among these, Toulon, L'Orient, and one or two others are perfect models of what a naval depôt ought to be,

proving that the object of this indefatigable administrator was nothing less than to make France the most formidable naval power in the world.

However interesting this may be to a maritime people, it is trifling in comparison with what is to come. At the same time that the untiring, unchanging autocrat of all the Gauls was squandering millions upon millions in carrying out his favourite scheme, constitutional England, with the consent of the two Houses of Parliament, and the voice of public opinion, was busy at the same work—with this difference, that the latter was expending more than twice the amount of money her rival disbursed for the same purpose. While this mighty preparation for war was being carried on, the effect of which was to convert both countries into a vast workshop for the manufacture of every species of deadly weapon, the distrust of Great Britain was still further increased by an occasional article in the French papers, written in their usual bravado style, proclaiming to the world the inexhaustible resources of France, and her unparalleled power as a military nation—every now and then repeating that they should soon have at their command a navy so formidable, as to be able, whenever it pleased the Chief of the State, to avenge Waterloo by sweeping away from the seas the wolves (*loups de mer*) that a cowardly

age had too long permitted to prey upon the commerce and industry of the world!

In short, if the universe was about to come to an end, it could scarcely have caused greater trepidation. Men of every shade of political opinion, of every calling and class of life, looked aghast! What did it mean? Was the alliance between the two great western giants a mere sham? Were they again about to convulse the world in a war of which no mortal could foresee the issue or duration? Such were only a few of the questions you heard each man ask his neighbour, wherever you wandered on the Continent of Europe, at this exciting period of the reign of Louis Napoleon.

How well do I remember the exultation of my Russian friends, exclaiming, as they clapped their hands, and screamed with a sort of spasmodic joy, that the disasters of the Crimea were about to be avenged. It was, however, among the Latin races especially that I found our greatest enemies, as if they had been united by an army of Napoleonic propagandists, into a sort of Gallic Hetæria; and none more so than our old comrades in arms, the Spaniards, who expected nothing less as their share of the spoil of the wealthy heretics, than Gibraltar, and the whole of our islands in the West Indies. Pope and Cardinal, Friar and Jesuit, Monk and Nun, all spoke alike, and exultingly, of the speedy downfall of heretical England Indeed, it was

only here and there, among the better classes in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, and, I may add, Hungary and the Ottoman Empire, that I found anything like a hearty wish, or a hope that we might succeed in getting out of the mess with honour, and then it was always accompanied with a reproach, as much as to say, "It is just what you deserve, for having taken to your bosom a viper that will be certain, if it can, to sting you to death on the first favourable opportunity!" Or, in other words, were you not the first among the great powers to acknowledge the right of a parvenu to the thousand year monarchy of the Bourbons? And, to make matters worse, you allied yourself and your interests with those of a man whose intermeddling with the affairs of others has made him ever since a perpetual nuisance to the world.

Happily for the independence of Europe, and the triumph of free institutions, peace, and industry, it seems to be the destiny of France that she should be always doomed to suffer in the end, while carrying out the ideas of her Napoleonic rulers. In the early part of the present century she became a bankrupt, through the abundance of military glory she gained under the first Napoleon; and now, under the guidance of the third of that name, she has the misfortune of having a greater number of ships than she knows what to do with. Alas for the vanity of all human hopes and aspirations!

At the very moment when the whole French nation were in a jubilee, when there was nothing else talked about or thought of than the invasion of haughty England, now that the channel was happily bridged over, it was found, to their utter amazement, after the returns came in from the various prefects of the naval departments, that out of the entire population of France, including Algeria and the other colonies, there were only 151,000 seamen to recruit from, which, even under the pressure of the Conscription, could not furnish more than about fifty thousand in a fit state to man the Imperial Navy. This fact, in all probability, might have remained unknown to strangers, were it not that our excellent, far-seeing minister, the late Lord Palmerston, ever alive to the interests of the country whose influence he so worthily maintained during his long lease of rule and power, never failed to procure, through trustworthy agents, gentlemen of character and position, all the information that was necessary respecting the proceedings of France and her allies at this eventful period of our relations with that country.

I confess I am not sorry that I am able to confirm the truth of the above statement, having in my possession the copy of a petition from the Council-General of the Hérault to the Emperor, telling him, among other disagreeable things, that if the conscription for the Imperial Navy should

be enforçed, even to the raising of fifty thousand men, it would have the effect of endangering the existence of a Commercial Navy in France.

That the Emperor of the French has signally failed in his ever-memorable duel of strength and resources with his great insular rival, is a fact too well known to be disputed even by the French themselves. At the same time, politically speaking, it has done more towards securing to England the elevated position she occupies as the first maritime power in the world, than even if she had gained the most brilliant naval victory; because it has revealed in some degree the extent of her almost boundless resources in men and money; more than this, it has taught the world of unbelievers that there is in her people the same life and vigour, the same courage and determination exhibited by their gallant fathers, who fought and won the great battle that secured to Europe her freedom and independence. And now that the bubble has burst, and another of the Napoleonic ideas has been carried out, as far as it could be done with safety, and failed, it is most certain that we shall hear no more idle boasting in the hireling journals of France, no more bombastic letters of French colonels, about the invasion of England, at least for the next half century.

In a few words, if the truth must be told, the curse of the French, ever since the advent of the

first Napoleon to rule and power, has been an idle dream of establishing an Empire of the West similar to that of Charlemagne in the olden time. It was, no doubt, some such scheme as this among the other *Idées Napoléoniennes*, so flattering to the self-love of a vain-glorious people, that stimulated the founder of the Second Empire in his gigantic efforts to make France the first naval power in the world.

It is never wise or prudent to do that which an enemy wishes you to do. In this instance, at least, the astute monarch of the French, with all his known ability and fitness as a ruler of men, has done the very thing he ought not to have done. In having so signally failed in carrying out his grand idea, he not only laid bare to all the world the unfitness of the people over whom he rules to become a great maritime nation, but at the same time materially and politically served the interests of the very power he sought to crush. It is true, the whims and crotchets of an autocrat are difficult to fathom. Still, everything considered, it is only what might be expected in a man occupying, as he does, the first place among the rulers of men, and who, in the plenitude of his greatness, could not be expected to look with favour upon the only power in the world strong enough to arrest his progress towards the attainment of a position which would undoubtedly secure

to him what his more warlike and enterprising uncle never could achieve, the long wished for Empire of the West. Again, we have only to take up a map and glance at the immense line of coast possessed by France on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and remember that she is inhabited by some thirty-eight millions of as active and energetic people, in their own way, as ourselves, not to feel surprised that Louis Napoleon, or any other man occupying his high position, should seriously meditate the raising of a maritime force out of such materials, equal, if not superior, when properly handled, to that of Great Britain. Moreover, there was the example of *our great uncle*, in the gigantic efforts he made for the invasion and conquest of England in 1805; the question, as to his real intentions, being now for ever removed by the publication of the eleventh volume of the Napoleon Correspondence. But, alas! autocrats, however powerful they may be, become nothing better than common individuals when they attempt impossibilities. Human beings are not so easily moved as the puppets on a chess-board. The real fact of the case is this—the Gaul, like our own Celt, has no real love or aptitude for a sea-faring life; he infinitely prefers his little cabbage-garden to the deck of a man-of-war; and when he is forced to adopt a maritime life, any officer of a ship will tell you that he makes, at best, a sorry seaman.

Of the truth of this we have a striking exemplification in the circumstance that, while a French ship requires at least one Frenchman to every twelve tons burthen, one Englishman is sufficient for thirty. This great inferiority in the seamanship of the French, compared with the English, accounts for the number of French ships that are lost in the course of the year, through accidents, and other causes arising out of mismanagement; and as these statistics are made in France, a country where nothing is published without the sanction of the Government, they cannot be disputed.

Surely, after such an *exposé* as this, all of which I have taken from the reports of the Council-General of the various departments engaged in the shipping trade, Louis Napoleon, if he was ever really serious in the matter, must see the hopelessness of any further attempt to compete for the dominion of the blue waves with such a country as Great Britain, whose resources as a great naval power may be said to be almost boundless. Indeed, from the very beginning, the issue could not be doubtful to any man acquainted with the relative position of both countries, and the character of the inhabitants. And now, after all that has been said respecting a contest of such world-wide interest, I think our amiable neighbours, and very good allies, may be contented with being, what they really are, the first military power in the

world—for soldiers they are, and soldiers they are certain to remain till the end of the chapter. You cannot change the nature of some races, any more than you can the heat of summer or the cold of winter. They want our sea-girt islands, they want our colonies, they want the hardihood of a race whose vocation for ages has been a sea-faring life. Even the first Napoleon, at the very height of his power, when the fleets of Holland, Spain, Italy, and Germany acknowledged him as their lord, and fought, in conjunction with that of France, the battles of the Empire, could not form, altogether, a naval force sufficiently strong to cope with that of Great Britain. May we not then assert, without any fear of incurring the charge of bravado, that any hope France may entertain in the present day of contending with such a power for the supremacy of the seas must be visionary?

Perhaps it would be more acceptable to our irritable neighbours, and evince at the same time a more conciliatory spirit, if my readers were made acquainted with the publicly-expressed opinions of foreign naval officers on a subject of so much importance to both countries. At least, they cannot be accused of prejudice in favour of the inhabitants of either France or England. As a specimen of the best, I have selected a lecture lately delivered at Genoa, by a superior naval officer in the service of the King of Italy, on his return from witnessing

the grand display of the naval forces of France and England at Cherbourg and Portsmouth. His disclosure cannot be too highly commended for the practical good sense exhibited in the views of the lecturer. It proves that neither political slavery, whether under their native princes or foreign despots, nor the loss of trade, has had the power of extinguishing that sincere love of the naval profession which made the Italians of their day the undisputed lords of the sea.

"I agree," said he, "with the opinion expressed by nearly the whole of our naval officers who have studied the capabilities of nations, that the position of a first-rate naval power cannot be supported unless the seamen are reared by the mercantile marine of a great commercial people; and to attempt the creation of a naval force, in any proportion exceeding this, without some such foundation, is to expose a country to inevitable disaster and ruin when the day of trial comes. At the same time, to man a navy by Conscription, compelling the services of all, without exception, who follow a sea-faring life, cannot be too severely condemned; because, in making them the slaves of a state marine, it prevents the development of a commercial marine, to say nothing of the ruin it inflicts on the trade and commerce of a country.

"A naval force raised from such materials as this may appear formidable in its display to the

uninitiated during the time of peace; but should it meet with anything in the shape of a serious disaster, having no resources to fall back upon to recruit its strength, the consequences that must ensue to a country in such a deplorable position are too dreadful to contemplate, exposed, as it would certainly be, to having its coasts ravaged by a victorious enemy, and its commerce utterly annihilated. This was precisely the state of France during the reign of the first Napoleon; she never recovered herself after the battle of the Nile, and Trafalgar may be said to have destroyed the last vestige of anything that deserved the name of a naval force. In fact, it was easy to see from the first that all this hubbub of the French about their Imperial Navy, the Channel bridged over, and the invasion of England, must end in smoke. In maritime commerce, habits, traditions, colonies, nay, even instinct, the hardy islanders are so superior to their neighbour, in everything connected with a sea-faring life, as to forbid the possibility of a comparison.

"By careful discipline and judicious organization, you may form a tolerably efficient army out of almost any race of men, however inferior in *physique* and natural courage; but no artificial training in the power of man can make a seaman—he is formed by the slow growth of successive generations; and in this consists the all but miraculous strength

of a people who defied, and ultimately vanquished, the greatest captain of our day, or, indeed, of any other time. No doubt the brilliant display at Cherbourg and Portsmouth was most gratifying to the self-love of the French, and highly creditable to the energy of the Emperor, in having created such a formidable marine force; but it was nothing more than a display; and His Imperial Majesty is too astute a ruler, too cool-headed a calculator, not to know that all the millions he expended, so far as his formidable neighbours are concerned, have been so much money thrown away."

CHAPTER V.

Public Opinion in France—Progress of the Gambling Mania in France—Salons de Causerie—Legitimists—Orleanists—Constitutionalists—Their Views—Universal Suffrage—Its Demoralizing Effects—The Sentiments of Young France—Desire for Liberty of the Press and Constitutional Government.

IT must indeed be an ill wind that blows nothing good. Since autocratic rule has been substituted for constitutional government, this grand idea of an Imperial Navy has been the first false step, the first check to the hitherto fortunate career of Louis Napoleon; and now, having on his hands the prospect of a brush with our quarrelsome children on the other side of the Atlantic, arising out of the Mexican question, with a Germany at his very door heaving and surging like a volcano ready to burst—to say nothing of the very unsatisfactory state of Italy, and the eternal *non possumus* of the Pope—a change for the better seems all at once to have come over the spirit of our bellicose neighbours. Wherever you go, with whomsoever you associate, you do not hear a syllable about the invasion of England, or any

of the other insulting epithets which were so frequently made use of when alluding to the old story of *perfide Albion!* On the contrary, you now hear a great deal of their own affairs, as if a reaction had at length set in, symptomatic of a desire for a change in a system which they feel to be the less endurable, since it exposes them to the jeers and contempt of the surrounding nations. This shows itself in a thousand ways, and in nothing more marked than in the tributes of respect which everywhere greet any of those leading men of the day who may happen to be opposed to the bondage of the present Government. I do not believe that there are two more popular men in France at this time than M. Berryer and M. Jules Favre, notwithstanding that they represent, each in his own person, a different political party.

At any other time but the present, as a mere traveller on my way to the romantic East, I should not even have alluded to these subjects, were it not for the generally received opinion I found prevalent among well-informed, trustworthy people, that the turning-point had at length arrived which was to decide whether the chance-selected autocrat of a nation's caprice was to continue his absolute rule, or to be succeeded by a return to constitutional government and liberty of the press. However, as everything now in France in connection with the executive is got up with a view

to stage effect, it will not do for a traveller to stand at a distance and admire the dazzling splendour of the Second Empire, he must penetrate beneath all this before he can form anything like a just idea of the state of public opinion at this momentous period in the fortunes of the third Napoleon. Now, as I have had the rare opportunity accorded to an Englishman in France of hearing a great deal of very interesting chit-chat among a somewhat large circle of friends, perhaps I cannot do better than repeat in their own words something of what I heard, without committing myself by offering to the reader any particular opinion of my own. In the first place, men of whatever political tendency seemed to agree in one thing, namely, the necessity of a change to something more reassuring for the future than that vast centralized machine, constructed with so much labour by its great engineer, the present Emperor, which all believe must explode and fall to pieces in the event of his death, or any sudden termination to his hitherto fortunate career.

Others, again, less indulgent to the character of a man who has in reality done much for France, if it were in nothing else but in maintaining order for so many years, say that the encouragement His Imperial Majesty has given to his subjects to expend the restlessness of their character in anything but politics and literature, has had the effect

of transforming the whole of France from an intellectual to a gambling nation. As a proof of this assertion, you are told to look at the colossal fortunes of certain great personages now high in the Imperial favour, who, previous to the *coup d'état*, were at a loss how to procure a dinner. As a solution to the mystery, you are reminded of the electric telegraph, and the facilities it offers to a man in power to improve the occasion, and reap, at the expense of the uninitiated, an abundant harvest.

In truth, gambling, whether in the funds, or in some public or private speculation, which has now become a sort of mania among all classes in France, may be considered as one of the worst features of the Imperial regime, and one that is more likely than any other to demoralize a people, since it generates extravagance, and all the other vices connected with a fortune as rapidly gained as it is lost. Besides, what is more likely to stimulate a dishonourable minister, or any man in power, to diffuse false intelligence, or to make capital, if it suited his purpose, out of a State secret. Imagine, reader, what a cry of indignation would be raised by the press throughout the whole length and breadth of the British empire, if it was even surmised that any of Her Majesty's ministers were known to have dealings on the Stock Exchange. It is true, we have in England a free press, that

usually takes cognizance of such matters; whereas in France you only hear of the doings of this or that man in power through the medium of that species of oral journalism, *the talk of the salon*, which circulates from lip to lip as rapidly as if carried by the wind.

"I think it is generally allowed," said one of my friends of the salon, a well-known Orleanist, "that we Frenchmen excel every other people in the art of knowing how to *faire un effet*, and to profit by it. In this, however, we have found a master in our present chief, who, in addition to his other talents, has so well succeeded in turning to account that eternal *il faut y faire un effet* of ours, as to have reduced it to a complete science; and so well are his *mises en scène* got up, and with such admirable stage effect, that no man now knows, however well informed, what a day may bring forth."

"Nor ever will!" answered an old French nobleman, decorated with the cross of Saint Louis. "Nor ever will, *mon ami*, until Henry V. is seated on the throne of his fathers. Nor ever will, until the most ancient royal family in Christendom are again kings of France. You may place on their throne the President of a Republic, or a Bonaparte, and lean upon them for support against anarchy, but you can never restore the dignity of a country, and its just influence among the nations, nor prevent the periodical

revolutionary tendencies of a people, *auquel il manquait quelque chose;* and that *quelque chose,* is it not our Henry V., the legitimate sovereign of France? This is the reason that you have tried every species of government but the legitimate one, and failed. In this respect we should have done better had we profited by the example of our more practical neighbours, the English, at the Restoration; a people who have been far more wise in their generation than we have been, since, when restoring the hereditary right of succession, they at once delivered their country from anarchy, and all those revolutionary fluctuations which must be the fate of every country, every people, that has not a certain and assured future. Need I remind you, is it not written on the character and commanding position she occupies among the great nations of the world, that England from that time prospered, because, authority having found its true principle of stability, a new life was infused into the body politic by a thousand currents, a thousand sources, which to us are dried up, ruled as we now are by the iron heel of the heavy dragoon."

"On the contrary, ever since that fatal revolution of ours, which first struck at the very foundation of all social order, every subsequent Government, whether Republican, Imperial, or Orleanist, has been obliged to pander to the cravings of the ochlocracy, to have recourse to *toute espèce de*

moyen, no matter of what nature, or how adverse to the rights of others, so long as these "make-shifts" offered a hope of prolonging an ephemeral existence. Makeshifts which have only had the effect of keeping alive that eternal mistrust and want of confidence which have made France what she now is—a standing nuisance to all her neighbours, a permanent uncertainty to all the world, as to what she may or may not do. It is this fear which has turned every country in Europe into a vast Champ de Mars, where nothing else is thought of but the drilling of troops, and the fabrication of every species of deadly weapon that the ingenuity of man can conceive for the destruction of his species; at the same time severing all the familiar relations that should subsist between nations in this great age of ours, besides acting as a barrier to the prosperity of any other trade or calling but those connected with the duties of the drill-sergeant."

"However, of all the other novelties bequeathed to us as the legacy of a Bonaparte, there is none," said another speaker, "more suggestive of evil to the future, or more demoralizing to a people, than the introduction among us of that incarnation of democracy in its worst form, the vote of election by Universal Suffrage; since it always opens a direct path by which the worst elements of society may rise in revolt against their *supérieurs*, and at the same

time obliges a ruler—*par force de son élection*—to pander to the will of the masses; and that, in direct opposition, as the case may be, to the wants and wishes of the intellectual classes, giving, as it were, a new life and vigour to the very principle of anarchy, which in the development of the clap-trap schemes of *egalité* and *fraternité* proclaimed by the Revolutionist, too often leads to the most disastrous consequences."

This, and similar discussions, more or less interesting, relative to the present state of France, formed the subject of a very interesting *causerie de Salon*, with a party of intellectual friends, during my late visit to Paris—a subject which was rendered still more valuable and worthy of note, as coming from gentlemen as much esteemed in the best circles of society for the moderation of their political principles, as for their patriotism and high moral character. They had also the good taste to refrain from embellishing their conversation by anything like a smart hit or satirical *plaisanterie*, at the expense of this or that great personage, so much now in vogue among the young orators of the *Salon de Causerie* in France. As a casual visitor to Paris, to me it was highly interesting, as it enabled me to form a correct opinion of the state of party feeling in a country which is the subject of such intense interest at the present moment. For although the present ruler of France

is said to be popular, and I think deservedly, taking into consideration the difficulties of his position, still *il manque quelque chose.* Indeed, if I may be allowed to hazard an opinion upon such a delicate subject, I think, from all I have been enabled to glean, the Legitimist party have been gaining ground of late years, more particularly since the Emperor failed in carrying out his grand idea of uniting together, as it was first intended, the whole of the Latin races, in opposition to the Anglo-Saxon of the old and new world; an idea of which Italy was the first move, and then Mexico, as told in the letter of Louis Napoleon to General Forey, during the civil war in America. The failure with regard to Italy seems to have pleased no party, least of all the clerical, who, in conjunction with their friends, the Legitimists, exercise a great influence in France. Even the moderate Republicans and the Bourgeoisie are dissatisfied, because they see, in the hesitation to do justice, at least to the Italians, a decided want of firmness, or what they affect to regard as an approach to that reactionary policy of Charles X. which lost him the crown of France. Be this as it may, it is very apparent that discontent, and an anxiety as to the future, have again taken possession of the French mind; so much so, that it is no unusual thing to hear people, even in public places, question each other as to the possibility of crinoline having any

influence over the mind of the Emperor, an influence which is always associated, in the opinion of a Frenchman, with disaster and revolution.

It is, however, very evident, from some cause or other, that the Emperor does not feel that the party hitherto in power is strong enough to support him, otherwise he would not seek to strengthen his throne by having recourse, like his predecessor, Louis Philippe, to a *juste milieu* policy; but how to blend the two extremes in a country like France, is the difficulty, where party spirit runs so high, and where there can hardly be said to be a middle class, since the destruction of the liberty of the press, and the rights of the citizens, in their old character as a National Guard. The void here is of his own making; and how to bridge it over—that is the question. Then there is that useless and profitless war, the French say, in Mexico, threatening to absorb unknown millions of the public money, to say nothing of the hints every now and then thrown out about the inordinate expenses of a court which, for extravagance and costly display, has now no equal in the world; and all this, they contend, in the face of a yearly deficit in the revenue, to meet the expenses of the Government.

Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains as I before observed; discontent has again taken possession of a large portion of the French people,

apparently as if the Second Empire had not realized their expectations. It is true, they are changeable and impulsive in character, and never do anything, whether for good or evil, except by fits or starts; and now, as if a change in the direction of legitimacy had in reality come over their spirit, you never hear the name of the poor exile in Austria, the Comte de Chambord, mentioned but with feelings of the highest respect and veneration, and this more in connexion with the faults and mistakes of Louis Philippe—who, it appears, had become, before his death, one of the most ardent converts to legitimate rule, which he regarded as the only means, if France was to be spared for the future, of saving it from those periodical outbursts of anarchy and revolution. At all events, his last words, "Toute pensée de retour à la souveraineté de mille huit cent trente serait absurde et criminelle," testify to the truth of this, and are likely to be rigidly observed by his family, in the event of any change taking place in France.

With relation to this remarkable change, if I have been rightly informed, that has so lately come over the mind of Young France, there is more in the inflexible idea of the greatness, antiquity, and majesty of a race, than the matter-of-fact, practical man of the world can fathom. The first Bonaparte felt the truth of this, when, at the very height of his power and fame as a conqueror,

he proposed to Louis XVIII., then in exile at Hartwell, to found a throne for him in Poland, if he would abdicate his rights to the throne of France. "*Hélas! il lui manquait quelque chose!*" said Talleyrand, when speaking of the victories of the first Napoleon, and his pretensions to found a Bonaparte dynasty in France. It was that *quelque chose* which the poor exile at Hartwell had, but which the wealth of an empire could not purchase.

"You may," said the haughty descendant of Saint Louis, whose pride seemed to grow with his misfortunes—"you may usurp the throne of my fathers—you may destroy me if you please, but you cannot efface the ages that are written on my brow, as the descendant of a race of princes whose origin dates from the period when the first gleam of civilization shone over a benighted world! You may, with all the arrogance of a parvenu, efface the spotless lily from the public buildings of my rightful realm! It matters not. Its annals are already written in the imperishable pages of history, and it is itself engraven in the escutcheon of every royal family of Europe."

As might be expected, in the estimation of the Legitimist and the clergy of every denomination, to which we may now add the Orleanists, the Comte de Chambord is the eternal *quelque chose* that France wants—the representative of a race whose

name of Capet, they say, has been associated with all that is great and glorious in the history of their country.

According to the observation of one of our friends at the *Salon de Causerie*, it would appear that the example of our own legitimate queen—who is spoken of by every Frenchman you meet as the very model of what a Constitutional Sovereign ought to be—has had something to do with this very remarkable change in the feelings of the *bourgeoisie* towards the poor exile in Austria, who is said to be one of the most amiable and well-meaning princes in Europe.

"Again," said he, "strange as it may appear in a country so fertile in revolutions, if you glance at the modern history of France, you must come to the conclusion that the French people, taken in the mass, obey as if by instinct the hereditary principle. For example, after the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, when it became the question of a Republic or a Monarchy, a King or a President, they did not look for one or the other among the leaders of the revolution, but to the descendants of a name—an Orleans, a Cavaignac, and a Bonaparte; thus recognizing, by their own act and deed, the hereditary principle, and that in direct opposition to the very essence of democracy, which, to be true to its own professed tenets, *egalité* and *fraternité*, ought to acknowledge, irrespective al-

together either of name or of race, no authority but that which is achieved by the individual himself. In accordance, therefore, with this remarkable instinct, *où le vieux génie français se réparait*, what is more likely, in the event of another of those revolutionary fluctuations, which seem as if they were destined to visit us with the same certainty as the seasons of the year, than that the Comte de Chambord, or his heir, the Comte de Paris, should obtain a seat on the throne of their ancestors, more particularly as their programme of rule embraces all that a people can hope for or desire in Constitutional Government!"

There can be little doubt that the novelty of a return to Constitutional Government, Liberty of the Press, Electoral Rights, the Responsibility of Ministers, &c., would be most welcome to a people who are beginning to get tired of autocratic rule; and might, after a time, have the effect of reconciling the various parties that are now struggling to obtain the ascendancy. At all events, neither the Comte de Chambord nor the Comte de Paris has any sins to answer for, either on their own account or on that of their royal progenitors, who retired from the contest without carrying with them into exile the curse of the widow and the orphans.

"On the other hand," continued the same speaker, "it is most certain that there never can

be any hope of a reconciliation between Louis Napoleon and the Republican party—the *coup d'état* and the *mitraille* that accompanied it, the *galères*, and the swamps of Cayenne, have left memories not easily forgotten. It is true, up to the present time the Emperor has had the best of the fight—but at what a cost! You will be surprised when I tell you that it requires an army of not less than three hundred thousand men, besides all the other adjuncts of a Government invested with absolute rule, to keep down the revolutionary spirit of a party who, in conjunction with their allies in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, were never better organized or more eager for the fray, if they saw an opportunity of revenging themselves upon a man whom they charge, among other things, with the vilest treachery to their cause!"

CHAPTER VI.

Uncertainty of the Present Political Condition in France—Hostility of the Government to Literature—Men of Letters in General—Journalism as it is in France—French Pasquinades—Their Influence upon Society—Talk of the Salons—Great Britain and France contrasted—Their Systems of Government—Absolutism *versus* Constitutionalism—The General Pursuit of Pleasure in France.

WITH so many interests to conciliate, so many enemies to contend with, so many perils to surmount, there can be little doubt that the position of the present ruler of France is not a very enviable one. The diadem of an Emperor, in whatever manner you set it, must have wonderful attractions, and few, very few would refuse wearing the glittering prize, if it were offered to their acceptance; but like the fatal gift conferred upon Almonesir by one of the genii, that of La Belle France has its drawbacks; and one of the most disagreeable is the eternal anxiety of never knowing what a day may bring forth, of never feeling certain, whether at home or abroad, that you may not be blown to atoms by the infernal

machine of a conspirator, or driven into exile, like so many others before you, by Revolutionists suddenly raised to power. With such a ghastly skeleton in your house, ever staring you full in the face—

> "Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
> Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain?—
> Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
> And fickle as a changeful dream;
> Fantastic as a woman's mood,
> And fierce as frenzy's fever'd blood;
> Thou many-headed monster thing,
> Oh! who would wish to be thy king?"

In the first place, it is generally admitted that the *coup d'état* was a great mistake on the part of Louis Napoleon and his advisers, which no subsequent amount of ability in him as a ruler has been sufficient to redeem, because he destroyed the confidence which should always subsist between the ruler and the ruled. Whereas, if he had only waited a little, till the party of order had time to recover from the suddenness of the shock, his partizans were sufficiently numerous and influential to procure for him in a more legitimate way the object of all his endeavours, all his intrigues; for, disguise it as they might, during the first burst of the Revolution the whole of the respectable classes abominated the very name of a Republic.

It is all very well for the Imperialists to assert in their journals that liberty of the press and the right of public speaking are incompatible with a strongly organized paternal Government like that which now exists in France. Is it not rather that Louis Napoleon, even with the best intentions, dare not change his present system of absolute rule? Is it not that he knows too well his antecedents are not sufficiently blameless, sufficiently encouraging, to enable him to defy that *bête noire* of an absolute ruler, a perfectly free press, a perfectly free Parliament? Is it not some such whispering as this that tells him, if he would prolong his rule, he must continue to have recourse to the same makeshifts, on the principle that *il faut faire un effet?* With so many difficulties to overcome, the question now remains, Are the Progressionists sufficiently strong to carry the day, should it come to an open rupture? It is doubtful. There is one thing, however, most certain, that so long as the Emperor succeeds in making the masses believe that he holds in his hand peace, war, and the destinies of nations, he will never want a sufficient number of partizans and admirers to uphold him in any system of Government he may think fit to adopt. In France everything depends upon how you play your game—one false move, and all is over.

As I before observed, under such a government it is utterly impossible for a stranger to form any-

thing like a correct view of the state of public opinion, unless he mingles freely with the inhabitants and listens to their conversation. If he does this, and makes a little allowance for an occasional burst of the old *esprit Gaulois*, he may come to something like a correct conclusion. At all events, he will form a very erroneous one if he allows himself to be influenced by any of those brilliant effusions which every now and then emanate from the press—which may well be termed, with its army of editors and supervisors, an Imperial institution—as much under the command of the Minister of the Home Department as the clerks in his private bureau. Knowing something of the secrets of journalism in France, how often have I, with a party of friends at our club in this gay city of Paris, been amused while perusing the columns of our daily papers, in which you see, headed in large type, "The *Siècle* of this day, one of the most liberal papers in France, tells us that"—"*La Presse*, the organ of the *parti d'ordre*, informs us"—"The *Journal de Débats*, Orleanist, in a powerfully written article, states"— "*La France*, a journal better informed than any other of the intentions of the Emperor with regard to the Mexican affair, says."

Alas! how are the mighty fallen! It is really pitiable to be obliged to state that neither of these journals, nor, indeed, any other in France, has a

will of its own—they just publish what they are told, and no more. Sometimes it does happen that one of these *employés* of the State—for I cannot give them a more appropriate designation—so far forgets himself as to express an opinion of his own. Poor luckless wight! he is soon brought to reason by a reprimand in no gentle terms, or it may be an *avertissement* from one of those gentlemen in black coats and shining boots whom you may see at any hour of the day gliding from one publisher's office to another, looking as grave as judges. They are better known among *Messieurs les Journalistes* by the sobriquet of the Corporal's Guard.

"This, however, is not the least of the evils that the Second Empire has inflicted upon the mind of France," exclaimed one of my literary friends with whom I happened to be conversing, himself in bygone times one of the most brilliant writers in the *Constitutionnel*, when it was in word and deed the *Constitutionnel*—"This," he repeated, with all the warmth of a child of the sunny south, "is not the least of our evils, nor is there one that is felt more acutely by every man of independent mind and principles—for these poor scribes (I will not insult them by saying slaves, since every man must work or starve) are obliged to clothe their ideas in such a manner as to make it appear to the uninitiated that they are perfectly independent of all control, by every now and then

launching forth a torrent of abuse against this or that act of the government. But then, be it remembered, the article must be most artfully worded, and tend to exalt the almost miraculous sagacity of the Emperor as a ruler; so that no man who was not completely *au fait* to the secrets of journalism, could surmise or imagine that it was not written by one who was as free to express his opinions, and as determined to do so, as the most liberal and independent writer on your own side of the channel.

"But what can you expect, *mon ami*," continued he, with more than usual warmth in his manner, "what can you expect from such writers, when I tell you that a large portion of our journalists in the present day are bankrupt Jews, ruined gamblers, and other *vauriens*, who would not scruple to sell themselves or our country (they have none) for a mess of pottage. You will be astonished when I tell you that the Minister —— is a Voltairian, the Senator —— a Deist, the Deputy —— an Atheist. Yet these may be numbered among the most distinguished writers, the most brilliant orators in the France of our day—men who in private life take a delight in reviling all revealed religion. These are the men who fight the battles of the Ultramontane and reactionary party in France. These are the writers who proclaim the sanctity of His Holiness the Pope, and the necessity of uphold-

ing his temporal power, unless you would see the whole civilized world relapse into barbarism. Fine words, are they not, from men whom everybody knows adore no other God but *l'argent?* Of such as these we have not a few seated in high places. Traitors, in the first instance, to the cause they had sworn to defend, but in the scramble for power, having once got possession of the loaves and fishes, remaining, like so many skeletons, in the great house of Bonaparte. Some have, happily for France, paid the debt of nature. They are, however, still sufficiently numerous and grasping to cause the poor Emperor, every time he falls on his knees, to exclaim, 'The Lord deliver me from my friends!'"

"This, in fact, is the history," resumed a former speaker—"this, in fact, is the history of too many of our public men in the present day, without even the halo of talent to distinguish them, for nearly the whole, except those who can converse well and fluently, and know how to wield the pen, are mere nonentities. These men, however, when they appear at court, decked out in their official uniforms, gay with gold and silver embroidery, add increased pomp and splendour to the Imperial household, and impose upon the masses. In this, as in many other things of trifling interest, you cannot but admire the tact of a man whom all the world at one time believed to be a sort of ——

What he really wants is not men of head and heart, but machines, and he has got them!"

The thread of the discourse was now taken up by a moderate Republican, formerly the comrade of M. de Persigny and M. de Laguerronière, when they were engaged together as journalists on the well-known Republican paper, the *National*, during the good old days of Louis Philippe. These two gentlemen, the one as Minister of the Home Department, and the other as Chief Supervisor of Literature, outdid all that their predecessors had achieved, in trampling out the last spark of vitality that had been left in the press. But to return to our narrative of the state of the press, as related by my Republican friend:

"Contemptible as it is in Paris, it is even still worse in the provinces. Indeed, so deep is the degradation into which it has fallen, and so utterly worthless has it become as an organ of public opinion, that it is only those who remember something of what it was, and the influence it exercised a few years since, who can bring themselves to believe that we ever could have had in France a perfectly free press, as well as a perfectly independent guardian of the public rights. Not the least remarkable event in the history of the Second Empire, is the influence it has had in driving into obscurity a number of illustrious

men, whose writings had so long shed a lustre over the literature of their country.

"*Le gouvernement pourvoira*, which for a few years passed among us as a sort of proverb, has now, indeed, become a reality; and, so jealous has the executive become of the slightest interference of the press, that it is now a capital offence even to allude to any subject, however trifling, that might be construed by the Procureur-Général, or his army of subordinates, into an attempt to excite hatred and contempt against the administration of His Imperial Majesty. Of this we had an instance only a few weeks since, in the suspension of one of our provincial journals, for daring to take upon itself the philanthropic office of calling the attention of the wealthy classes to the pitiable state of the operatives out of employ in the cotton districts, it being presumed that a government so paternal and so perfect in its administration as ours could not by any possibility be supposed ignorant of the wants of all its beloved children, much less indifferent to providing the means for their speedy relief. A similar fate befell two others in the Department of the Hérault, for drawing the attention of the authorities to the distressed state of the shipping interest, arising out of the manner in which the Conscription was being enforced, for the purpose of procuring seamen for the Imperial Navy. This, indeed, was a very grave offence in

the eyes of an absolute ruler—a direct excitement to revolt, and all the evils arising from the publication of journals maintaining such revolutionary views and opinions—and they were ordered to be suppressed; thus throwing out of employ a number of industrious artizans, besides entailing the total loss of a valuable property to the proprietors.

A few more words will be sufficient to show you how unstable is the present order of things in France, and what the fears of the government must be. No meeting of our citizens is permitted where the assembly exceeds the prescribed number of twenty, even on subjects connected with the industry of the country. This prohibition was strictly enforced, only a few weeks ago, in the case of the poor vine-growers of the south.

"You may now ask me with reason, how it is that a people who have made so many sacrifices, fought so many battles in the cause of freedom, and done so much in their day towards improving the political and social condition of man in every part of the world, have never yet been able to secure their own liberty for any length of time? In truth, *mon ami*, were I to attempt to give you anything like a satisfactory answer, by detailing all the causes of this failure, it would occupy a volume, but the reply may be summed up in one word, national character. In short, the character of a people than whom there is none more impulsive, and, at the same time,

more generous and unsuspecting—none so easily depressed or elevated by change of circumstances So little are we inclined to vindictiveness, too, that there is scarcely any crime too hideous on the part of our rulers that we are not ready to forgive in a moment of enthusiasm, more particularly so long as they uphold that dearest wish of every Frenchman—the honour and dignity of his country. As a proof of this, it has fallen to the lot of a Bonaparte on two occasions to be the destroyer of our liberties, appearing among us, as they did, at a time when all social order seemed to have fled the country. As might have been expected, the first, by his extraordinary abilities as the most successful captain of his day, gave such a direction to the national mind that it was absorbed in the love of military glory! Nor has his successor, the third Napoleon, been less distinguished, in his own peculiar way, as an able administrator; under the halo of which reputation, and the *auréole* of an illustrious name—in these days of hero-worship—he has been able, like his great predecessor, to encroach little by little upon our liberties, until he has scarcely left us the privilege of conversing in our own *salons*. Yet, such is the flexibility of our character that, notwitstanding that his system of governing is detested by the whole of the intellectual classes, if he only had the moral courage to separate himself and his interests from

the unworthy faction that now rules France, and to reign over a free people as a constitutional monarch, he might become one of the most popular sovereigns that ever swayed the destinies of a country."

"There are memories, it is true," continued the last speaker, "not easily obliterated, were it not, as I before observed, that it is one of our characteristics to forgive and forget, when the irritation of the moment has passed away. You will credit this the more when I tell you that even the most inveterate enemies the Emperor has among the old Republican party never fail, in the height of their patriotism, to express their thanks when they enumerate the judicious reforms he has carried out in more than one branch of the administration. How is it possible for any Frenchman, however swayed by party feelings, to look at our noble, high-spirited army, which was never before better organized, or in better heart to undertake the conquest of half the world, without feeling proud? The Imperial Navy, too, which may be said to be, for the most part, his own creation, although not quite equal to that of Great Britain, is second to no other among those of the great naval powers of the world. You have only to visit our various harbours, marine depôts, and arsenals on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and see the stupen-

dous fortifications and other gigantic works he has caused to be executed, to feel assured that everything the ingenuity of man could conceive, or labour effect, has been resorted to for the purpose of defending the country, in the event of war, from the ravages of an invader. I may also add with pride that, in no other part of the world, not even in mighty England, do you find such magnificent harbours and marine depôts as at Cherbourg and Toulon. The largest men-of-war may now be seen lying safe at anchor where only a few years since cattle were quietly grazing.

"All this, and much more, we owe to the energy of this very remarkable man, to say nothing of the stimulus he has given, by his own example, to the citizens of Paris, and our other great cities, to enlarge and beautify them. Neither has he forgotten the duties incumbent on a sovereign who desires to live in peace and amity with his neighbours. Witness the treaty of commerce he has had the wisdom to inaugurate with our old enemy, England; together with the abrogation of several of those narrow-minded laws and enactments which interfered with free trade, the barbarisms of a past age, which only tended to perpetuate the prejudices of race, language, and country.

"All this," returned my friend the ex-editor of the old *Constitutionnel*, "deserves to be lauded by every man who loves his country, be his political

opinions what they may. Yet this mighty Emperor of ours, this sovereign lord and autocrat over more than thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen, with half a million of bayonets at his command, and all the resources of a wealthy empire to draw upon, quails before the pen of a simple *journaliste*—otherwise, why this eternal persecution of the press—this eternal estrangement from men of letters? Here he shows his weakness, and unless there is a change, and with it the restoration of our lost liberties, there can be no hope of lasting peace and quietness in France."

I have now, by making Legitimists and Orleanists, Constitutionalists and Republicans, each *in propriâ personâ* tell their own tale, and in their own words, endeavoured to give the reader some insight into the real state of public opinion, in a country of such all-absorbing interest as France must be to the inhabitants of every other. The sentiments they expressed in our *Salon de Causerie* may be taken—making some allowance for party feeling—as a fair criterion of that professed by the intellectual classes, who have nothing in common with the party in power. They also prove how very popular the Emperor is in reality with the people in general, and what a career is yet before him, should time, and the consciousness of having secured a strong position, have the effect of inducing him to govern as a constitutional

monarch. Still it would be wrong on my part were I to omit telling my readers that there is a very powerful party, which may be termed Young France, a *mélange* of Republicans, and of the partizans of other forms of government, who absolutely refuse to place any confidence whatever in Louis Napoleon. This is said to be the party of action—that is, the fighting party—and if I have been rightly informed, it requires all the care of their leaders—whose object is not, if it can be avoided, to have recourse to brute force—to check the headlong rashness of some of their followers.

It is from the members of this party that those famous *jeu-d'esprits* emanate, which may, I think, without exaggeration, be termed the very essence of sarcasm. These political pasquinades, which make the tour of all the *salons*, coffee-houses, and restaurants of Paris, in an incredibly short space of time, are so cleverly worded, and so much to the purpose, that they are read everywhere with unbounded delight—but no foreigner, who is not thoroughly acquainted with the *finesse* of the French language, can adequately appreciate them. Nothing escapes the observation of the authors, and as these sarcastic hits are intended to serve as a substitute for the liberty of the press, all the acts of the government that are considered reprehensible, everything

deemed worthy of notice that passes at court, form the subject of these amusing witicisms. Still, however pungent their satire may be, the language in which they are expressed is rarely, if ever, coarse or offensive; while many of them are so happily worded, that they are admired even by the very persons who are ridiculed, so keenly sensible are the French by nature to the merits of real wit and satire, not such blundering attempts as are now and then made in England, and most other countries, with the exception of Italy.

Up to the present time the police, with their army of *mouchards*, have not been able to discover the authors of these satirical comments on every subject of public interest. Yet they have become a species of *bête noire* to the government and its agents—a sort of *enfant terrible*, from whose dreaded embrace there is no escape. Can we therefore refrain from asking, which is the most dangerous to a State, a perfectly free press, or this playing fast and loose with the liberties of a people so restless and so sensitive as the French, when they consider themselves the victims of a policy which they cannot but regard as pointedly at variance with their just rights?

As a natural consequence in all revolutions, however beneficial they may be to a country, there is certain to be a large and influential discontented party. The disruption of so many interests, the

loss of power to the vanquished, and the distribution of the loaves and fishes to new claimants, would alone, if there were no other cause, be sufficient to raise up in any country an army of malcontents. When there are so many causes of dissatisfaction to a people so excitable as the French, it must ever remain one of the most interesting marvels in the art of governing, how Louis Napoleon has been able to maintain his power for such a length of time. Of course nothing has been left untried that the ingenuity of a very clever man could conceive, or the most untiring energy accomplish.

In the first place, the alliance with England, the most liberal power in the world, was a masterstroke of policy, because it afforded him breathing time to put his house in order, and disarmed at once every suspicion on the part of the liberals that they were about to see installed among them a second edition of the First Empire; and what could have been more gratifying to the pride of the army, what more pleasing to the self-love of a people who value military glory above all things, than to see their country, at the successful termination of the Crimean war, assume the position of the first great military power in the world; while, by a well-timed peace with Russia, they had the satisfaction of beholding their ally (the old perfidious Albion) retiring from the combat with

the loss of everything but the honour of fighting side by side with French soldiers; thus crippling, as it were, the military fame of the only two powers in the world that were able to measure their strength with the *grande nation*, at the same time that the defeats at Moscow and Waterloo were avenged.

If any man doubts the truth of this, he cannot have studied, with any advantage to himself or posterity, the sayings and doings of Louis Napoleon at this critical period of his most romantic history. Indeed, the whole drama, from first to last, was so cleverly managed, and with such consummate tact and ability, by a host of clever agents, many of whom were personally known to me at the time, that you heard of nothing else spoken of throughout the length and breadth of the Continent, but the heroism of the French, and their wonderful genius as the first soldiers in the world. As to their ally, England (whose soldiers, alas! bore the brunt of every battle in the Crimea), she was altogether ignored; and if you did hear a remark relative to the part she had taken in the war, it was in some such language as this, "*Les Anglais sont de bons matelots! mais il ne savent pas l'art militaire.*"

This, however, was not all. There was something equally important to be gained before the Second Empire could be considered by its founder

to rest on a secure basis; and now was the time to strike, while this singularly thoughtless people had no other idea, no other thought, but military glory. Accordingly, several of the daily journals, more particularly the *Constitutionnel*, an ominous name to liberty in France, in a powerfully written article, astounded its readers by declaring the Second Empire and its administration a great success—a move in the art of governing in the right direction—a step in advance of that weary drag of a thing called Parliamentary Debate, and all the other tiresome pleadings and loss of time, which only tend to clog the wheels of Government, and end by wrangling about this or that subject, this or that ways and means, while the country and its interests are going to the dogs.

The bait took. Constitutional Government and Parliamentary Debate were declared to be a great bore, the barbarism of a bygone age, only adapted for the intellect of the stupid islanders, in their foggy atmosphere, on the other side of the Channel. I need scarcely say that from this moment Louis Napoleon became in word and deed the autocrat of all the Gauls, and as if fate had willed it should be so, about this time the whole civilized world was paralysed by the news of the terrible outbreak in India. Here was an additional proof of the worthlessness of Constitutional Government, responsibility of ministers, and all the other drags

and chains attendant on such a clumsy way of carrying on the administrative affairs of a great empire; and as such it was commented upon in a series of clever articles, written by well-paid scribes, in all the leading journals of the metropolis and the provinces.

One of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, says, in his writings, that the very miseries of which we poor mortals complain, are not unfrequently sent to us by Providence as so many gifts, for the purpose of carrying out some grand scheme tending to our benefit. Nobody can now deny the fact that the re-conquest of India has not only paved the way to the prosperity of that magnificent country, with its two hundred millions of inhabitants, but has had the effect, at the same time, of elevating the bravery of British soldiers to the highest pinnacle of military fame. Moreover, when it became more generally known that, notwithstanding the great distance of India, and the enormous expenditure the quelling such a serious outbreak necessitated, the finances of England were never more flourishing, nor her people more prosperous and contented, nor better prepared to undertake a campaign, of whatever magnitude, then, and only then, was it discovered by our volatile neighbours, that the time-honoured institutions of England were the only check against arbitrary government, an empty exchequer, an extravagant

court, and all the other evils of never knowing what a day may bring forth.

I cannot leave France without saying a few words on the present aspect of society. I have already stated that the enforced silence so ingeniously contrived to destroy everything in the shape of an independent public opinion, has only had the effect of rendering the intellectual classes more violent than ever. But this is not all, nor the most dangerous sign of the times. Indeed, it is impossible to remain for any lengthened period in this gay city, without being struck with the circumstance that there is the same immoderate pursuit of pleasure which formed one of the most striking precursors of the first great Revolution—the same reckless desire of the court and the nobility to exhibit themselves at the masked balls, in costumes so absurd and ridiculous as to be offensive to every well-regulated mind. Surely it was not in good taste for a lady of the highest rank to appear at a fancy dress ball at the Tuileries in the dress of poor Marie Antoinette, only a few days after the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI.; nor for a very wealthy nobleman to assume that of Pontius Pilate. Again, at the *bal costumé* given by M. C——, the ladies displayed the most unbounded extravagance, and, sad to say, did not always confine themselves so strictly within the bounds of decency as they ought to have done. In short,

luxury and frivolity have now become the characterestics of Parisian society. Is it probable that such a state of things can continue for any length of time in a country like France? Impossible.

Power, absolute power, is a dangerous possession in the hands of even the best and wisest of men, and when once enjoyed, is rarely, if ever, resigned without a struggle. And now that I am about to leave France, I sincerely hope that the present ruler of that country will not imitate the example of his unfortunate namesake, Louis the Sixteenth, who waited and procrastinated, until, as a last resource, he was compelled to grant liberty of the press, and freedom of public opinion; but, unfortunately for the ruler and the ruled, the Sybil of France had long since given her last warning—the concession came too late; the people had been kept too long in leading-strings—too long accustomed to *lettres de cachet*, the Bastile, and all the other miseries of a despotic form of government, to understand the value of the gift they had received. As a natural consequence, the whole of France, from one end to the other, was speedily inundated with political pamphlets, of the most inflammable character, which hastened that terrible outburst of the worst passions of man, the first Revolution, and led to a succession of horrors, such as the civilized world never before witnessed.

CHAPTER VII.

Leave Paris for Germany—Unexpected Rencontre in a Railway Carriage—Opinions of a Russian Nobleman on the Present State of France and England—His Book—What he Thinks of the French and English System of Government—Their Armies and Naval Force—His Opinion on the State of Agriculture in France and Great Britain—Industry and Commerce.

ON leaving Paris for Germany, I was not more pleased than surprised to find myself seated in the same railway-carriage with a friend whom I had not seen since my last visit to Russia. In the present instance, the pleasure was still further increased by the opportunity it afforded me of perusing a very remarkable book which my friend happened then to have by him, and of which only a few copies have as yet been published, being intended for private circulation—at least, for some time to come—I therefore thought that a slight notice of a work so remarkable and so exclusive could not but be interesting to the majority of my readers. With respect to the name of the author, all that I am permitted to say is, that it was written by a Russian nobleman well

known among the *beau monde* in London and Paris—one of those highly-gifted men that Russia knows so well how to employ when she has any great object in view.

The book itself bears the simple title of "A Tour in France and the British Islands." It is, however, more than this, being, in fact, a tour of inquiry into the form of government, state of the finances, army, navy, industry, and commerce of the two great western powers; and also as to how far their peculiar system of government has been conducive in furthering the prosperity and happiness of the people. In his discussions of these important subjects, the remarks of our Russian traveller are always judiciously made, and with perfect impartiality—more especially in the contrast he draws of the influence that autocratic rule and self-government, each in its separate way, exercise upon the character of a people, of which we have such a striking example in France and England. In the one you see everything done by the government for the people, and in the other you see everything done by the people for themselves.

The details of our traveller are so minute upon these subjects, and he tells you so much about the deplorable want of self-reliance that pervades all ranks and orders of society in France, arising out of a restrictive legislation, which not only para-

lyzes the feelings, but discourages the habits which qualify a man for anything like self-government, that you are almost led to believe the work was expressly written for the Emperor of Russia, and that his Imperial Majesty really contemplated effecting a complete reform in his present system of government. Be this as it may, the work is one of extraordinary interest, and if we had sought for an advocate to plead our cause of self-government before a tribunal of nations, we could not have found one more worthy of our confidence. Still, he does not forget to tell us how much we laid ourselves open to ridicule during that extraordinary mania of ours, the invasion panic. In doing this, he imparts at the same time a little wholesome advice to our neighbours, about the danger of wantonly teazing the British lion.

Further on, after a most elaborate account of the finances and resources of France and England respectively—the state and efficiency of their armies and navy, which he describes with the minuteness of a man accustomed to study these subjects, he draws his own conclusions as to what might be the issue of a war between the two great Western Powers. As to invasion, he does not believe that the French ever had the slightest intention to attempt it, considering it nothing more than so much silly bravado on their part, in a

moment of irritation. They might, he says, by stealth effect a landing here and there, and burn a village or two on the sea-coast, but nothing more; and this they never would venture to do, unless after a regular declaration of war—any other proceeding would place them under the ban of every civilized power in the world, and lead to the total ruin of France.

He then, after enumerating the number of ships of every denomination as men-of-war that have been built within the last few years both in France and England—which he does with wonderful minuteness of detail, even to the number of guns they carry, and their calibre—tells you almost to a man the resources each power has at its command in able-bodied seamen; he then asks you which would be likely to be the winner in the event of the sea again becoming the theatre of war? However, upon such a subject I cannot do better than let our traveller speak for himself:

"Considering what an English naval force really is, commanded by some of the most experienced seamen in the world, and armed with the most approved weapons the ingenuity of man could fabricate, Great Britain has the advantage over every other great European power, in having a frontier which cannot be crossed with impunity, nature's own mighty work—the deep sea. At all times, even during the heat of summer, sub-

ject to a sudden squall of wind, and often tempest-bound. In addition to this, there are the light-houses, the coastguard-stations, and the telegraphs, all communicating with each other, and so arranged as to render it impossible that an enemy's ship could approach any part of the coast without its being immediately known in every town and village throughout the three kingdoms. Then there is the most perfect network of railways that can be conceived, communicating with all the great towns on the coast, at the command of the military authorities for the dispatch of troops towards any point that might be menaced. Knowing all this, and much more, of the incredible resources at the command of this mighty power for repelling any attack that could be made by an enemy upon its territory, may I not say, *Ces Anglais-là ne connaissent pas leurs ressources!*—just as the first Napoleon did when he saw them withstand the furious charge of his best troops. *Ces Anglais-là ne savent jamais quand ils sont battus!* else why all this bother about invasion—all this hubbub about the silly letters of the French colonels? Or was it that their newspapers, having nothing else to write about, chose to take up this patriotic subject? Be this as it may, with reference to what I have already written, I may even go further, and I feel certain every military man will bear me out, when I say that it would not require more than

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about a hundred thousand well-appointed soldiers to defend the British Islands against any amount of men that could be brought against them in the shape of an invading army.

"As Roman Catholic Ireland is said to be the *bête noire* of Protestant England, just as Roman Catholic Poland is said to be that of Holy Russia, I know there is a very prevalent idea among us in Russia that Ireland is the weak point in the British Empire—the vulnerable part where it might be attacked with every prospect of success. There never was a greater mistake, and for this reason: Presuming that the French—the only nation in Europe in a position to attempt such a hazardous undertaking—obtained a footing in West Britain,* and found a party among their co-religionists, the Roman Catholics, in that island, ready to aid them in the enterprise, would it not be like falling into a trap set on purpose to catch them, unless they were able to maintain a direct communication with France, since nothing would be easier for a great naval power like England than to surround the entire island with her men-of-war, and force them, after a blockade of a week or so, into such a surrender as would make them and their invasion the subject of laughter from

* This is the name by which our Russian traveller designates Ireland throughout his work. Not a bad idea.

one end of Europe to the other. We all know what a serious obstacle a mere river, the Beresina, proved to the French on their disastrous retreat after the invasion of our country, Holy Russia. In this case, however, it would not be a mere river they had to cross, but the wide, wide ocean, for ever raging day by day, hour by hour, between them and their homes. You may, then, easily imagine, even were there no other cause, the effect such a circumstance would be certain to have upon the spirits of a people so easily excited or depressed by the events of the hour.

"Believe me when I say, if Great Britain is destined to fall beneath the rule of an invader, the blow, to be successful, must be struck at the capital—at least such has been the opinion of their *grand homme de guerre*, the first Napoleon, as we now learn from the last volume of his most voluminous correspondence. Yet even he, when at the very height of his power, at once the sovereign and the military chief of the most formidable army the world had ever seen, shrank from even making the attempt—well knowing, good tactician as he was, that, in the event of a failure, having no basis to fall back upon—total ruin to his army, and loss of fame to himself, must be the consequence."

In relation to this subject, our Russian friend, after doing every justice to the patriotic spirit of

our volunteers, like most military men, who had seen service on the battle-field, did not think that volunteers, however individually brave they may be, are to be relied upon as a substitute for a regular army. They may serve, he says, as skirmishers, or to garrison a fortified town; but for field operations, where everything depends upon the steadiness of the regular soldier, they would be found as useless with us, in the event of an invasion, as they have been hitherto in every country that depended upon their undisciplined valour as a defence. It is not numbers, he contends, that will fight successfully the battles of a country, but discipline in its sternest form, without which you never can have a brave and resolute army.

Her Majesty's court, the ministers and aristocracy, the houses of Parliament, system of election and the qualifications of an elector, the courts of justice and trial by jury, the lords-lieutenant of counties and county magistrates, parish officers and poor-rates, police superintendents and police officers, the treatment of criminals, post-office and rates of postage, industry, commerce, and manufactures, with ship-building in all its various branches, &c.—all these, and much more, came under the review of this indefatigable traveller; and although the work, as I before said, is only intended for private circulation, we have

every reason to be satisfied with the criticisms of such an enlightened man of the world. At all events, we have passed through the ordeal with more honour to ourselves as a people than our neighbours on the other side of the channel. It is true, in a country where all the institutions are framed for the purpose of forming and maintaining large armies, with the view either of conquest or defence, where all the offices and rewards of the state are given exclusively to the army, there must be a great want of that honest, peaceful industry, which, he says, has made Great Britain the wonder of the world. It also cannot be denied that the character of some of the public men in France is very different from that of our own. Nay, if one half of the stories you hear about gambling in the public funds, and that by men holding the most responsible offices under the crown, are to be credited, things must be very bad indeed. Still, I think his remarks are somewhat too severe upon the character of the *dix milles coquins*, who, he says, took such an active part in carrying out the *coup d'état*, and who, having got hold of the loaves and fishes, still retain them against all new-comers. Our traveller, however, does full justice to the character of Louis Napoleon—extols him for the good he has done, his only wonder being, how he has been able to steer his way so successfully through the shoal of needy,

ambitious councillors, that beset his path on every side.

In another part of the work, his remarks on the state of agriculture in France and England, together with other subjects connected with the tenure of landed estates in both countries, and the influence it has upon the character of a people, is highly interesting, inasmuch as he tells us that, in everything connected with the transfer of property from father to son as an hereditary right, we are centuries in advance of France, and every other country that rejected the *droit d'ainesse* for the Code Napoleon; because, while the one tends to enrich a country, the other, by the subdivision of property, impoverishes it.

"Besides, how is it possible," he argues, "to have anything in the shape of a strong constitutional government in any country where, as in France, there are in reality only two classes—the monarch that rules and the multitude that obey him, wanting, as it does, the necessary element, a wealthy, landed aristocracy, sufficiently powerful and influential to control on one side the absolute tendencies of the ruler, and, on the other, the revolutionary violence of the democrats. Hence the facility with which an entire people fell, without even a struggle, under the despotic sway of a clever *aventurier*—an event," he says, "which could not have taken place in Great Britain under

any circumstances, or, indeed, in any other country in Europe, except democratic, revolutionary France. But this is not all, nor the least of the evils," continues our traveller, "that the first Revolution left behind as a legacy to France. She is still further cursed by having saddled upon her that revolutionary invention of a crazy democrat, universal suffrage, which, of every other basis of power, is the most demoralizing to a people—none other is so prolific of mischief, or more readily paves the way to revolutionary changes. For instance, it not only throws the whole of the governing element into the hands of that part of the community the least fit to legislate for the wants of a country, but opens the door, at some future time, for any ambitious adventurer who may happen to be the favourite of the *plebiscite*, to step in, and clothe himself with regal power; and most assuredly, if Louis Napoleon successfully availed himself of such high patronage, what is to prevent any other ambitious leader of the people from following so worthy an example?"

Like every Russian you meet with, at home or abroad, our traveller treats the alliance of the two great powers of the West as a mere sham—a piece of buncomb, as a Yankee would call it. The rail, the steamboat, and the telegraph, those great agents of civilization, which, he says, have done so much, wherever they have found an entrance, in allaying

the prejudices of race and religion, have as yet had little or no influence in softening the hereditary animosities of the Gaul and the Briton towards each other. "Wherever you wander," he maintains, "either in France or Great Britain, converse with whom you may, and you will most assuredly find that *perfide Albion* is the same perfidious jade with the Gaul now that she has ever been; and *vice versa*, that the lying, treacherous Gaul is the same low, sneaking cur, in the estimation of a true Briton, that his fathers were centuries before. They may," he says, "pull together on some great political question, but it will always be done with a view of overreaching each other in the end, of turning whatever advantage there is to be gained to their own separate account.

"The press in both countries may expatiate on the blessings of civilization, and the influence that a more extended commerce has upon the peace of the world; in the same manner the orator, by his eloquence, may persuade you into believing that man is a very different animal from what he was half a century ago—it is nothing more than so many fine words, artistically strung together. Go, as I did, to that great crucible of French Imperialism, French nationality, the army, and hear what it has to say on the question, and you will return home with a very different opinion. There, I repeat, you will hear that a war with

England, which would afford an opportunity to the French to avenge the defeat at Waterloo, would render Louis Napoleon the most popular monarch that ever swayed the destinies of a people, besides the effect it would have in consolidating the dynasty of the Bonaparte family as sovereigns of France. It is true, the English, having no Waterloo to sour the national temper, and being, as I before observed, a peaceable people, preferring industry and commerce to the pomps and vanities of glorious war, rarely express a desire to measure their strength again with that of their neighbours, unless they are absolutely goaded into it by some misconduct on the part of the French—then, indeed, they show quite as much pugnacity as their more quarrelsome neighbours. That a great want of confidence in the preservation of peace does exist, there can be no doubt; great armies cannot be kept on foot without providing them some employment. Nations do not expend millions of money in building ships and erecting fortifications for the pleasure of looking at them. There must be some hidden meaning in all this, perhaps best known to the Jupiter of the Tuileries. Be this as it may, during the whole of my tour in France and England, I heard nothing more interesting talked of than that such and such an ironside man-of-war was then about to be launched, or on the stocks; that such

and such a cannon was the last invention of such an engineer.

"I think you will agree with me in saying, there are no other people in Europe that blow their own trumpet louder and with more success than the French. We have repeatedly heard of the impregnable fortifications at Cherbourg and Toulon, of the festivities that took place at their inauguration, besides a great deal more interesting particulars. Yet I doubt much if they have anything in France, or, indeed, in any other part of the world, to be compared with the prodigious works the English government are carrying out at Portland.

"These modern Cyclopeans, the English, are not content with merely hewing out of the solid rock docks and harbours to receive their men-of-war, but they have absolutely rooted up an entire mountain of rock, and cast it into the sea, to serve as a breakwater, and such a breakwater as was never before seen. This you will better understand when I say that it is so capacious, and so admirably designed and executed, that the fleets of the world might anchor in safety behind it, no matter from what quarter the tempest might come. This, however, is nothing more than a mere rampart, compared with the series of fortifications, docks, and harbours, which are now being executed, and which, if finished according to the plan, must be-

come one of the most extraordinary works of the kind in the world.

"All that I can do at present, is to give an outline of the work itself; the rest must be left to the imagination of the reader. For instance, in every other country but wealthy England, the inhabitants think themselves well off if they can only procure granite of sufficient hardness and good quality to line their fortifications—here it is discarded as useless; instead of which the whole of the fortifications—at least, such portions as will be exposed to the attack of an enemy—are to be covered over with solid plates of iron, so constructed, with respect to material and workmanship, as to defy the force of any projectile that could be brought to bear upon them. Moreover, in order that this great work may be as perfect as anything of the kind can be, the whole is to be defended by Martello towers, built entirely of iron, and so formed as to turn round by machinery, on the same principle as a revolver, thus enabling the defenders, by keeping up an incessant fire, to deal death and destruction to everything human that may have the temerity to approach them.

"As strangers, uninfluenced in any especial manner by the rivalries and jealousies of powers so distant from our own theatre of action, and being perfectly able to take care of our territories wherever they may be menaced, all that we can do is to

look on, wondering what it all means, and how it is likely to end. Doubtless, ere long, we shall hear of some unexpected developments arising out of these gigantic preparations for war, which might be a subject of serious apprehension to us, if there was the remotest possibility of these two powerful states uniting their forces in any crusade that might endanger the equilibrium of European power. With respect to Great Britain, the question is not difficult to answer—like every other great power consolidated by time, and supported by the strength of treaties, her position is a sufficient guarantee that her intentions are peaceable. Not so, however, with revolutionary France, or, rather, the Second Empire. View it as you will, it must adopt an aggressive policy for having, so to speak, no will but what it borrows from the party that raised it to power—to remain tranquil would cause its destruction. France must therefore be active and energetic, influencing, as far as she can, the councils of her neighbours; and so long as this excitement and interference lasts, there can be no confidence as to what a day may not bring forth —no relief from the apprehension that the whole of Europe may not again be involved in another war of a quarter of a century."

CHAPTER VIII.

Present Condition of the French Agricultural Population—Impoverishing Tendencies of the Subdivision of Land—The Want in France of a Wealthy Landed Aristocracy—The Severe Labour imposed upon Women in France—General Aspect of the Country Towns in France—Soldiering, and its Effects upon the Moral Character of the Agricultural Population in France—Lorraine and Alsace—Gauls and Teutons—Arrival at Strasburg.

IT is not all gold that glitters; neither is it all sunshine that illumines the glories of the Second Empire. When seen at a distance, it appears dazzling enough; but when you come to examine it more closely, you find it has a sufficient number of black spots to obscure much of its brightness. Our Russian traveller, upon whose interesting book I have drawn so largely in my last chapter, has pointed out a few, and among them none is so fraught with peril to the future of France as the deplorable state of the agricultural population.

While millions of the public money have been expended in erecting some senseless triumphal arch, as a record of the questionable glories of the First Empire, or in carrying out one of the *Idées*

Napoléoniennes of the present Emperor of the French, nothing has been done towards bettering the condition of the most interesting class in any country—the hardworking agriculturist. There have been, it is true, meetings here and there, which have led, as a friend assured me, to a great deal of talk among the Government officials as to what should be done; without, however, coming to any particular resolution. The real fact is this, France is still as thoroughly democratic, and as much an enemy to everything in the shape of a landed aristocracy, as it was during the Reign of Terror; consequently, any attempt to abrogate that democratic law in the Code Napoleon, relative to the subdivision of property, and to restore the rights of primogeniture, would be certain to lead to a serious outbreak among a people who have not the common sense to see that it is this subdivision of property which has been, year after year, causing the ruin of the agriculturists. Even the wealthiest among them cannot resist this impoverishing process, the subdivision of landed property; their fortunes are certain to be broken up after every second or third generation. How great, then, must be the evil among the small holders when a farm of a few acres comes to be divided, share and share alike, among several members of the same family; and this has gone on increasing so rapidly, that the landowners now in France amount to more than

eight millions; and of these proprietors, the holdings are so insignificant, that more than one-third of them are exempted, on account of their poverty, from every species of direct taxation.

In this case, at least, the land-holders of France are paying for the sins of the first Revolution, by the state of pauperism to which they are being gradually reduced; in addition to which, the land in some districts has become so deteriorated in its productive qualities, owing to the want of capital to work and improve it, as scarcely to pay the expenses of the labour. Again, if we take into consideration that land in France is for the most part heavily mortgaged, the cost of transfer excessively high—the Government claiming for its share at least twenty per cent. on its value—it must be allowed that the position of a land-holder in France is by no means enviable. The truth is, that in a country so circumscribed in extent as France (with its mountains, woods, swamps, sandy districts, and that immense desert the Landes), where there are more than eight millions of land-holders, the greater number can gain nothing more than a mere subsistence from the soil—the piece of land from which they are to derive the support of themselves and families being, very often, no larger than a cabbage garden. Indeed, I have frequently wondered how the proprietor of these small patches were able to escape starvation;

but the French peasant, and, I may add, the people in general, are far more thrifty than we are, and will dine heartily upon food which an Englishman would not touch. Besides, there are no other people who understand better than they do how to make the most of everything, whether meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, including even the little birds who make their home in the hedges, and who are slaughtered without mercy in France.

But this is not the only evil attending this compulsory division of property, and the poverty and idleness it leads to. It is a well known fact, that, of every other class in France, the agriculturists furnish by far, the greatest number of criminals, and none are so utterly destitute of education, or a proper sense of the duties of a Christian —much to the disgrace of a government that pretends to do everything for the people, more especially one so well organised as that of France, with its Minister of Public Instruction, and a host of subordinates, down to the parish priest and the village schoolmaster. If you mention the subject to any intelligent Frenchman who is not an official of the State, and a rabid Imperialist, he is certain to throw the whole of the blame upon the Conscription, and its effects in producing among the youth of France that tone of idleness and devil-may-care way of thinking they learn from each other in the camp, and which, as might be expect-

ed, totally unfits them to battle, in after days, with the trials of life, and to sit down patiently to the monotonous calling of a peasant. Hence they resort to crime to improve their condition ; and being well skilled in the use of fire-arms, and possessing, at the same time, a certain amount of reckless courage, it requires all the activity of the *gendarmes*, and the local police, to keep down this dangerous class of men. That the picture is not overdrawn, I can maintain by the authority of the French government, in its statistics of crime in the agricultural districts.

Among the other characteristics that so widely separate the Gauls from the Anglo-Saxons, *la belle* France, as it is so flatteringly called in the flowery language of our neighbours, loses much in the estimation of the tourist just arrived from wealthy England. The first thing that strikes him on crossing the channel is the total absence of those magnificent country-seats, with their wide domains, that everywhere meet the view in the country he has left, and which, together with the neat farmhouse, and the other appearances of a well-to-do agricultural population, form one of the principal attractions in the scenery of the British Islands—all indicative of the security of property in a country that has as little to fear from the brand of the revolutionist, as it has from the sword of the invader.

All these signs and tokens of the prosperity of a people, and of the stability of a government, are unhappily wanting in France. A land-holder in that country rarely visits his estate, except for a week or two during the shooting season; and those who are obliged to work out a livelihood by farming their own lands, generally reside in a village, with a view to mutual protection in the event of an insurrection, or the inroad of a marauding soldiery. There are, it is true, a number of towns and villages scattered about here and there; but from some cause or other, they bear about them an aspect of faded grandeur, and would be dreary in the extreme, were it not for the enlivening sound of the martial drum, and the marching and countermarching of bands of soldiers—conveying to your mind the impression of a country that is held together by the strong arm of military rule.

When you consider all this, and look around you, and see so little that reminds you of the industry of the ever-busy, enterprising people you had just left on the other side of the Channel, you wonder where, or in what consists the strength of the European Sampson. As to everything in the shape of labour, it would appear as if it was principally performed by women, for you see them everywhere drudging in the fields, and even sometimes acting the part of beasts of burden; in the same way that in all the towns and cities you see

them doing the duties of clerks, cashiers, shopmen, postmen, ticket-collectors, and a hundred other offices which appear entirely unsuited to their sex. Indeed, my wonder has ever been how these active, ever-busy, ever-cheerful little women get through their day's work, when we remember their household cares and duties, besides those of the nursery and the kitchen. There cannot be a doubt that more than a million of men under arms, to which we must add the gendarmes, the police, and the coast-guard, to say nothing of the navy, and those engaged in the civil service, must have a serious effect upon the industry of the country—a loss which would be more seriously felt were it not for the untiring energy, activity, and intelligence of the women in France—who, above any other of their sisters in Europe, are entitled to a high place in the history of their sex.

The route I had now taken on my way to the East, that by Strasburg, offers many interesting objects to the attention of the traveller. Besides the gay city of Paris, and the splendour of its Imperial court, there is the pretty town of Nancy, and that romantic district, the Vosges, with its deep gorges and cloud-capped hills. Still, with the exception of these, there is much to remind you of that tiresome sameness so peculiar to French scenery—a dreary extent of seemingly unenclosed land. Even the towns, although few and far

between, are so like each other that they might have been designed by the same architect. The inhabitants, also, are equally similar in appearance, and all bear about them the lazy look of a true Gaul—that of a man who had passed the best part of his life in the camp and the tented field, and to whom anything in the shape of hard work would be a misery.

Indeed, it is only when you have crossed the Gallic frontier, and entered the fertile Lorraine and Alsace, with their hard-working German inhabitants, that you see anything that puts you in mind of England, in the shape of a neat farm-house, and land cultivated as it ought to be. Even here there is the same absence of a resident country gentry, and when you do stumble upon one of those fine old baronial castles so peculiar to Germany, you are almost certain to find it little better than a ruin—or at least bearing the mark of the brand of the Revolutionist, calling up to your mind pictures of those terrible days when bands of half-mad democrats, singing their well-known

> "Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira!
> Les aristocrats à la lanterne!"

were accustomed to scour the country in search of new victims to feed the craving of that rapacious monster of theirs—the guillotine!

How impossible it is to eradicate the manners, customs, and language of a people, we have here a striking instance. Although two centuries have passed away since these two fine provinces, Lorraine and Alsace, have been wrenched away from the Germanic Empire, yet there is nothing to remind you that you are not in Germany, except the Imperial arms of France, and the dark, sallow complexion of the French soldiers. The inhabitants are still thorough Germans; speak of fatherland with all the rapture of Germans, and are as easily distinguished by their broad shoulders, blue eyes, and robust frames, from the few Gauls that live among them, as their brethren are on the other side of the Rhine. With such feelings, there can be little doubt, if their loyalty was put to the trial of a vote by universal suffrage, the French Empire would be the loser of two of its finest provinces.

In the present state of affairs, France is too powerful to imagine the possibility of such an event, yet more unlikely things have come to pass in this uncertain world of ours. Who would have dared to say, some half dozen years ago, that Savoy would become a province of the French Empire, and with the consent of its own hereditary sovereign, Victor Emmanuel. That the German unionists have not forgotten their brethren of Alsace and Lorraine is a fact too well

known to those who remember the noise they made about the right of nationalities, and the old boundaries of the Germanic Empire, during their short-lived reign of power in 1848. At all events, the French Government appeared to be sufficiently alarmed, by the haste with which it dispatched a large army to the banks of the Rhine.

It is true, the bondage of the Germans in the land of the Gaul never assumed the magnitude of the cry made about those subject to the Dane, under the name of the Schleswig-Holsteiners. They have, nevertheless, formed the theme of nearly every patriotic writer in Germany, from the time of the great Frederic down to the present day. Gervinus, and Varnhagen von Ense, with that most patriotic of all German writers, Wolfgang Menzel, have been the last in the field; the latter has even gone the length of predicting a splendid future to Germany—speaks of the empire of the godless volatile Gauls as a mere flash-in-the-pan—tells you that they are nothing more nor less than the Arabs of Europe—a people who have neither the prudence nor the capacity to maintain their power; and that, if mankind is ever to be blessed with a millennium, it will come from the Teutonic race, among whom he numbers the English as one of its most powerful members.

A great deal has been already said upon that interesting subject, the diversity of races, and

those peculiar characteristics which distinguish them from each other in every part of the world. Even in France, where, perhaps, there is more similarity in the inhabitants than in any of the other great European states, you find here and there unmistakeable evidences of a diversity of race. For instance, the Teutonic prevails everywhere in the east and the north, the Italians and the Spanish in the south, and, singular enough, the Breton in the west is very closely allied in his language, customs, and manners to our own Welsh. This mingling of races has very much improved the personal appearance of the Celtic tribes of old Gaul, more especially in those districts where the Teutonic element prevails. So far, however, as regards a hasty temperament, and a disposition to think favourably of themselves, to the disparagement of others, they are all Gauls, a fact of which the following incident, trifling as it may appear, affords a very fair illustration. It is true there are silly people to be found in every country, but there is no medium for a Frenchman; his feelings are so exalted, that he cannot be anything simply—he must be first in everything; and it is this disposition in the people, however disagreeable it may be to strangers, that has tended to make France what it now is—one of the most powerful countries in the world.

On leaving Paris, I had for one of my com-

panions in the railway carriage a gentleman who had recently arrived in Paris from New Orleans. He spoke the French language with great fluency, was enchanted with Paris, and the French people in general—they were amiable, kind, and courteous—so different from the rude Anglo-Saxons he had just left, who had been so lately tearing themselves to pieces in the new world! This favourable opinion continued till we got to one of the railway stations in Alsace, where our attention was drawn to a terrible fracas between the station-master and his subordinates, in some affair connected with the telegraph; and as the French of that class, when they get into a passion, are very apt to scream out what they have to say in the highest possible tones the human voice is capable of, we could distinctly make out, *bête d'Allemand! cochon d'Allemand!*

Such language as this was, to say the least, very indiscreet on the part of the station-master, in a province of France where the inhabitants are all Germans, and might have been passed over without any further comment, were it not that the other inmates of our carriage, with the same indiscretion, took up the subject, and amused each other with a series of anecdotes relating to the stupidity of *ces Allemands, si bêtes,* little dreaming what mortification they were inflicting upon our poor traveller from New Orleans, who happened to be a native

of Germany. He remained, however, silent. Still it was easy to see, in the dark scowl that settled on his expressive features, how much he was annoyed. At length one of my fellow-travellers drew my attention to the spire of the cathedral at Strasburg, as it then lay in all its beauty of outline on the distant horizon, at the same time saying:

"There, Monsieur l'Anglais, is a spire for you, which, for the beauty of its proportions, and the exquisite carving of the workmanship, has no equal in the world." *Vive la France!*"

"And pray to whose genius do you owe the existence of that splendid edifice you seem so much to admire?" rejoined our traveller from New Orleans, in a voice tremulous with emotion—"to that of the people upon whom you have been heaping insult upon insult, and that in presence of the descendant of the man that designed and would have executed it, had he lived."

If a thunderbolt had fallen among us, it could not have caused a greater sensation than these few words of our sensitive German. Excuses, expressions of sorrow, were tendered and repeated again and again by all present, but nothing could alleviate his wounded feelings. After all, it was nothing more than one of those every-day occurrences, so characteristic of the French. An opportunity presented itself of exalting themselves,

and the temptation was too great to be resisted. It was not designedly done, for the French are not an ill-natured people. They were certain of my nationality, and that of my Russian friend, but did not know that of our sun-burnt fellow-traveller from New Orleans, who might have passed anywhere in France for a French creole.

In conclusion, I need hardly say how great was the pleasure I felt in once more visiting Strasburg's far-famed cathedral, with such a companion for my *cicerone;* and although it has been so often criticized and condemned for real and imaginary faults, yet, taken altogether, it is one of the finest Gothic buildings in either France or Germany. And who can behold the admirable proportions of its beautiful spire, rising up from the pavement to a height of more than five hundred feet, without a mingled feeling of wonder and admiration, that a building apparently so fragile, could be constructed in such a manner as to withstand the fury of the elements uninjured for many centuries. What, too, can be more imposing than the interior, with its majestic columns, lofty aisles, and richly painted windows, or more interesting than the mechanism of its clock, which remains up to the present day one of the wonders of the world.

With respect to the town itself, like every other that has the misfortune of being fortified, and lying on the frontier of a neighbouring State, it

has its full share of stagnant moats, poisoning the air with every wind that blows; while as to soldiers, whether infantry or chasseurs, artillerymen or zouaves, you meet them at every step, wandering here and wandering there, cap-a-pie, and ready for action, always reminding you that you are in a country where one-half of the citizens are armed against the other half. Taken altogether, it is one of the strongest towns in France, but whether its massive fortifications will be able to withstand the artillery of the present day is very doubtful. The Germans say they lost Strasburg solely through the treachery of its burgomaster in 1682. Be this as it may, the French have been its masters for two hundred years, and they are likely to hold it as long as the French Empire lasts. It is true, if the Prussians had been allowed to have their own way in 1815, Strasburg, with the whole of the eastern portion of France, would again have been added to the territories of the German Fatherland.

I was much pleased with my visit to the church of St. Thomas, which contains, among much that is interesting to the historian and the antiquary, the splendid monument erected by Louis XV., to the memory of the most brilliant of his warriors, the famous Marshal Saxe. The figures are all of the natural size, and being fashioned out of the purest white marble, the effect is at once grand and imposing. It is considered by the French as

the finest work of their celebrated sculptor Pigale: It is true, nothing can be better or more happily conceived than the design and the grouping of the figures, but, as in every other production executed by this great artist, there is an exaggerated tone in their attitude and expression, which makes them appear like so many actors and actresses, who had just made their appearance on the stage. For this he is not so much to be blamed as the frivolous age in which he lived, and the romantic school in which he was educated, that of Louis XIV., when men and women were represented by the painter and the poet, not as human beings, but as gods and goddesses, though sometimes they were preferred as shepherds and shepherdesses. The finest figure in the group, and the most graceful, represents France, in the form of a lovely young woman, warding off from her hero the approach of the King of Terrors, who is armed with a lance, which he is about to thrust into the heart of his victim.

Among other things, I demanded of my guide the meaning attached to a group of animals, all apparently wounded, and lying most lackadaisically at the feet of the marshal.

"Mean!" he exclaimed, drawing himself up to his full height, and, like a true Frenchman, casting upon me, at the same time, a look of astonishment, as if the ignorance I evinced were equally

inconceivable and contemptible—"Mean," he repeated, "why, it means that our hero there," pointing to the figure of the marshal, "conquered, during his triumphant career, England, Holland, and Germany. In confirmation of this, if you wish to learn further, the leopard you see there, helplessly lying on his back, is typical of England; the wounded lion, with his head bandaged, of Holland; and the eagle, with his wings clipped and feathers ruffled, of Germany."

This version of past events, which my guide, and those of his class and calling in France, believe to be the true one, and which they would defend, if necessary, at all hazards, recalled to my recollection one of the most barefaced attempts to falsify history, *for the benefit of posterity*, on record. We all know that one of the peculiarities, indeed, I may say, weaknesses of the French, is to overrate themselves individually and nationally. Their great captain, the first Napoleon, was perfectly aware of this; and being himself, by nature and descent, more a Greek than a Frenchman, he was not scrupulous, when necessary, in exercising his inventive faculties, more especially if the object in view tended to his own personal glorification. Most of my readers, no doubt, have heard, through some channel or other, an account of the proclamations and despatches that skilful tactician caused to be printed, and kept ready for

distribution, announcing to the world the conquest of England, the flight of the Royal family, the submission of the lord mayor of London, with the authorities of the British islands, to French rule; but perhaps they are not aware that these events, as if they had actually taken place, are recorded, in appropriate inscriptions, on thousands of gold and silver medals, many of which may still be seen among the other articles of interest in nearly every public or private museum in France.

Imagine, reader, how Lord Macaulay's New Zealanders will be puzzled, when they cross the Pacific, to find, among the ruins of London and Paris, medals, in the one commemorating the battle of Waterloo, the capitulation of Paris, the defeat and flight of the Emperor, and his subsequent captivity and death in the island of St. Helena; while in the rival capital are discovered others, telling of the conquest of England, the flight of the Royal family, and the submission of the entire country to the rule of the French. All happening about the same time, and bearing, within a few years, the same date.

As my stay in Strasburg was, by necessity, of short duration, I had merely an opportunity, perhaps for the twentieth time, to visit its beautiful cathedral, glance at its wonderful clock, and ascend to the highest point of its tapering spire. You may climb to the summit of the towering Alp, and

your reward for so much wearisome toil is too often nothing better, as a prospect, than piles of rocks, mountains, and hills, with their defiles and glens thrown about, as it were, in chaotic confusion; whereas, from such a height as this, on which I now stand, every object beneath me is as clearly defined as if I were looking down on a map of the most gigantic proportions; and, truth to say, I do not believe, taken altogether, that any other landscape in Europe, of the same extent, is more thoroughly charming, or possesses a deeper interest for the historian. Independent of its other attractions, in having for a boundary the Vosges and the Black Forest, with those mountains of lesser elevation lying on the banks of the Neckar and the Rhine, the vast plain itself has been, from time immemorial, the battle-field of the quarrelsome Celtic Gaul, and his equally pugnacious neighbour, the bulky Teuton—two races so different from each other in language, manner, customs and habits, as never yet to have agreed in any one thing save that of hating each other with the most unshaken constancy; and when we add to this that here the Roman, the Hun, the Saracen, and I know not how many other strange races, have sought, by force of arms, to win for themselves a home, can we wonder that every mountain fort, castle, town, valley, glen, and defile has its own particular history, its own peculiar legend. At

length, happily for the peace and quietness of the inhabitants, the fiery Gaul, after many a sanguinary conflict, managed to transfer the frontier of his empire from the Vosges to the banks of the Rhine.

This time I was fortunately accompanied in my ascent of the spire by a friend, well known as one of the most accomplished scholars and historians of the day; and this being the land of his birth, there was not a single object of any interest in the vast panorama beneath us with which he was not intimately acquainted.

Strasburg, in addition to its numerous attractions, has much to recommend it to the notice of the *bon vivant*, for among all the people in Europe, although we accuse them, most erroneously, of confining their dietary to a *fricassée* of frogs and similar culinary preparations, only fit, as we are accustomed to say, for a Frenchman to digest, there is none less inclined, both from taste and habit, to practise the virtues of fasting and abstinence. As a proof of this, wherever you wander you will find, even in the small towns and some of the villages, numerous shops, restaurants, and coffee-houses, filled with a variety of dainties that might tempt the most fastidious *gourmand*. The large towns are all more or less famous for the manufacture of some species of eatable of peculiar excellence. For instance, in one you will

find hams, and sausages, and bacon, better than anywhere else; in another venison, wild boar, &c.; here, ortolans, red-legged partridges, and every other description of game; there, oysters, crayfish, sardines, &c. And so highly are these delicacies prized, that the preparation of them for the table forms not only the principal industry of the inhabitants, but a highly remunerative article of commerce. Strasburg has a world-wide reputation for its patés; and most assuredly, both for the materials of which they are composed, and the artistic manner in which they are made, they are worthy to grace a monarch's table. The various forms, also, of these little savoury edifices are most ingenious and graceful, with this advantage—that you may have them constructed in any shape you please, by merely sending the design to the *Maître de Cuisine.*

It is very surprising, notwithstanding the multitude of English travellers and sight-seers that visit France year after year, composed of nearly every class and grade of society, that we should still remain something like a century behind the French in nearly everything connected with the *cuisine.*

CHAPTER IX.

Great Military Display at Strasburg—A Mystification—Claim of France to the Left Bank of the Rhine—How France got possession of the German Provinces, Lorraine, Alsace, and the Suntgau—Demoralizing Rivalry of the two Great German Powers at the close of the Last War—The Mountains of the Vosges the Natural Boundary of France—The Germans and their Civil Wars—Their Effects, and how France profited by them.

THAT man must indeed be a sorry traveller who is not able to relate something that is interesting, even if his field of observation be limited to the every-day events of life that are constantly passing around him. It is true, we must not expect every writer to possess the ability of spinning such a golden thread out of the most trivial circumstances as shall rivet the attention of his readers. The scene, however, that met my view on leaving Strasburg may well be left to depend on its own merits, independently of the manner in which it is narrated, as it certainly might justify the most serious apprehensions, especially in this warlike age, when the whole of Europe may be said to be armed *cap-à-pié*, ready for immediate

action. I had certainly heard, from early morn up to the time I commenced my journey, the loud roll of the martial drum, and the inspiriting sound of the swelling trumpet calling the soldiers to arms; but as this is nothing unusual in France, I did not give it a thought. When, however, I was seated in the railway-carriage, enjoying the prospect over the surrounding country, my attention was forcibly arrested by seeing file after file of the military—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with drums beating and colours flying, marching along the highway at double-quick time, in true fighting order, accompanied by their superior officers, and an immense train of baggage waggons, tumbrils, and all the paraphernalia of glorious war. I confess both my fellow-travellers and myself were not a little curious to know what it all could mean. Our wonder, however increased tenfold on hearing, in the far distance, the ominous crash of cannon, together with the loud shouts of the multitude, as if they were cheering the soldiers to the fight. As for myself, I had passed through too many perils by land and sea, during the long course of my eventful life, to be easily alarmed. Not so my fellow-travellers, whose pallid countenances and trembling lips spoke of the most intense fear. Even my Russian friend, who appeared to know everything that was passing in the great world, showed he was now at fault, as he whis-

pered to me, "We are in for it, Gospodin, to a certainty." Again we were startled beyond measure by hearing another crash of cannon, another loud *vivat* echoing and re-echoing along the banks of the river.

"Heaven and earth! what does it all mean?" was the question addressed by each traveller to his neighbour.

"Has an insurrection broken out in Germany, in consequence of the intermeddling of Austria and Prussia in the affairs of Schleswig-Holstein, or has France declared war against Germany, and, as her first step, is she about to take possession of the right bank of the Rhine?" The latter supposition appeared to be the fact, for on approaching the river we beheld a bridge of boats, and apparently a large army, with drums beating and colours flying, in the very act of crossing it, cheered onward by the repeated vivats of the multitude that lined its banks. This was too much for one of my fellow-travellors, a homely, quiet German, who, losing all self-restraint, burst into tears, and exclaimed—

"Ach! mein Gott! Was haben Sie gethan, du unglücklicher Bismarck! Was haben Sie gethan?"

I confess the whole affair puzzled me extremely, and I was intensely anxious to gain some information as to the real meaning of the scene before

me. But, alas! this was impossible. I was shut up with my fellow-travellers in a railway prison, *alias* carriage, from which there was no escape —no! not if the earth were yawning to engulf us.

At length we reached Kehl, the first station in Germany; and here we received a full explanation of an affair which had caused us no inconsiderable degree of uneasiness and apprehension. The truth was, it was nothing more than one of these *il faut faire un effet* of our inventive neighbours; and what could be more natural or suitable than that the French authorities should select their own river at Strasburg, the beautiful Rhine, as a theatre for the first trial of a very ingeniously constructed bridge of boats, sufficiently strong and roomy to allow an entire army, with all its material of war, to cross any stream, however rapid, or however large the body of water.

The affair, as might be expected, led to a great deal of *plaudering* on the part of the Germans, the majority of whom seemed to incline to the opinion that it originated with the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and was intended as a sort of slap in the face to Herr von Bismarck, for his treatment of the poor Schleswig-Holsteiners, or rather, as an Englishman would say, for the cruel war he carried on against poor little Denmark—backed as he was by the whole of Germany—a war which could not be pleasing to France, or indeed to any

power possessed of the slightest spark of chivalry.

Be this as it may, it is easy to perceive that the bridge of boats is sufficiently expressive as a warning to Germany, that if her rulers provoke a war with France, their supposed impregnable forts at Mayence, Ehrenbreitstein, and elsewhere, upon which they so much pride themselves, will prove a very inadequate protection against the invasion of a people who now have it in their power, in the event of a war, to cross the Rhine at a hundred places if they wish it. At the same time, there cannot be a doubt that the French are very desirous to repossess themselves of the Rhine—a boundary which they know from experience would reduce Prussia to the position of a third-rate power, and at the same time entirely destroy the independence of Belgium and Holland.

Politically speaking, so far as Great Britain is concerned, owing to her insular position, and the great distance of most of her colonies, I do not think it of any great importance to her interest whether France obtains possession of the Rhine or not. At all events, however, much we might be annoyed at seeing so near a neighbour acquire so considerable an augmentation of territory, it would be very unwise in us to make it the pretext for a quarrel. The world, and the interests of nations, are very much changed since the time of the first Napoleon. We have now the formidable

Empire of Russia, and the equally formidable United States of America, to contend against, the only two powers of the old and new world who, owing to diversity of interests, are likely to quarrel with us. With reference to these two powers, let it be remembered France and England have the same objects in view, the same desire to hold them in check. This, in fact, is the secret of the alliance between the two great Western Powers; and so long as this is maintained intact, they may defy the world in arms.

This I know to be the opinion of some of the ablest and most zealous supporters of Louis Napoleon and his system of government, but unhappily, in a country where there is nothing stable—where Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans are all striving to obtain the mastery—the policy of to-day may be entirely reversed to-morrow. With such an uncertain future, it would be our interest, and that of the rest of Europe, for the frontiers of France to remain as they are at the present moment.

With regard to the Rhine, and the pretensions of France to that river as the boundary of her empire, she has in reality no valid claim whatever. She won it by right of conquest, and she has lost it by the same right. Besides, if we examine what has constituted the natural boundaries of states, as they have existed from the earliest times—

if we look into the Map of the World, and trace out the old landmarks and frontier line of nations, we shall find that chains of mountains, and not rivers, have in nearly every instance formed their line of demarcation. For example, the Alps and the Pyrenees have been from time immemorial, and are still, the barriers between the French and their neighbours the Italians and Spaniards, in the same manner as the Vosges range of mountains were the frontier which divided France and Germany up to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. Nay, such is the extraordinary vitality of races—more especially the German—that, notwithstanding two centuries have passed since these provinces of old Germany, Lorraine, Alsace, and the Sundgau, lying between the Vosges and the Rhine, fell under the rule of the French; the inhabitants are still as thoroughly German in their habits, manners, and customs, and speak their mother tongue with as great fluency and purity, as their brethren in the very heart of Germany. They are, in fact, thoroughly German, and the large territory they inhabit would again have reverted to Germany after the downfall of the first Napoleon, were it not for the impolitic—I may add, demoralizing rivalry that has always existed between Austria and Prussia.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Congress of Vienna, after the peace of 1815, in

its earliest deliberations, determined that the Vosges should again form, as they did of old, the boundary between France and Germany. But when Austria found that Prussia was to be the fortunate possessor of a territory she so much coveted for herself, everything that money and intrigue could accomplish was called into action, and Austria, having adroitly won over to her side the Emperor Alexander of Russia, it was decreed by that august assembly of European potentates that the German provinces should remain annexed to the French empire.

In alluding to this singular negotiation, so characteristic of the Germans and their rulers, I do not wish to make it appear that the inhabitants of these provinces of old Germany would derive any solid advantages by being annexed either to Austria or Prussia; neither am I quite sure, even if the choice were given them, that they would willingly resign the honour of being called Frenchmen, and the privilege of living under a strong government, that knows so well how to make itself respected, and enjoys such a high position as the first military power in Europe. It is true, race, language, habits, and customs exercise great influence over the resolves of a people, and might have their due weight in the balance, if Germany were something more attractive than a mere geographical expression—an inert mass of

petty states, without the power to command respect, or defend their frontier from invasion. An Englishman, with his practical ideas and sound common sense, can scarcely realize such a want of tact and foresight as this on the part of these thick-headed rulers of Germany. Here was an opportunity, which, perhaps, may never come again, of uniting to Fatherland some of the most fertile provinces in the French empire, with their industrious, hard-working inhabitants, and, at the same time, of removing such a dangerous neighbour on her old frontier, the Vosges.

Among the nonsense that has issued from the German press on this subject, Wolfgang Menzel is the only writer worth quoting, and he would persuade us to believe that this false step on the part of Austria did not arise so much from any unworthy jealousy on her part towards her Prussian rival, as from a desire to secure an alliance with France under her new ruler, Louis the Eighteenth. Even admitting this was the motive, no reasoning on the part of the friends of Austria can justify an act which was only attainable at the expense of the whole of Germany, and politically of every other independent state on the Continent of Europe. The real fact is this: To France the Austrian alliance was a mere sham—nothing more than a tempting bait thrown out by that master of diplomacy, Talleyrand, for the purpose of winning

over Austria to his views. In short, the whole was previously arranged between him and the Emperor of Russia, who was equally interested in crippling the power and resources of a people like the Germans, who only required to be united to form one of the most powerful empires in the world.

On the other hand, while Austria, as a great German power, was being thus fooled and duped, the craving of her more wary rival, Prussia, for additional territory, was partially satisfied by having made over to her the Rhenish Provinces, besides very considerable gleanings in other parts of Germany. But so it is, and has ever been—the subtle Gaul is certain, in the long run, to triumph over his less wary foe. As a confirmation of the truth of this, so evident in the present instance, our young students of history have only to glance at the map of Germany, when they will see how cleverly the French managed on this occasion, notwithstanding their recent reverses, to procure for themselves the lion's share; for in addition to having confirmed to them such a large slice of the German Fatherland, the position itself is one of great strategical importance, enabling them, as it does, in the event of a war with Germany, not only to curb the Swiss mountaineers, but to overrun, or enslave, as the case may be, the whole of the petty States of South Germany, in the same

manner as their great captain, the first Napoleon, had done.

We may now naturally ask, How is it that a people, than whom there are none that think, talk, and write better, and more to the purpose—how is it that this nation of historians and poets, orators and essayists, philosophers and politicians, have never yet been able to contend as diplomatists with any of their more astute neighbours; having equally failed, whether pitted against the Gaul, the Russ, or the Italian? Is it that *Honest Michel*, as the Germans love to designate the Fatherland, is too much given to place implicit confidence in the statements of an adversary? Or is he too susceptible of flattery, and delights, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to play the character of a magnanimous enemy? Be this as it may, it is a remarkable fact that in all their diplomatic dealings with the foreigner they have been almost invariably overreached, and by none more effectually than the subtle Gaul. If we turn to that tell-tale of nations, and their doings, the page of history, we shall find that all the fine provinces won by them from the great Germanic Confederation, have been achieved not so much by the sword as by that more dangerous weapon to a trusting German, the eloquence which can give falsehood the semblance of truth.

For instance, in the middle ages, while *Honest*

Michel was battling to the death with his brother Michal, as the partizans of a Pope, or an Emperor, under the name of a Guelf or a Ghibeline, their more politic neighbours, the French, availed themselves of such an opportune moment to wrest Burgundy and Artois from the Germanic Confederation. In the same manner as during the Thirty Years' War, when Reformists and Papists were tearing each other to pieces respecting theological distinctions, they took possession of Lorraine and Alsace, two of the most important provinces of the German Fatherland. Again, we have only to study the history of our own time to learn how admirably the first Napoleon played his cards in Germany, to be convinced what little chance *Honest Michel* has of escape when he becomes entangled in the network of such an accomplished hunter as the Gaul has ever proved himself to be, when the scene of his chace happened to be laid in the broad lands of the Teuton. For instance, the same trap, so artfully baited with such tempting morsels as Liberty, Equality, and the Rights of Man, which were so eagerly devoured by the ignorant multitude, were equally successful with their rulers, when the dainty dish was sweetened with additional territory, and the title of "His Majesty the King!" "His Royal Highness the Duke!" "His Most Illustrious Highness the Reigning Prince of——!"

Without for a moment impugning the martial qualities of our gallant neighbours, and their undoubted bravery, I might multiply instances, if I were writing the history of Germany, to prove that their so-called wonderful victories there were achieved more through the sympathies their presence inspired among the masses, as the champions of Liberty and the Rights of Man, than by any extraordinary feats of arms. To which may be added, the tact with which they always managed to detach each State from its neighbour, and then to beat them in detail. Indeed, it was not till the veil was rent, and the Gobemouches, the Illuminati, and Democrats and Republicans had learnt, to their cost, that the so-called Liberty and the Rights of Man were mere shams, a French *guet-à-pens* to rob them of their country, that the entire people rose up in arms, as in 1814, and achieved their independence.

There are some nations, owing to the peculiar nature of their social and political institutions, that are doomed to remain stationary, while all the world around them is progressing. Unhappily for the future of Germany, she was pretty much in the same state then as the French found her in 1795. There are the same dissensions between the two great powers, Austria and Prussia, the same vexatious questions to be discussed and settled, the same disunited National Association, under the name

of the Bund—all of which it was acknowledged must pass away before Germany could hope to take her place among the nations. In a word, no country, however manifold its advantages, has ever yet been able to withstand the deteriorating effects of disunion; and a great end will be gained if the present war should terminate in the establishment of one powerful monarchy instead of thirty jarring states.

This is the great secret, the union of an entire people, which has enabled Great Britain and France to secure such a strong position among the great powers of the world. Even Russia, however wanting in moral strength and the resources of an intellectual people, is extremely powerful, because she enjoys the first and greatest prerogative a nation can possess, the unity of a numerous people; and this is the more remarkable in a semi-barbarous race when we remember that, in all their civil wars and revolutions, no Russian ever made the attempt to disturb the integrity of the empire—a lesson the Germans would do well to profit by, should fortune again favour them with the chance of establishing a united German Empire.

CHAPTER X.

The Rhine—How the Railway has affected its Political Importance as a Boundary—Wish of the Germans for a United Germanic Empire—Arrival at Carlsruhe—Interesting Debate of the Unionists in the Salon of the Hotel—Freedom of Speech in the Grand Duchy of Baden—Rencontre with an Old Friend—His Views upon the Present State of Germany—The King of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—Prospect of the Duke of Edinburgh becoming Emperor of Germany.

IF at any time you are tempted to discuss the politics of Germany with a Frenchman, who is even moderate in his views, he never fails to tell you that France, his *chère patrie*, must have the Rhine for its boundary—that its left bank *must* form part of her empire. But why, in heaven's name! is all this bother about a river? The railway, that great innovator, in one of its revolutionary strides, has already bridged the Rhine, broken down the last barrier that separated the Gauls from the Teutons. What more do the French want? To all intents and purposes they have got the Rhine, and more than that, the whole of Germany. At least, they can now, at any time, and

in a few days, overrun it, with half a million of soldiers—ay, before her petty sovereigns could have time to make up their minds as to whether it would be more to their interests to join the invaders, or link their fate to the fortunes of Austria or Prussia.

In addition to the changes that are gradually being effected by the railway, in the usually quiet habits of the people, a new subject of universal interest at that time disturbed the peaceful disposition of the least revolutionary people in the universe; and this was caused by the vacillating policy of the King of Prussia, who, contrary to his own liberal and enlightened programme of 1859, had, by disregarding the obligations of the constitution he had sworn to maintain, rendered himself extremely unpopular with the industrious and enlightened classes; to which I may add, the republican element which I found so rampant among the great mass of the inhabitants of Upper and South Germany, only a few years since, had declined. No doubt the fate of the Republic in France, and the crushing despotism it has given birth to, has had something to do with this; and it may be that the civil war in America has also had considerable influence in weakening their belief in the perfection of a Republican form of Government.

Be this as it may, the questions I heard chiefly debated, both in social converse and among the

people in general, were, what is to be done with Schleswig-Holstein?—and whether a Hapsburg, a Hohenzollern, or a Coburg was the most worthy among the princes of Germany to wear the diadem of a united Germanic Empire? However, as personal observations made by the traveller are always more interesting to the reader, and more to be depended upon for giving a correct idea of the country, and the state of society, than any amount of discussion on speculative questions, I will merely say that supper was over when I entered the Speise-saal of the Zähringer Hof at Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The guests had just settled themselves to enjoy their pipes and beer, when all at once my attention was drawn to a smart rap on the table, and the cry of "Silence!" in a loud sonorous voice. On turning round to see what was the matter, I observed a large party of young men, all dressed in the same costume, seated at a table, and presided over by a sort of chief, distinguished from the rest by the eagle's feather he wore in his broad-brimmed hat. This was nothing new in Germany, where you are continually meeting with chamois hunters, sharp-shooters, turners, &c., who all ape in some shape or other a sort of military costume. I was, however, not a little surprised to hear the names of the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg very fre-

quently mentioned, and their characters discussed and commented upon in a language as free and unconstrained as anything you could have heard in free England, and that in the public room of one of the largest and most respectable hotels in Germany.

I can only give the reader a mere outline of the debate; it will, however, be sufficient to convey a fair idea of the spirited manner in which it was carried on between the chairman and one or two of his opponents:

"Wir wollen nichts mit ihren Hohenzollern und Habsbürgern zu schaffen haben! Once deceived, we can never trust again. Had it not been for the cowardice of a Hohenzollern in 1849, Germany would now be the first power in the world. On the other hand, the traditions of our fathers tell a mournful tale of the barbarities of the Habsburgers during the Thirty Years' War, sufficiently horrible to deter us from resigning our lives and fortunes to the keeping of any member of that besotted race; and now, even in this enlightened age, there is more than enough of the diableries of Popery in Catholic Austria. In my opinion, Duke Ernest of Coburg is the only hope of Germany; his name is already enrolled among us as one of the supporters of a united Fatherland. What say you, my lads?"

The proposition was received with a loud "lebe

hoch," and a clinking of glasses by the majority, though not without some murmurings of discontent among the adverse party, who did not appear, however, to be very numerous. A thick-set, broad-shouldered youth now came forward, muttering, "Dummes Zeug! dummes Zeug!"

"I tell you what it is, Herr Hauptmann," said he, addressing the chairman, "you might as well think of jumping over the moon as dream of persuading one of our princes, whether Kaiser or König, Herzog or Markgraf, Elector or Landgraf, to infringe upon the rights of the royal brotherhood. I tell you there is an *esprit de corps* by which they are all ruled, and it is owing to this family tie that all our Kaiserwahls have ended in Kaiserwahns! And that is the reason why myself and the party I represent are determined, *coûte que coûte*, to have a Republic; and when we have got it, to change it for an Empire, and select the best man among our chiefs for an Emperor."

This proposal was evidently most unpopular with the majority of those present, since it drew forth an almost unanimous cry of—

"Nein! nein! Wir wollen kein Republic haben! Keine Importation aus Frankreich!"

"And if you had your Coburg for a Kaiser?" returned Karl the Republican, "you must find a successor for him; he has no children of his

own, and certainly Germany has enough to do with her own priests, without meddling with the renegade Coburgs of Belgium and Cohary."

"You forget, Karl," said the chairman, "that Prince Alfred, the second son of the Queen of Protestant England, is the heir of his uncle, Duke Ernest; and now, my merry men all, with the hope of having mighty England at some future time for our ally, and her young Prince for our Emperor, fill your glasses, and drink—Auf die Gesundheit Alfreds, des ersten Kaisers von Deutschland!"

When the tumult which this new idea caused had subsided, another speaker stood up, and with more gravity in his manner and bearing than in that of the good-humoured, roistering youths around him, addressed himself to the chairman, saying:

"Herr Hauptmann, you carry this Spass of yours about Duke Ernest and his young heir, the English Prince, somewhat too far. Remember where you are, and that such a proposal might be more dangerous than you are aware of, should the idea be taken up by the ignorant multitude. Remember that we are in the Grand Duchy of Baden, among that people who kindled the torch which set all Germany in a blaze so recently as 1849. We are all Germans, patriots alike, and you know as well as I do the difficulty of uniting the whole of Ger-

many, north and south, under one crowned head. This difficulty, I maintain, might easily be removed by creating a Northern and a Southern Empire, under the rule of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, which would then give us a Germany strong enough to resist the world in arms."

During the whole time that this gentleman was speaking, a silence the most profound was maintained; but he had no sooner sat down than he was answered by one universal cry—

"Nein! nein! Ein Deutschland! ein Vaterland! oder nichts!"

The Hauptmann, who acted the part of chairman, now stood up, and, in a somewhat angry tone of voice, replied:

"Return to your Pfaffens at Würzburg, and tell them we shall have nothing more to do with their 'Verwirrung.' Tell them that their union without unity is a 'Traumbild'—a 'Missgeburt.' Tell them that their 'central administrations'—their 'Bundes-Commissions,' their two emperors, their three sovereigns, and 'coalitions' are altogether a labyrinth—a wilderness to lead us astray. Tell them that we belong to the party of action, and that our name is legion. Tell them that we look upon the whole of the small states as incapable of maintaining an independent existence. Tell them we are tired of all this 'Deutsche

Verwirrung,' which only exposes us to the contempt of the surrounding nations. Finally, tell them that we have sworn to one thing, namely, that we shall never cease agitating till we have got it—one united Germany, strong as our own native Alps!"

The delegate from Würzburg again stood up.

"Meine Herren and Brüder," said he, "I admire your patriotic resolution. But the rights—the sacred rights of these princes—rights guaranteed by treaties, and signed by all the powers of Europe! How will you get over that?—more especially as we all have sworn to eschew everything in the shape of violence and injustice. Above all, remember the formidable army that is now lying on our frontiers—an army that only awaits an order to march forward and take possession of our own Rhine. Remember this, and that every link that is more securely tightened in the chain which binds together our two great German monarchs, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, weakens the power of our enemy, and that any attempt on our part to divide their interests is a crime against civilization, religion, and the independence of our country."

To my great disappointment, just as I was becoming more and more interested in their debates, on a signal from the chairman, the party broke up, and I was left to the companionship of

my own thoughts. I knew not what inference to draw from the discussion I had been listening to. I was bewildered, not so much at the freedom of their language—though that was sufficiently outspoken to have sent any Frenchman, under the present *régime*, to the galleys—as at the fearless way in which they met in the *Speisesaal* of an hotel where travellers were continually coming and going. I was completely mystified. It was altogether so novel—so unlike the Germany of my young days, that the more I thought of it, the more firmly I became persuaded that the roistering, good-humoured youths I had been listening to could not be any other than a party of actors engaged in the rehearsal of a comedy entitled "German Unity."

On expressing myself in that sense to an elderly gentleman who happened to be seated beside me at supper, I was answered by a broad stare and a hearty laugh, accompanied with the remark,

"Sie sind wohl Engländer, mein Herr?—nicht wahr?"

"Aufzuwarten, mein Herr."

"Ich war überzeugt davon! Ihre Erklärung über unsere Versammlung ist vollkommen. Vortrefflich gut, and one that suits our character to the very letter."

"Ta! ta! It is too true we Germans are mighty talkers, always palavering about this, and

palavering about that, but somewhat slow, it must be confessed, in coming to a decision. What we really want is a little more of the dash of the Frenchman, and the practical good sense of the Englishman, the want of which has left us so often sticking in the mud (im Schleim begraben).

"In answer to your question, thanks to the vapouring gasconades of our neighbours, the French, about the Rhine as a boundary, 'Das Deutsche Vaterland' has again become, as in 1848, the rallying cry of every patriotic German. So now that we have got a sovereign Duke in this Baden of ours, and one or two others among our minor princes disposed to lead the movement, it would seem as if we had at last made a step in the right direction. At all events, in these troublesome times it serves to keep the masses in good-humour, and to give the upper classes something to occupy their attention. You will not, then, be surprised when I tell you that nearly the whole of the youths you met here this evening, who, for the most part, belong to some of the most distinguished families in Germany, are 'Unionits,' and speak out their minds, as you have heard them, with a freedom which certainly would not have been permitted some few years ago. But now that the 'people,' since the elevation of Louis Napoleon to Imperial power, has become the first word in all political dictionaries, our princes allow

us to talk as much nonsense as we please. Truly, in coming to this wise conclusion, it proves that the events of 1848-9 have taught them to know that freedom of speech is, after all, the best safety-valve for preventing their subjects from having recourse to revolutionary violence."

I know not whence it arises, but there is a species of free-masonry between men of a certain class in society and stamp of character, which being displayed in their conversation, manners, and bearing, from strangers they become immediately intimate, and as much pleased with each other's views and sentiments as if they had been from early youth the dearest friends. In consequence of this peculiar sympathy, I now found myself so much at home in the society of my unknown friend, that I did not hesitate to question him on all the bearings of the great political and social problems which are being worked out at this eventful period in the history of Germany. Among other things, having heard so much of the wide-spread popularity of Duke Ernest of Coburg, I asked my friend's opinion as to the probability of his becoming Emperor of Germany, in the event of his party, the Unionists, gaining the ascendant.

"Kaiser von Deutschland!" he exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "Kaiser von Deutschland! nein! nein! mein Herr, the report has no other foundation than in the *plaudering* of that portion of

our Unionists, who, with the enthusiasm so natural to the young, dream of nothing else than a strong United German Fatherland. Still, so far as general popularity can be depended upon, it is very possible that, if the election of the ambitious chief of the House of Saxe-Coburg were left to the decision of a vote by universal suffrage, he would stand a fair chance of obtaining a seat in the empty chair of the Roman Cæsars. But, alas! in a country like ours, where there are sovereigns sufficiently numerous to rule the whole race of mankind from pole to pole, the idea is too preposterous to be entertained for a moment.

"Nein! nein! Believe me, if Germany is ever to be united under one ruler, that event will have its origin either in a war with one of our neighbours, France or Russia, or in a general revolution; and even then, to be successful, it would require such a man as Wallenstein or Frederic the Great, to place himself at the head of the movement. There cannot, however, be a doubt that in 1848, when the ruling passion of the intellectual classes, and that of the masses throughout the length and breadth of the land, was one German Fatherland, if either of our popular princes at the time—the King of Prussia or John of Austria—had had a tithe of the energy and ambition of these two great Germans, one or other might have become Emperor of Germany. It was not, however, to be, and thus

an opportunity was lost, which may not again occur for another half-century. Indeed, it was easy to see from the first that neither one nor the other of these princes was fitted for a position so totally at variance with their usual routine of life. They were both amiable men in their own peculiar way, and excelled in no very distinguished pursuit, the one happening to be nothing more than a rather expert chamois hunter, and the other a rare *connoisseur* in wines. In the meantime, our unlucky country, with all its advantages, is doomed to lie like an inert mass in the centre of Europe. Whereas, had she the good fortune to be united under one strong national government, she might now be directing the councils of nations. Moreover, had it not been for this, and the absence of anything like unity of action among our great and petty princes, the French would never have discovered that the Rhine, instead of the mountains of the Vosges, was the natural boundary of their empire. Neither would Russia have dared to plant her foot so firmly on our German Fatherland, as she has done in Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia."

CHAPTER XI.

Discussion on the Present Political State of Germany continued—What Germany was, is, and will be—Prospects of the Unionists—Opinion of a German—A Great Political Writer upon the Germanic Confederation—The Influence that Prussia must exercise over the Destinies of Germany—What must be the Fate of the Petty Potentates of Germany—What the French are thought of in Germany—Great Britain the Natural Ally of Germany—Friendly Feelings of the Germans towards the English.

HAVING in 1849 witnessed the abortive attempt of the Germans to establish a United Fatherland, I could not refrain from interrupting my friend at that part of his discourse which referred to the subject alluded to in the preceding chapter, by reminding him of the truth of the old proverb, which tells us that in nine cases out of ten every man, whether it be for good or evil, is the arbiter of his own destiny; and what is true of individuals, is equally so of nations.

"You must be aware," said I, "of the great interest which Englishmen, as members of the great Teutonic race, take in whatever relates to Germany and the Germans. We deeply deplored the severe

calamities you endured when your country was overrun again and again by the desolating legions of the first Napoleon; and so greatly was our enthusiasm excited when the news arrived of the gigantic efforts made by your patriots during the war of liberation, that your popular songs might be heard alike in the drawing-room and public assemblies. We hoped and hoped, nay, we confidently anticipated that we had at length found not only faithful allies, but a noble gallant people, who would henceforth assist us, with all their might, in giving strength and security to that noble edifice, Constitutional Liberty. We looked forward with pride to behold at no distant day your Fatherland, with its fifty millions of inhabitants, exalted to the highest rank among the nations. We hoped to see that void filled up between the despotic powers of the East and the free institutions of the West; for until that is done we can never expect enduring peace and security for the independence of Europe.

"Has the event fulfilled our hopes? Year after year we wondered at the continued ill-success of so much enthusiasm; we blamed your reactionary princes, while your people rose higher and higher in our estimation; and to show our sympathy with their ardent aspirations, we sang their patriotic songs, till 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland' became nearly as popular as our own National Anthem;

and this continued till the bursting of the bubble empire in 1849. You are too familiar with the events which led to that failure to render it necessary for me to do more than advert to them. I shall, therefore, merely allude to what is generally admitted to be the fact—that if the Assembly at Frankfort had given, as it ought to have done at a moment of such paramount importance, a unanimous vote for conferring the imperial crown on the late King of Prussia, instead of trying to reconcile the interests of the two nearly-balanced parties who supported the claims of Austria and Prussia to supremacy, it is impossible to believe that the King of Prussia and his presumptive heir would have been so unwise, I may add so unpatriotic, as to refuse such a diadem as that of the empire of all Germany.

"This, I repeat, is the general opinion in England; to which I may add that the majority of my countrymen, of whatever creed or political bias, would rejoice to see your great country take its legitimate place among the leading powers of the world. Moreover, you can scarcely feel surprised when I tell you that this disposition of the Germans to disagree on subjects of great national interest has given rise to the belief that they want that firm and decided character so essential in a people who would carve out for themselves a brilliant future. So far, however, as my individual

opinion is concerned, after a long residence in Germany, I feel fully convinced that this unwillingness on the part of your countrymen to have recourse to violent measures has originated not so much in any want of courage and daring as in the warm attachment of the people in general to the rule of their hereditary sovereigns—a trait strongly characteristic of the Teutonic race. Still, it ought to be remembered, and you have a striking example in free England, that no political or social reform, tending to restrain the power of the ruling authorities, has ever been voluntarily conceded by any monarch to his people—never yet been granted by any governing body of men except at the urgent demand of the country, and in obedience to the voice of public opinion. You do not labour under the same grievances and disabilities that drive other nations to despair. For instance, your position is very different from that of the unhappy Poles, who have been so long battling for their freedom against the united force, it may be said, of three great European powers. You have not been trodden down for centuries as the Hungarians, Italians, and the Slavonian nationalities on the Lower Danube have been by an insolent, rapacious foreign soldiery. You are all Germans, your rulers are Germans, your soldiers are Germans. Hence it might be presumed you had only to express a wish to have it realized; and previous mis-

fortunes must have told you that Germany never can become a leading power so long as its policy is directed by that sluggish, superannuated machine you call 'der Deutsche Bund.'"

"I cannot," replied my friend, "deny the truth of many of your observations, especially those that refer to the want of tact displayed by our leaders in the movement of 1848-9; and that at a time when the Unionists throughout all Germany were incontestibly masters of the situation. Still, we must not forget the difficulties they had to contend with in a country so different from every other in Europe, in the character of its government, both social and political. To say nothing of the intrigues of the confederated princes, thirty-six in number, there were those of the two great German powers, Austria and Prussia, who, although they have never been known to agree on any one point since the termination of the Seven Years' War, had now become so embittered in their feelings towards each other as to menace our devoted fatherland with a second Thirty Years' War. You must, therefore, admit that the threat of having a desolating horde of Huns, Croats, and other half-civilized nationalities belonging to Austria let loose upon us was sufficient to deter the most ardent patriot among us from inflicting such a curse upon his country. Besides, we are not, thank heaven, a revolutionary people; we even bear more patiently

than other nations the evils resulting from an imperfect system of government. But patience has its limits. The decree has gone forth—a decree written in the hearts of millions of Germans —that Germany must and shall be free, united, and independent. The attempts to accomplish this great national undertaking may from time to time prove a failure, but the ultimate result is not the less certain; and that stubborn obstinacy in our character, which has so often shown itself, and which led to the thirty years' religious war, will most assuredly win the prize when the destined hour shall come.

"After all, mein Herr, we Germans intend nothing more serious than to put an end to the feudal system of the Middle Ages. The misfortune in our case has been that our Emperor, from the earliest time, was an elective monarch, and, consequently, never had sufficient power or influence to carry out a work which has been so successfully effected in nearly every other country in Europe. Even Russia, in the days of her barbarism, with a prescience worthy of a more enlightened people, strengthened herself by uniting under one chief the whole of her vast provinces, thus securing the first essential to a nation's greatness—the integrity of her frontier. Indeed, so strong had this national feeling become, that, notwithstanding the multiplied revolutions of the palace, and the fre-

quent civil wars that followed, no Russian chieftain, however strong and powerful he might be, was ever so far a traitor to his country's good as to attempt to cut the band that bound together the bundle of sticks—to tear Russia asunder, and thus leave her an easy prey to her enemies. To this wise policy she owes the enormous power she now possesses, and the influence she exercises among the leading powers of the world. If, on the contrary, we turn to the history of the Germanic Empire, even as early as the time of Otho the Great, when it was the ruling power of the world, we shall find its constitution open to grave censure. It had all the faults—all the weakness of an elective monarchy. In process of time the inevitable consequences ensued—the decline of the Imperial authority, and the gradual increase of the power of the nobility, who, as Imperial officers, bearing the titles of Duke, Count, or Margrave—that is to say, governors of provinces, and wardens of marches, taking advantage of the weakness of their sovereign, and his constant quarrels with the Pope and the surrounding nations—assumed, when they could do so with impunity, a sort of royal authority. Thus they contrived to establish an hereditary feudalism, which they gradually strengthened by marriage with Imperial and royal princesses, until at length, finding themselves sufficiently strong to throw off

the mask, they invested themselves with all the prerogatives of royal authority, such as coining money, levying tolls, custom-house duties, and making themselves the arbiters of life and death in the administration of justice.

"But this is not all—as if this blundering system of administration was not sufficient to ruin the most powerful empire that ever existed—the successors of Otho the Great, as impolitic and shortsighted as himself, imitated his example. They also, with the hope of using the influence of the higher clergy as a sort of counterpoise to the turbulent ambition of the nobles, conferred upon the former vast domains hitherto the property of the Crown, together with many of the rights and privileges of an independent sovereign. As might have been expected, in process of time these aspiring ecclesiastics no sooner became aware of their own strength, than their ambition knew no bounds, while in the arrogance of their pretensions they outdid their rivals in power, the secular nobles, with whom the authority of the Emperor, and the unity of the empire, had become mere myths.

"This was the state of Germany when the first French Revolution burst forth upon the world. It was ruled by a little army of secular and ecclesiastical sovereigns, bearing the titles of Electors, presided ever by an Emperor who had neither the courage nor the means to enforce the performance

of any, the most inconsiderable act, much less to rally around him in the hour of danger the forces of the Empire for the defence of our unhappy Fatherland. In the general scramble that ensued, these petty sovereigns consulted no other interest than their own. Nay, they even did more than this, for by their weakness—to use no harsher term—they betrayed their country. Did they not open the path to the ragged hordes of vagabond *sans-culottes* sent forth by Republican France to desolate our land? Did they not, at a subsequent period, open the same road to the rapacious legions of the first Napoleon, who, discovering, like his predecessors, that our Confederation of Princes—unlike the Russian bundle of sticks—had no common band to unite them, led his armies, rough-shod, over the entire land; and no doubt, clever man as he was, with the view of perpetuating our weakness till the end of time, formed his famous Confederation of the Rhine, and, by a stroke of his pen, transformed our feudal princes, who up to this time were merely Electors of Germany, into kings, royal dukes, and sovereign princes.

"Knowing all this," continued my eloquent neighbour, "and that no other country in Europe is so much in want of an ally as insular England, to curb on one side the arrogant pretensions of France, and on the other the aggrandizing am-

bition of Russia—the only two European powers likely to disturb the peace of the world—it has always appeared most strange to us Germans that her politicians have never exerted themselves, as they ought, to have done, in endeavouring to establish a strong national government in a country whose interests are identical with their own. Surely they must be aware that the weakness of Germany only adds to the strength of France and Russia. Surely they must be aware of the fact that the annexation of the left bank of the Rhine to our rapacious neighbours would be the first step towards enlarging the Second Empire of the French to the dimensions of the first—lead to the dismemberment of Germany, the thraldom of Belgium and Holland, whose rulers, as in the days of the first Napoleon, would be degraded to the rank of satraps to the will of the Grande Nation. I repeat, such a brilliant achievement as this, so ardently desired by the whole French nation, would do more towards consolidating the dynasty of the Bonaparte family to the throne of France than a hundred battles, a hundred victories gained in other parts of the world; and for this reason it would secure to the French people a military, political, and commercial *tête de pont*, which would enable them to lord it not only over Germany, but also the whole of the countries of Northern Europe, on to the German ocean and the Baltic.

"Taking it for granted that, as a stranger, you cannot be as familiar as we Germans with the deplorable weakness of our Fatherland, you may ask, and with reason, how it is possible such an event can take place as the annexation of the left bank of the Rhine to the territories of France, when it would be wrested from a country numbering nearly fifty millions of inhabitants, and in defiance of two such great warlike powers as Austria and Prussia? With respect to the first, composed as her empire is, for the most part, of Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Sclavonians, Croatians, Roumanians, and I know not how many other nationalities, she can scarcely claim to be considered as a German power. Besides, in the event of a war between France and Austria, what a field would then be opened for the French to excite revolutions—a people who have reduced the art of fanning discontent into a flame almost to a science. As to Prussia, which has been hitherto regarded as the chief support and stay of German nationality, in consequence of the Russian tendencies of the present king and his advisers, and the want of firmness of character so recently manifested by the Prussian people in their contests with the government, both the king and his subjects have lost, to a certain extent, the good-will and confidence of us Germans of the South. It may be we are apprehensive that a government which

has so often broken faith with its own people, and violated treaties whenever its own interests were at stake, would not hesitate to barter its territories on the Rhine, if offered an equivalent nearer home. Now, as history has so often repeated itself, even in our day, what is to prevent the establishment of another Confederation of the Rhine, under the Protectorate of France? We have still thirty-six sovereigns in Germany anxiously looking out for some turn of fortune's wheel in their favour. Believe me when I tell you that there is not one of our kings, or electors, royal dukes or margraves, who would refuse an accession of territory at the expense of his brother sovereign; not one of our petty princes who would not be delighted with promotion in the Herald's College, to exchange the title duke or margrave for king! But so it is, and has ever been—human nature is the same, whether we seek it in the lowly hut, or the lordly palace. Nevertheless, it must in justice be admitted that it would be difficult to find, in any class of society, a greater number of men whose character is less open to reproach, than our minor princes of Germany; and that is saying much in their favour, when we remember the temptations to which they are constantly exposed. With us Unionists, the great subject of complaint, if the truth must be told, is, that being independent sovereigns, they form so many separate barriers

against the union of all Germany under one ruler."

"With reference to the political position of Germany and England, you condemn us," I replied, "for not taking sufficient interest in the affairs of your country. But you should remember that the only opportunity insular England ever had of exercising her influence, occurred immediately after the peace of 1815, when, as the most indefatigable and successful champion in the cause of European independence, she possessed a sort of right to interfere. However, as the Germans themselves remained passive, being, no doubt, at the time more interested in their deliverance from the thraldom of the French than in German unity, such a proposition, tending to the disarrangement of so many dynastic interests, would have been, to say the least, uncalled for on the part of any foreign power, and might be construed into a grievous insult."

I then reminded him of the well-known "Holy Alliance," which immediately succeeded the downfall of Napoleon, and the pertinacity with which, since that event, the great powers of Germany and Russia have endeavoured to exclude free England from having any influence in their councils. Lastly, I impressed upon his attention that such a great change as his countrymen now contemplated, to be successful must be accomplished by themselves; adding, he must be aware that no

people ever yet accomplished their independence through the agency of a foreign power—of which we had at that moment an example in the continued occupation of Rome by the French, and their intrigues to render Italy an outlying fief of the great French Empire.

"Ganz recht! Ganz recht!" exclaimed my companion, with some warmth. "Yet we Germans have not remained altogether passive spectators of a house divided against itself. Perhaps you are not aware that almost immediately after the peace of 1815, Hardenberg, the celebrated minister of Prussia, with the prescience of a sage, made the attempt, and might, in some degree, have succeeded, were it not for the obstacles interposed by Hanover, and the silly discussions that arose respecting the question of precedence between that little kingdom and Würtemburg. Of course it was deemed impossible that the king or sovereign of a mighty empire should play second fiddle as King of Hanover to any of the other princes of Germany. The dispute, as it might be expected, opened the door to other malcontents. Bavaria, as usual the first in the field when any great national object is on the eve of being accomplished, now came forward with her Otho of Wittelsbach pretensions, and the high antiquity of her dynasty, declaring she would not enter into any confederation in which the question could even be enter-

tained that she should ever consent to sacrifice an iota of her sovereignty; and that she was determined, at all risks, to maintain her right to declare war or conclude peace.

"Alas! alas! The wily Corsican, in creating among us such a host of petty kings and grand-dukes, showed, as I observed before, how well versed he was in the weakness of human nature. While he secured to himself and his interests a number of faithful satraps, he knew that he was bequeathing to Germany a prolific source of discord, disunion, and consequent weakness. Hence, she would not be likely to become, at any future time, formidable to France. We now felt the full force of that reasoning. Complication followed complication. Here there was a combination of kings and grand-dukes, who would only hear of a federal state; there a host of petty princes, electors, and margraves, insisting, with the same ardour, that Germany, with her fifty millions of inhabitants, was large enough to support two empires—one under Austria in the south, and the other under Prussia in the north; while Bavaria, with her allies and supporters, had the audacity to insist upon a third—a 'central kingdom,' over which she was to be the supreme ruler.

"But now comes the best part of our own true tale, in the comedy you so justly named 'German Unity.' The King of Great Britain, as Elector

of Hanover, no doubt losing all patience, and being accustomed to something more practical among his English subjects than mere *plaudering*, now came forward, with a view of settling the question at once; and this he did, by encouraging Francis of Austria to take again into his hands the helm of state as Emperor of Germany, on the ground that by so doing, Germany would return to her former position among the nations, as if the man Bonaparte had never existed. This, certainly, as affairs then stood, was, of every other proposition, the most rational and the most easy of solution. At all events, we should then have, as in the olden time, a United Germany, with a Parliament at Frankfort, and an Emperor invested with the right of concluding peace, or declaring war, in the name of all Germany.

"Now whether it was the sarcastic tone of voice used on this occasion by the haughty islander, or a sly hint to our petty sovereigns that now was the time for them to lay aside their ill-gotten Gallic titles, as kings and grand-dukes, and return to their former stations, as Electors in the great German Confederation, history does not say. We are, however, told that the proposal raised such a storm among those former allies of our hereditary enemy, France, as to put an end to any further attempt to revive a Germanic empire. In conclusion, I have only now to tell you that poor

Hardenberg, after months of the severest mental labour that ever fell to the lot of a diplomatist, became seriously ill—nay, it is even said that the failure preyed so much on his mind as to have hurried him to a premature grave. The consequence has been that Germany has remained ever since nothing more or less than a geographical expression. As to the so-called Diet, so far as the two great German powers are concerned, it is a great sham—they are themselves the Diet, and do just as they please. Yet of every other country in Europe, a united Germany would be the surest guarantee the world could have of steady-continued progress, and pacific international relations; for lying as she does like a great wedge in the centre of Europe, she would then be enabled, with her fifty millions of inhabitants, to check the restless ambition of the French on one side, and the eternal encroachments of the Russians on the other. It is true, we want a seaboard; and, if the truth must be told, it is the want of this that has been the cause of all the hubbub you have heard for so many years about Schleswig-Holstein—we wanted her seaports as harbours for a Deutsche Flotte, which we might have, to all intents and purposes, if our rulers only had the wisdom to form alliances with our Scandinavian neighbours, instead of carrying war and rapine into the heart of poor old Denmark."

Every people have their own peculiar characteristics, as marked as the language they speak. The Germans are said to be distinguished by a general want of practical ability. On the other hand, it is admitted that there are none other so richly endowed with the virtue of patience. Still, there are limits to the patience even of a long-enduring German; and, to say the truth, it has been severely taxed of late years, if we take into account the amount of dirt they have been obliged to eat whenever their neighbours, the French, happened to be seized with a more than usually severe attack of their old malady, the Rhenophobia. In one sense of the word, this claim of the French to the left bank of the Rhine has led to results which are certain, in the event of war or revolution, to have no small influence on the future destiny of the German people. I say future destiny, because Germany has at present in the so-called Deutsche Verein (that creation of French arrogance and insult) the nucleus of a power which would never have been allowed to attain to its present gigantic proportions, were it not that the worst fears of the princes of Germany were aroused by the conviction that they could not remain many years longer at peace with a neighbour at once so unscrupulous, powerful, and aggressive.

Up to the present time, the leaders of an

association which counts its members, it is said, by the million, have not abused the enormous political power they possess. At all events, I think that it may safely be predicted that such a patriotic association as this is a sufficient guarantee for the future that Germany will never again be cursed with a Confederation of the Rhine—at least, this may be inferred from the tone of all the conversation you hear in your intercourse with nearly every class of society. That a great change has taken place in the character and feelings of a people, hitherto so reserved in their conversation, since the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France, every traveller must be aware who has been accustomed to visit Germany, as I have done, for the last few years. They have just arrived at that dangerous period in the life of a people who feel ashamed of their country's weakness, aggravated, as it is, by the reflection that there can be no hope of its becoming stronger so long as it remains among the nations a mere geographical expression; and the most serious part of the story is this, that the feeling of discontent is not confined to this or that petty state—it is univeral, alike in Austria and Prussia.

CHAPTER XII.

Elucidation of the Mystery—Carlsruhe—Aspect of the Town—Magnificence of its Miniature Court—Its Favourable Effects upon the Manners and Habits of the People—Petty States and their Government contrasted with those of Great Military Powers—Their Effects upon the Morality and Well-being of their Subjects—The Legend of a Lady Fair and Karl the Hunter—Pleasant Drive through the Hartwald Forest—The Favorite and the Princess Sybilla Augusta.

THE very interesting *tête-à-tête* I detailed in my last chapter was brought to an abrupt termination by the entrance of a middle-aged German gentleman, exclaiming, in that free and easy manner so peculiar to the Germans,

"Ach mein werther Herr Baron! Sind Sie doch endlich gekommen? Warum sind sie denn nicht zuerst an meine Thür abgestiegen?"

The murder was out. I had been all this time discoursing on German politics with one of the celebrities of Pauls-kirche at Frankfurt, where the short-lived Parliament, representing all Germany, held its well-known sittings in 1848-9. I suspected from the first that I had heard some-

where or other the fine mellow tones of that manly voice. There was the same flashing eye, the same erect, martial figure. But, alas! seventeen years, as I know to my cost, make a sad havoc in the personal appearance of a man on the shady side of fifty—the majestic figure I had so much admired when I saw him for the last time addressing the multitude at Frankfurt, had become somewhat bent; the sable, glossy hair that then fell in folds over his broad shoulders had become white as snow. There was also a certain seriousness imprinted upon his ample brow, that told of much care and sorrow. I was, however, pleased to see that my friend was still what might be termed a fine, healthy-looking old man. I was also glad to learn that he was the same high-minded, intelligent patriot, as moderate in his views as he was successful in calming down the effervescence of young Germany. He was now, like myself, on his way to Baden-Baden; I therefore looked forward to the pleasure of passing a few agreeable days in the society of such an intellectual companion.

There are few towns in South Germany that present a more cheerful appearance than Carlsruhe, the Lilliputian capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The streets are broad, airy, and cleanly-looking, and being here and there ornamented with several public buildings of no slight archi-

tectural pretensions, it bears about it all the characteristics that usually distinguish a metropolis from a purely commercial town. Carlsruhe is, in fact, a perfect picture, and one of the best of those little capitals, of which there are so many in Germany, that happen to be the residence of a reigning sovereign and the seat of Government.

With respect to the gaieties of the place, and the magnificence of the court, I was so far fortunate, that my arrival here happened to be on one of those days that the prince holds his levée; and truly, when we take into consideration the population of this little state and its revenue, it must be admitted that of every other people in Europe, there is none that understand better the secret of making the most of their penny. Wherever the eye wandered, there was nothing to be seen but ladies and gentlemen, arrayed in the gayest of all court dresses, here lolling on the soft cushions of an elegant carriage, there promenading in the streets; while the number of orders, in the shape of stars and crosses, that you saw glittering on the breast of so many warriors and civilians, would lead a stranger to imagine that the Grand Duchy of Baden was the very home of heroes and men of genius.

However much the matter-of-fact man of the world may smile at this Lilliputian attempt of playing at royalty, and think it entirely uncalled for on

the part of a petty sovereign, whose yearly income, in all probability, does not exceed that of one of our own merchant princes, it has its advantages, inasmuch as it tends to circulate a great deal of money among the industrious classes, and at the same time operates most influentially in softening the tone and manners of the great mass of the people. Indeed, I have invariably found the inhabitants of these small patriarchal states of Germany far more prosperous in their worldly affairs, and less given to crime than their brethren in either of the great German states, Austria and Prussia. This is easy of comprehension, if we reflect for a moment that the wants of a people who are brought so immediately under the eye of their sovereign, are more cared for than those of their fellow-men in a large empire, whose destinies are confided to the guardianship of an official, a man that, in all probability, has no other aim in view than to make the most of his position during his precarious tenure of rule and power.

To a traveller who may be interested in the historical recollections of a town, Carlsruhe offers but little temptation to prolong a visit; for being, comparatively speaking, a modern town, its history is too common-place to deserve anything more than a passing remark. As might be expected, the ducal palace is by far the most prominent building. Attached to it are well laid-out grounds,

and an extensive park, always open as a place of recreation to the inhabitants. I was much pleased with the prospect I obtained from the summit of the Bleichthurm. Among other pleasing features exhibited in the picture, the custodian of the tower drew my attention to the peculiar form of the town, which, singular enough, appeared like a vast fan spread out beneath me, the palace having been built, as it were, to represent the nut; and all the various streets and roads, branching off through the surrounding forest, its radii.

"What a singular whim!" thought I, "to build a town in the shape of a lady's fan! Now, as everything must have a cause, the thought struck me that it might be connected in some shape or other with the thrilling history of some fair lady. On requesting an explanation, the custodian favoured me with the following romantic story, which I thought of sufficient interest to find a place in the note-book of a traveller; more especially as it serves to illustrate, in some measure, the manners and habits of the Germans in the olden time.

"Many, many years ago," said he, "indeed, I know not how long, one of our Margraves, better known as Karl the Hunter, left his palace at Baden-Baden to hunt the deer in his own extensive forest the Hartwald. He was attended, so says my story, by a party of young noblemen, all great hunters like himself. On this occasion, they had

not far advanced into the forest before they started a young hart, so graceful in its movements, and so fleet of foot, as to astonish every beholder.

"'Draw off the hounds and the beaters!" exclaimed the Margrave, at the very height of his voice, 'such a beautiful creature as this shall not be worried to death. I am well mounted, and if I am to pursue her to the end of the earth, she shall be mine!'

"The Margrave, mighty hunter as he was known to be, had, at last, undertaken an exploit which required all his well-known tact and abilities to carry successfully out. During the course of the day, so says my legend, for more than a dozen times he was on the point of seizing his panting and almost breathless prey, but as if the creature only meant to mock him, whenever he put forth his hand to seize her, she was off again with renewed vigour, now dashing through the dense brushwood—then crossing the rapid stream, and again and again climbing and descending the steep rock with the agility of a chamois. Still the Margrave, who was said to be one of the most fearless hunters that ever lived, being mounted on a swift powerful horse, kept up the pursuit, leaving all his attendants far behind him.

"Now, as everything must, some time or other, have an end, so it came to pass with our poor hunted hart. Exhausted nature could do no more,

and there she lay, at the close of a long summer's day, all but lifeless at the feet of her indefatigable pursuer. But, oh! how wonderful! Who can explain the mysteries of nature! It was the Margrave's fate that at the very moment he was about to secure his prey, the earth should be seemingly rent in twain by one of the most terrific claps of thunder on record, and that he himself should fall all but lifeless to the ground.

"With respect to what happened afterwards, there are many versions current among the traditions of the people. All that is really true, and can be depended upon is this: when the attendant noblemen and gentlemen came up, they were not more astonished than bewildered on seeing their lord, who was slowly recovering from a swoon, attended by one of the most beautiful women ever beheld by the eye of man. It was, however, only a momentary glance, as she suddenly disappeared, leaving behind her—whether by accident or design, who can tell?—a lady's fan, of the most exquisite and beautiful workmanship. Who she was, or from whence she came, has never transpired; and this so preyed upon his mind, that to his dying day our poor Margrave never forgot the fair form of the bewitching creature that saved his life, and, at the same time, stole away his heart. I have now only to add, should you doubt my tale, as some of your scepti-

cal countrymen are apt to do, as confirmation of its truth, you have but to visit the palace called the Favorite, near Baden-Baden, where you may see the fan itself, with its thirty-two radii. Besides this, there is the town which owes its creation to this event, and the mausoleum in the market-place, where all that remains of the Margrave reposes, erected on the very spot where he was found by the mysterious lady. Hence the name of the town, Carlsruhe (the Repose of Charles)."

On leaving Carlsruhe, I wound my way—this time as a pedestrian—through the centre of the Hartwald forest, passing on my way the pretty little palace from whence the Margrave Charles is said to have set out on the morning of his eventful chase, and there I had the satisfaction of verifying the truth of the tale respecting the mysterious fan, with its thirty radii. This palace is also famous for having been the residence of the Princess Sibylla Augusta, the last Margravine of Rastadt, who, it is said, was one of the most beautiful women that ever lived. At all events, there cannot be much doubt of that, if she resembled the number of portraits you see of her in various parts of the palace, painted in every possible costume that the ingenuity of an artist could conceive. Alas! everything in the world is doomed to decay and death, and so it was with the beauti-

ful Sibylla Augusta. Poor, hapless mortal!—how she must have suffered on the first approach of old age, if it is true what her historians tell us, that she instantly forsook the world and its vanities, to live, for the remainder of her days, the life of a recluse—associating with no other compapions than the lifeless forms of Jesus, Maria, and the twelve Apostles, whom she was accustomed to have served with food, and treated as if they were human beings.

A very short distance from the palace of the poor recluse, the character of the scenery entirely changed, from the dense forest, and the monotonous plain, to a beautiful mountainous country, which seemed to present, at every winding in the road, a new and a more agreeable picture than the last. Here the eye was gladdened with a tiny Arcadia, where you saw a village, surrounded by its vineyards, orchards, meadows, and well-cultivated fields. There you had the picturesque ruin beetling on the summit of a lofty crag, telling you of the time when might was right. Neither was the sparkling rivulet, the well-wooded dale, or the deep, deep glen wanting, to add their charms to this really lovely country. The Germans are perhaps less given to exaggeration, when speaking of themselves or their country, than any of the other inhabitants of the European Continent, but they are not far from the truth when they tell us that the Grand Duchy of Baden,

when taken all in all, "ist das Eden Deutschlands." And such it really is, if we add to the beauty of the landscape the mildness of the climate, and the various productions of the soil, all the best of their kind, and abundant. On the other hand, the inhabitants of this fortunate little duchy, like some of the other petty states in Germany, are much to be envied, if we contrast their exemption from excessive taxation, and all the other evils of the Conscription, to which those of their fellow-men are so much exposed and suffer from so generally in all our larger European States. In this instance, at least, the Badeners have every reason to be thankful that the little duchy in which they have made their home continues to remain a political nonentity among the nations. To this they also owe, in a great measure, the degree of prosperity they now enjoy; and it is so universal, that, with few exceptions, you may travel from one end of it to the other without meeting with a single beggar. Neither are you eternally reminded of the dark side of war, the counterpoise to its pomps and vanities, in every now and then meeting with some poor maimed soldier, telling, in the consumptive cough and cadaverous countenance, the sufferings he had undergone in his last campaign—all of which so often meet the eye in France, Russia, Austria, and I may add Great Britain, whose rulers are rarely or ever at peace with their neighbours.

CHAPTER XIII.

Arrival at Baden-Baden—The Kursaal—Gaming Tables—Their Demoralizing Tendencies—Reflections of a Ruined Gambler—Description of the Salon and its Visitors—Imitations of *Punch*—Visitors to Baden-Baden—Scene at the Rouge-et-Noir Table—Farewell to the Temple of Pluto.

I FOUND Baden-Baden, the Civitas Aurelia Aquensis of the Romans, much improved since my last visit to it in 1848. This was evidenced not only in the number of private houses and hotels that have sprung into existence, but in the well-kept roads and charming promenades that everywhere met the view. It was therefore quite certain that the town had prospered in no slight degree. It was also apparent that no labour or expense had been spared in rendering it one of the most attractive watering-places to be found in any country.

Among the public buildings, the Kursaal, as might be expected, is the most distinguished. This is really a handsome edifice, more resembling a palace than a public assembly room, so luxurious are its appointments. Yet with a liberality which

cannot be too much admired, it is open to every visitor, of whatever degree, nothing more being required than that he should conform to the usages of civilized life. Here he can, at the expense of a few kreutzers, sip his coffee, or regale himself with an ice, while lounging on the cushion of a soft divan. Or if he is inclined for a stroll, there are innumerable promenades and shady walks in the well-laid-out grounds attached to the building, inviting him onward to the most romantic scenery in the vicinity, where he is almost certain to find, among the gay crowd, at least one sovereign prince, or some other great personage, of European celebrity.

Bright as this fascinating picture must be to the stay-at-home traveller, in has, nevertheless, its dark side, and I am sorry to be obliged to record that the whole of the expenses incurred in rendering that far-famed bath a sort of little Eden, has been entirely defrayed from the profits of the gaming-table. In fact, Baden-Baden can no longer be termed simply a bath, it is nothing more nor less than one of those fasionable hells, of which there are many in Germany, where a silly traveller has the choice of losing his money at Rouge-et-Noir, or at the still more exciting turn of the wheel at Roulette. Lose he must, for so accurately, and with such mathematical exactness, have the chances been calculated, that the owners of the bank are

certain, in the long run, to repay themselves cent. per cent. on the outlay.

How long will this blot on the civilization of the age be permitted to remain? When will the sovereign princes of Germany awake to a sense of the disgrace that attaches to their name in thus maintaining so many attractive *guets-à-pens* for plundering the wayward traveller who may happen to be passing through their dominions? Surely the curse of the hapless widow, the cry of the destitute orphan, must ere this have reached their luxurious palaces? No, reader, be assured it is no fiction, no effort of the imagination, when I tell you that not a single season passes over at any of these German hells that is not marked by the suicide of more than one ruined gambler. Now, as one fact alone is worth a volume of *on dits*, I may add that my object in coming here was to take charge of the son of an old friend of mine, the Pacha of ——, who, having finished his education in Paris, was so far on his way home. As might be expected, the attractions of the gaming-table were too exciting to the simple mind of our young Osmanli, who in a day or two lost every farthing of money he happened to be possessed of, amounting to more than ten thousand francs, together with his gold watch, diamond rings, and other valuables, and might have been expelled from his hotel as a swindler, and perhaps

have committed suicide, had not my arrival opportunely relieved him from his embarrassments. In this case his travelling tutor—a vulgar Frenchman—was more to blame than the poor young man himself.

It appears, from a Frankfurt journal now before me, that an attempt has been really made to wipe away this disgrace from the social life of Germany. But, as usual, when any measure of great national import is on the *tapis*, and where the interests of a little army of sovereigns is to be weighed in the balance, there is certain to be more talk than action—more plaudering than decision. However, on such a subject as this I cannot do better than give the extract as it appeared in the Frankfurt journal:

"With respect to the public gaming establishments in Germany, the following opinions were expressed by the different governments interested in the matter. First and foremost, the government of the Grand Duchy of Baden announced its intention to suppress the gaming establishments at Baden-Baden, even before the contract it had entered into with the proprietors of the gaming establishments at that fashionable watering-place. The authorities of the Duchy of Nassau were not so generous, pretending they could not suppress the gaming-houses at Wiesbaden, and at Ems, in consequence of the contracts they had entered

into with the lessees of these two establishments, more especially as they were bound to keep the Kursaal and the pleasure-grounds for the reception of visitors always in order, and at their own cost. The Duke, however, was so gracious as to promise that he would not renew the contract; but as it will continue in force for nearly half a century to come, and as His Serene Highness is not likely to live half that time, he could safely promise he would not renew the lease. How generous!—how enlightened! In the north of Germany, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, like an honest German as he is, when called upon for his determination, replied that he was always ready, whenever the Diet should think fit, to suppress the gaming establishment at Dobberan. On the other hand, His Highness the Prince of Waldeck positively refused his consent to the suppression of the gaming establishments in his dominions, at Pyrmont or Wildingen, unless it became the law of the land throughout the whole of the Germanic Confederation.

"This may, however," continues the German journal, "be termed courteous and liberal, compared with the reply of the Landgraf of Hesse-Homburg. This petty German sovereign, without any more ado, declared that he would not recognize the right of the Diet, or of any other power under the sun, to dictate to him the line of con-

duct he thought fit to pursue in his own dominions. He had expended vast sums in preparing his gaming establishments at Homburg for the reception of visitors; he had no other source of revenue, and certainly he would not suppress them, unless the Diet agreed to secure to him and his heirs for ever the income they now produced him. 'Moreover,' he retorted, 'has not every sovereign in Germany his own lottery establishment, a species of gambling far more demoralizing to the great mass of the people than my gaming houses. Besides, while I am contented to levy my contributions on wealthy foreigners, they plunder their own subjects.'

Such being the character of the gaming establishments in Germany, it might be imagined there was a sufficient amount of common sense in the world to cause them to be avoided as so many legalized dens, expressly provided for plundering the unwary. No such thing; they are still as numerous as ever—still crowded with blind, infatuated worshippers. It must, however, be acknowledged that to the mere novice nothing can be more attractive than the games at rouge-et-noir and roulette. There is no attempt at cheating—everything is left entirely to chance; but, as I said before, the calculations are made with such mathematical care and exactness, that the bank is as certain to win as the player is to lose.

Up to the present time, every plan that the ingenuity of man could devise for beating the proprietors of the bank has failed with the exception of one, and that is, if you have sufficient command of money to continue doubling the stakes until the colour you have chosen becomes the winner. In that case, you get back as a thing, of course, the whole of the money you had previously lost, together with an equal amount from the bank. However, in order to provide against such a contingency as this, the player is only allowed to stake a certain amount. Still, the profits of the bank must be enormous, otherwise how would the proprietors be able to pay a large sum annually to the sovereign for his licence, besides a very heavy outlay for keeping the Kursaal and its extensive pleasure-grounds in such capital order?

What a subject do these splendid gaming establishments in Germany offer to the pencil of the caricaturist, the pen of the moralist and the satirist! It is much to be regretted that Mr. Punch does not extend his travels during the summer months—at least, as far as Baden-Baden. He has, it is true, several rivals in Fatherland, but they want his manly independence, and the finished touch he gives to his political and social sketches. Besides, he is always a gentleman, which is more than can be said of his German

brethren, whose wit and satire are too often not of a sufficiently polished character to be palatable to every class of readers. Their illustrations, too, are very badly executed, and most certainly no class whatever of the English public would tolerate for a moment journals in which Christianity, of any form, and its ministers, were held up to ridicule, as they frequently are by this class of writers.

Among these imitations of Mr. Punch, and our humorous friend, Monsieur Charivari, of Paris, the oldest is that at Munich, called the *Fliegende Blätter*; it is, however, heavy—very much resembling the weak beer these Swabian Germans indulge so much in. Indeed, it might be termed somewhat stupid, were it not for the woodcuts, which now and then impart to it a little wit and humour. Neither can I say much in praise of the Vienna *Figaro*; his *début* promised well, and the Viennese dearly love a little fun, but having had his wings clipped once or twice, his flights of fancy are now more circumscribed. The Leipsic *Dorfbarbier*, an imitation of the French *Charivari*, is now and then, I have no doubt, amusing enough to the Germans, who must, however, be easily pleased, otherwise they would not laugh, as I have seen them do, at its second-hand witticisms.

The *Kladderadatsch* of Berlin is by far the best, and approaches nearer to our own *Punch* and the

French *Charivari* than any of the others—I mean the *Charivari* of former days, when that brilliant jester had no compeer, and when, indeed, it was a pleasure to take it up, and enjoy a hearty laugh. But wit and despotism cannot long co-exist. The wit and humour of his Prussian namesake is not without point and smartness, but, like the others, he is also now and then somewhat too coarse. His woodcuts, although badly executed, are piquant, and hit somewhat hard when Louis Napoleon happens to be the subject. It is said to have done a great deal of good in Prussia, as a corrector of abuses. Like his brother *Figaro* in Vienna, he has also had the misfortune of being struck down more than once by the sharp lance of one of Prussia's feudal lords; and the last wound he received, which was the severest of all, came from the hand of the Prime Minister, M. von Bismarck. The *feuilleton* of this publication is remarably clever, resembling that of the *Charivari* even in its best days; the jests are skilfully put forth, in the shape of an advertisement from some real personage; the dialogues, also, that now and then appear between imaginary persons are always full of point, wit, and humour; in these he spares nobody, except the sacred person of His Majesty the King. Taken altogether, with very few exceptions the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* may well pass muster as one of the best administrators of that

most healthy medicine, popular ridicule, and no doubt effects a great deal of good in quarters where it is very much wanted.

But to return to the gaming-table. Every establishment of this kind in Germany, and they are not a few, has its well-known *habitués*, who return year after year to their old stations at the rouge-et-noir tables, with the same regularity as the swallow returns to his old haunts on the approach of summer. There they may be seen, day after day, seated at the gaming-table, with a card before them, which they most industriously prick with a silver pin, with the view of ascertaining the number of times their favourite colour has won or lost, at the same time preserving in their countenance and demeanour the most imperturbable gravity. They are all broken-down gamblers, with just as much money at their command as enables them to risk a few gold pieces whenever their calculations tell them that they may do so with comparative safety. And, singularly enough, these veteran gamblers do manage, in some way or other, to win back a few pounds of the thousands they have lost in their young days. Still, it requires a great deal of self-command to refrain from risking their winnings when fortune happens to smile on them.

Among these unfortunates, one of the most interesting is a Frenchman, as well known for the

high station he held under the government of Louis Philippe, as for the losses he sustained at the gaming-table. At Baden-Baden he seemed to know everybody, and everybody to know him. It was nothing but Herr Graf here, and Monsieur le Comte there, wherever he moved. There were nods of recognition from the ladies, and hats lowered to him from the gentlemen. Even the croupiers at the table made way for their favourite Monsieur le Comte—a man whom all the world seemed to regard with respect for his talents, and pity for his misfortunes. On my part, I also had the pleasure of renewing an acquaintance I made with Monsieur le Comte several years previously at Constantinople, where he was the principal attaché to the French ambassador. My poor friend, however, was only one among the numerous victims of the last French Revolution. In this instance he told me that having lost his career in life, and being of an active turn of mind, he had taken to the fascinations of the gaming-table, for the want of some honourable pursuit to occupy his time.

In a conversation with this gentleman, I was not a little surprised to hear that the proprietors of nearly the whole of these fashionable hells in Germany are Frenchmen, men of a certain rank and station in society, but whose real name never appears in the list.

"When you have an opportunity," said he, "look at that gentleman yonder, with the long sallow face, and moustache à la Louis Napoleon, whom all the world here honours with the title of Monsieur le Marquis; he is at the head of the firm at Baden-Baden. See with what marked attention he bows and shakes hands with that burly countryman of yours, whom he calls *milord.* He is said to be a millionnaire, and to have acquired the whole of his immense wealth behind the counter; but having retired some years since, and got himself nominated, by some means or other, a deputy lord-lieutenant of a county, he has had the weakness to pass himself off here as a real milord. These are the men who figure at the very *recherché* dinners and *déjeûnés à la fourchette* of Monsieur le Marquis, and venture their thousands on the chance of a triumph at rouge-et-noir. *Faites votre jeu, Messieurs? Rouge gagne! Noir perd!* and *vice versa.* Poor simpletons, they like to hear themselves called milord and Monsieur le Comte, and to mingle with Princes, Counts, Barons, and Grafs, of which we have always more than enough at Baden-Baden, whose antecedents will not bear a very strict inquiry. Now, as I happen to be one of those that have a *carte-blanche* to the dinners of Monsieur le Marquis, and can always introduce a friend, come with me this evening, and you will

have an opportunity of learning a little more of the secrets of the gaming-table. At all events, you will meet with visitors from nearly every country under heaven, and some of them even distinguished members of society."

I regret that I have neither time nor space to give my readers a detailed account of the persons composing the brilliant circle I met in the salons of Monsieur le Marquis. For the present, I must limit myself to sketching a few of the principal characters I saw in the evening engaged in play at the principal rouge-et-noir table.

"Who is that lady so noticeable for her *embonpoint* and florid complexion, with a pyramid of Napoleons standing before her?" I demanded of my friend Monsieur le Comte.

"She is the widow of one of the heroes of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, who died a few months ago, leaving behind him a fortune of some fifteen millions of francs. How he got it nobody can tell. Some say it was by dealing in the public funds, like many others of his party; while others, less generous, tell you it was through his situation as principal director of the government —— manufactory. Be this as it may, like a good soul, he left the whole of it to the dear partner of all his joys and sorrows; and, as you see, judging from that pyramid of gold before her, she stands a fair chance of losing it, unless she speedily unites her

destiny to that handsome, courtly-looking gentleman standing behind her, who I know to be a man of the strictest honour, and strong common sense, but who, like myself, is not overburdened with ready money."

I now drew the attention of my friend to a very dark-looking gentleman, with Grecian features, seated at the bottom of the table, who had just added to his golden pyramid a number of bank notes and rouleaus.

"That is the Prince of ——, a Neapolitan nobleman, of immense wealth, and a great friend of the exiled King of Naples. He was here last year, and won largely at rouge-et-noir and roulette, and appears to be equally fortunate this year. Fortune is capricious—she does sometimes, even at the gaming-table, smile upon her votaries, as she did on me at first; then she changed her mood, capricious jade as she is, until she left me little better than a pauper. Whether justly or unjustly, the Italians of the south are said to be, like their former rulers, the Spaniards, the most superstitious people in Europe; but that a man of the Prince de ——'s station in society should allow himself to become the tool of designing priests and Jesuits, is most strange. You will scarcely credit it when I tell you that he refers his extraordinary good luck at the gaming-table to the divine interposition of the Madonna, because he

has made a vow to devote all his winnings, together with a large portion of his own private fortune, towards furthering the divine right of the poor exile at Rome. It is true, there are imbeciles and simpletons to be found in every state of society. Yet if you converse with this gentleman, you will find him of the average talent and intelligence of men of his rank in life. It may be that he is merely acting a part in the drama of united Italy, as certain Frenchmen do in that of our own Empire, with a third Napoleon as a ruler!—for you meet with so many actors and actresses now-a-days, that you know not whom to trust or believe."

Our conversation was now interrupted by a noise like that of a sledge-hammer striking the rouge-et-noir table, mingled with a volley of curses, which appeared to me to be spoken in a language I had heard somewhere before, and only imperfectly understood. On demanding the cause, we were informed that the delinquent was an unhappy Wallachian, who, having lost the last farthing he had in the world at the gaming-table, struck the table violently with his fist, and then fell from his seat in an apoplectic fit. He was gently removed by the servants in attendance, put to bed at his hotel, and bled by the surgeon of the gambling establishment. What became of him afterwards I know not. The remainder of the visitors consisted of persons from nearly every part of

the Old and New World, among whom there were not a few of our own dear countrymen and countrywomen.

I must now bid farewell to these temples of Pluto. I have exaggerated nothing, and I trust what I have written may serve as a warning to the silly moths who flutter round the candle till they expiate their folly in beggary, and, too often, suicide.

CHAPTER XIV.

Society at Baden-Baden—Efficacy of its Waters—Beautiful Environs—The Neue Trinksaal and its Fresco Paintings—Type of the Germanic Bund—Interesting Conversation between the First Napoleon and Duroc—How an Artichoke led to the Conquest of Germany and the Confederation of the Rhine—The Mediatized Princes of Germany and their Peculiar Privileges.

THIS year at least Baden-Baden might with truth be termed "cette oasis de l'aristocratie, cette terrain neutre par excellence, où se rencontre l'élite de toutes les sociétés de l'Europe." Besides the Dowager Queen of Prussia, and at least six or seven of the minor sovereigns of Germany and their families, there was quite a little army of princes and princesses, barons and counts, of the Holy Roman Empire. Among these, the Russians and the Poles appeared to be the most numerous; there was even a cardinal, and two or three archbishops and bishops, as if to add variety to the little throng. With respect to the English and the French, so easily distinguished by their peculiar national characteristics, although they might everywhere be seen, yet, from some cause or other,

they did not count among their number a single family of any particular note or consideration.

As might be expected, now that the Polish Revolution was completely at an end, party spirit ran very high. Wherever you went, whether on the public promenade or in the private *salon*, you heard nothing but the most conflicting accounts of the barbarities the Russians and Poles exercised upon each other whenever they happened to be victorious during that terrible insurrection—accounts twisted and tortured to suit the political views of each party. The Russians seemed to be in the ascendant; at least, they had on their side the whole of the German aristocracy, and not a few of the French legitimists.

Nor were the poor Poles wholly forgotten in this *oasis de l'aristocratie;* they everywhere found able supporters among the Roman Catholic clergy. To the mere looker-on, it was highly interesting to see with what dexterity they contrived to turn the tables upon their opponents, without, at the same time, allowing it to appear that they were far more interested in the triumph of their co-religionists than in that of their sovereign, the heretical Czar of all the Russias. Indeed, the ardour with which the cause of the unhappy Poles has been taken up by such an influential class as this, augurs much in favour of their ultimate

triumph at some future day. If there is any truth in the rumour you every now and then hear of the immense sums of money they are continually sending to the Poles, to help those who had lost their all during that unhappy contest, every liberal-minded man must agree with me in thinking that they could not have expended their hoarded treasures in a more righteous cause. After all, as the report appears to be confined to the *parti Russe*, perhaps there is just about as much truth in it as in another of its sayings—that France and England have been the principal instigators of the revolt of the Poles—the one being actuated by a mere love of mischief, and the other with a view of giving the Russians sufficient occupation at home, while they were engaged in doctoring the sick man at Constantinople. The Danish affair, too, and its complications—the expected war between Austria and Prussia, Victor Emmanuel, and the Ultramontanists, Italy and its future—were the subjects discussed, and had the effect of breaking up the visitors into a number of hostile camps, at open war with each other, so far as a cannonade of words was concerned, the fair sex being, as might be supposed, the most determined—the most formidable combatants.

To give a detailed account of the numerous attractions of a place so well known as Baden-Baden, would be a mere waste of time. The

efficacy of the waters as a thermal establishment, must also be familiar to most of my readers. If they wish, however, for further information, they have only to consult the clever work of my friend, Dr. Granville, on the "Baths of Germany." I shall, therefore, confine myself to pointing out to the traveller a few of the most interesting excursions in the immediate vicinity of Baden. Before setting out, I would, however, earnestly recommend him, more especially if he happens to be of a romantic turn of mind, to visit the "Neue Trinksaal," where he will find a series of frescoes, depicting the most remarkable legends in the neighbourhood of the town. Here he may see the freaks which the fairies and other unearthly spirits were accustomed, in the olden time, to play, at the expense of our good cousins of Germany. He may also behold the benevolent interposition of the Madonna, and her attendant saints and angels, to counteract the malevolent intentions of the Author of Evil. On the other hand, should the traveller not be desirous of soaring to the supernatural, he may turn to the historical tableaux, and see the painting of the miraculous leap made by the spirited charger of Count Wolf of Eberstein, to save his master from the pursuit of his enemies; together with that representing the triumphant entry of Margrave Louis, the conqueror of the Turks, into the town of Rastadt.

As works of art, the least that is said of these twelve or thirteen frescoes the better; they, however, serve to guide the footsteps of the stranger, in his visit to some of the most romantic and picturesque nooks and corners in the immediate vicinity of Baden-Baden; and he will not be disappointed, for in whatever direction he may happen to turn, he is certain to find mountains, with their picturesque ruins, and fertile valleys with their pleasant villages; and, what is equally desirable, a hearty welcome at all the little road-side inns. When he is satiated with these, by way of variety, he has only to descend to that fine plain, the Breisgau, to see one of the most fertile districts to be found in any country—a real classic land to the historian and the soldier—where perhaps there have been more battles fought, and more blood shed, than in any other part of Europe. Here may be traced, as in a map, the battle-grounds where that great German, the hero Arminius, first met the Romans in deadly conflict; and here we may also follow the track that these hereditary enemies of the Germans, the French, were accustomed to take in their repeated invasions of poor Fatherland, from the earliest times down to that of their last and most successful leader, the first Napoleon.

In addition to these historical reminiscences, he has only to extend his excursions a little further,

and see the Höllenthal defile immortalized in the history of the wars of the French Republic, as the theatre of General Moreau's famous retreat in 1796; and also of a melancholy exhibition of treason or cowardice on the part of his German opponent—for historians are not agreed as to which is the more appropriate epithet. Be that as it may, it cannot be disputed that the gallant Frenchman accomplished his object without the loss of a single man; and that in the teeth of a German army said to be five times more numerous than his own, and through a gorge, as the traveller may see, where it only required a few hundred resolute men to annihilate an entire army.

Far from having any desire to depreciate the glory of an exploit which French historians assert to have been equalled only by that of the famous retreat of Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks, the real fact is this, it required neither superior courage on the part of the French, nor any extraordinary military talent on that of their leader, to accomplish even more than this. Germany was then, as it is now, distracted by the division of interests, torn by disunion; jealousy pervaded the whole of her sovereigns, from the petty Landgrave that ruled over a hundred subjects, to the mighty monarchs of Prussia and Austria. In addition to this, the French Revolution had done its work in demoralizing the great mass of the German

people, who, at this period of their history, thought more of equality and the rights of man than of the honour and independence of their country.

As an illustration of the merits of what is called the Germanic Bund, I know not, reader, if your travels ever led you to visit Frankfurt-on-the Maine. Should you go there, be sure and visit the Palace of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, where the sittings of the Germanic Diet are held. There you will see, in a niche at the top of the principal staircase, a pretty, graceful statue of a Norman vestal, holding in her hand an artichoke, whose leaves are said to amount, if I remember rightly, to thirty-eight, symbolical of the Germanic Empire and her thirty-eight sovereigns united in one. What a magnificent idea! and how romantic! Among the other peculiar traits of the great Napoleon, he was quick of apprehension, and an excellent judge of character. You have no doubt heard of his interview with the King of Prussia, Frederick William, and the allusion he made to the leather leggings of that monarch, with their rows of gold buttons; and the patience, to say nothing of the valuable time that must have been lost, morning and evening, in doing and undoing them. Simple and unimportant as this circumstance may appear to an ordinary mind, it excited the contempt of the young warrior, and ultimately led to the disastrous battle of Jena, and the downfall, for the time being, of the Prussian monarchy.

On another occasion he showed how well his master-mind could turn the weakness of an opponent to his own advantage. He had been little more than an hour or two at Frankfurt, when, turning to one of his favourite generals, he exclaimed:

"*Eh bien!* Duroc, this artichoke of *ces Allemands, si bêtes*, that we have just seen in the Palace of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, has furnished me with an idea worth a hundred battles to us."

"What is it, *mon caporal?*" replied Duroc, in the same familiar style of conversation.

"Come and dine with me to-day, and you shall see, and be sure you order a dish of artichokes."

At dinner he took up one, and looking at it with that peculiar smile of his, said,

"You see, Duroc, this artichoke? It is united Germany!—see how easily it is disunited!" removing, as he said this, leaf after leaf, until not one was left.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat history by saying that, as the leather leggings of the weak King of Prussia led to the humiliation of his country, so the picture of the artichoke in the hands of the Roman vestal gave rise to that master-stroke of Napoleon's policy—the Confederation of the Rhine, by means of which he allured to his standard more than ten millions of Germans; and this he did more effectually by elevating a host of petty

princes to the exalted rank of kings, grand-dukes, and sovereign princes. Alas! poor human nature! From this moment all was forgotten—Fatherland, honour, patriotism, in the delight of saying, "I am a king!"

It is scarcely necessary to say that these German kings became from henceforth the veriest satraps of the *Grande Nation*, and, as such, their master Napoleon directed their movements as he would those of so many puppets on a chess-board; and that this politic step enabled him to march at the head of a confederated army of French and Germans to the spoil of Austria and Prussia, who all this time were straining every nerve, and spending their last kreutzer in the vain attempt to defend all that still remained of the once great Germanic Empire.

When history has to record such facts as these, can we wonder that every German patriot who has the slightest regard for the honour of his country, his name and race, should desire a change? Can we feel surprised that, wherever we go, we now hear no other cry, from the Rhine to the Baltic—from the German Ocean to the Adriatic—than that of "One United German Fatherland!" May it not, then, be inferred that the day cannot be far distant which is to see this the most numerous and intellectual of all our European races united under the sway of one ruler.

In making these statements, I only repeat what every traveller may hear who is able to hold converse with the inhabitants in their own language. Even the very peasants, formerly so celebrated for their attachment to their native princes, appear to be actuated by the same desire to see a strong united German Fatherland, with such a constitution as shall secure equal rights to all, prince and peasant; and this, they say, is the more imperative in a country like theirs, where there are more than two hundred mediatized princes, whose rank and privileges place them above the law, and who enjoy immunity from any punishment whatever, provided they do not sin against the decrees of the Bundes-Tag!

CHAPTER XV.

An Oriental Traveller—Our Journey to the East—Palace of the Grand Duke—Vehm-gericht Dungeons—Curious old Church at Baden-Baden—Tour through the Grand Duchy from Baden-Baden to the Source of the Danube—Production—Great Fertility of the Soil—Character of the Inhabitants—Freiburg and its Cathedral—The Breisgau—Höllenthal—Moreau's Famous Retreat—Arrival at Donaueschingen—Difficulty of procuring a Bed—Natural Honesty and Kindness of the German People—Visit to the Sources of the Danube and the Neckar—Influence of the Danube and the Rhine on the Civilization of the World.

I SAID that my object in coming to Baden-Baden was to take charge of a young Osmanli on my way to the East. Now, as my young friend had a very strong dislike to be dragged along by what he called (in his own expressive tongue) that horrible, screaming, weird-looking thing, snorting smoke and fire from its nostrils—a steam-engine, and loved, above all things, a quiet drive in a carriage with a pair of horses, which would permit of his stopping when and where he pleased, and, above all things, give him time to see the country and its inhabitants, I at once

yielded to his wishes, more especially as his views coincided with my own.

There can be no doubt that the luxury of reclining on the soft cushions of a railway-carriage, with the certainty of reaching your destination at a given time, is a very great advantage to the traveller in the present day, to say nothing of the certainty of having your luggage better taken care of, and all your other wants attended to, than if you had a little army of domestics at your command. But as every question has at least two sides, my young Osmanli friend was quite right when he told me that he might as well have remained in his father's kiosk on the banks of the Bosphorus for aught that he had seen of France and her inhabitants, beyond a peep now and then from the windows of his carriage, since he left Paris. "Moreover," said he, "as it is expected that I should publish an account of my travels when I return to Stamboul, and give an accurate description of the countries I passed through, together with observations on the character, manners, habits, and industry of the people, how is this to be done unless I abandon that hopping, jumping, flying thing that you call a steam-engine, altogether." After this speech of our young descendant of the shepherd Othman, who can say that the Turks are not progressing?

Behold me, then, at Baden-Baden, much in the

same condition as a student in a library, or a child in a toy-shop, surrounded by agreeable objects, yet not knowing which to select from to furnish the first page of my young friend's Book of Travels. I at length, however, determined to give him a fair start, and this I did by taking him with me to see the famous Cataract of the Rhine, and from thence to the sources of the Danube, by following the banks of which noble river, he would have an opportunity of travelling by land and water through a great part of Germany, Hungary, and those provinces of his own European Turkey lying onward towards the Black Sea.

We commenced our tour by visiting the beautiful summer residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, in the immediate vicinity of the town, interesting for having beneath it the horrible dungeons known by the name of the "Vehm-gericht." We found them to correspond, in nearly every particular, with the description Sir Walter Scott has given of them in one of his novels. Their massive stone doors were more or less perfect, their rows of rusty rings were fastened to the wall, and the trap-door by which the victim was hurled down, to be torn to atoms by a sort of revolving machine, armed with knives and darts, presented a very faithful, but, at the same time, a most revolting picture of the barbarities practised by the despotic princes of Germany in the olden time,

which, for cruelty, could only be equalled by the horrors of the Inquisition. Still this appalling reminiscence was only tradition, and might have so remained, unsupported by any stronger testimony, had it not been for an accident that took place here some years ago, arising from the disappearance of a lady's lap-dog through a small fissure in the ruins. The fondness of the lady for her pet led to the employment of several workmen, who, with pick-axe and shovel, soon broke a passage for themselves through the masonry; when they not only rescued the poor animal, but to their consternation discovered the most terrific instrument of torture that ever was invented by the ingenuity of man. Its existence had been long doubted; but there it was, with its machinery and wheels all armed with rusty darts, swords, knives, and saws, together with a heap of human bones, lying underneath it.

The old parish church at Baden-Baden is only interesting for the few monuments it contains of the princes of the house of Zähringer. As a work of art and historical interest, the only one worth mentioning is that which was erected to the memory of Leopold Wilhelm, who it appears distinguished himself as an able general during the wars between the Germans and the Turks. My young Osmanli companion was very much scandalized on seeing chained Turks, in their national

costume, ignobly supporting on their broad shoulders the monument of a Christian chieftain. After passing the ridge of steep hills which separate Baden-Baden and its little territory from the Breisgau, we entered one of the most beautiful and fertile districts in Germany, a real Arcadia, encompassed on every side by a chain of hills which here forms one of the outposts of the Hercynian Forest. Here the hop, flax, hemp, and tobacco, with every other species of cereal usually met with in a temperate climate, arrive to the very highest perfection. The vine also, which is no stranger to the sunny slopes, must find the climate highly favourable to its growth, to produce such an excellent wine as that called "Margräver;" and its cultivation, together with that of the walnut, from which a substitute for olive oil is extracted, and of the wild cherry used in giving that delicious flavour which is so highly appreciated in the spirit widely known as Kirschenwasser, renders the inhabitants of this favoured duchy independent of foreign supply for many of the luxuries of the table.

As to the walnut-tree, it would appear to be indigenous to the soil; you see it everywhere, not only in the orchards of the villagers, but along the high road; and, of every other tree, it is one of the greatest utility to the peasant. Indeed, I cannot see how he could live without it, at least in this part of Germany. The nut supplies him with oil,

the green shells with a nutritious food for his cattle, the leaves with a black or brown dye for his clothes, and, to crown all, the wood with material for his chairs, tables, and the bedstead on which he sleeps.

We remained an entire day at Freiburg, with the double purpose of resting our horses and seeing the beauties of the place. It lies on the banks of the Treisham, not far distant from the Höllenthal defile, one of the most romantic spots in the Black Forest. Previous to Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine, when the Breisgau was included in the dominions of the House of Austria, Freiburg was a far more important town than it is now. It is, however, still interesting, and always will be, in having one of the finest cathedrals in Germany, and, singular enough, the only one in Germany that has been completely finished. Independently of several fine old paintings by native artists, the painted glass windows, of the most brilliant colours, are alone worth a visit; and surely no architect, who may happen to pass this way, will hesitate to deviate a little from his route, if it were for nothing else than to see the great tower, which exhibits the skilful and rare transition from a square base to an octagon, and is surmounted by a pyramidal spire of the most exquisite open-work tracery. The bas-reliefs, and carving in wood, are also well worth seeing—more especially that representing the Virgin Mary, sheltering beneath

her ample mantle a whole host of popes, cardinals, and princes of the church! The bas-relief of the Creation of Man is a singular production; as also the Lord's Supper, in which you see thirteen guests at table! How ominous of the death of one or more of the party! The fine painting of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Holbein, is considered to be one of the best of that great master; his Twelve Apostles also is very much admired.

On our route to the Upper Rhine, we passed the greatest part of a day at Badenweiler—one of those out-of-the-way places which have lately made a great noise in this part of Germany, owing to the discovery of some of the most perfect Roman baths perhaps now existing. They are in such high preservation, that a traveller, if he desires it, may have the gratification of bathing, in all probability, in the same bath that was once used by Julius Cæsar. After great research, it has been clearly ascertained that Badenweiler was at one time a city of great importance, occupied by the Romans long before they settled at Baden-Baden.

I have already said that that part of the Grand Duchy of Baden through which we were now travelling is exceedingly fertile, and its produce varied and abundant. Its real wealth, however, lies in the untiring industry of the inhabitants, who are said to be among the most skilful

agriculturists in Germany. They are all Teutons of the purest race, easily recognised by their broad shoulders, blue eyes, and fair complexions—in every respect similar to their brethren of Alsatia, on the other side of the Rhine. Still, I could not help thinking that there was more of that mixture of democratic independence and feudal habits, so characteristic of our own English yeomen, among these people than in the Alsatian, who must have imbibed something of the republican spirit, and the so-called rights of man from his master, the fickle Gaul. I was glad to see that the railway, which has also found its way into this remote district, has had no influence as yet upon the character or manners of the inhabitants. They were still moving about, as I saw them a quarter of a century ago, in their old cocked hat, chamois tights, and leather boots coming up to the knees. Even the women, who are more prone to change, had not discarded their becoming gold cap, tight-fitting bodice, and petticoat of many folds, just reaching the knee.

As might be expected, my young Osmanli companion, just arrived from the gaieties of Paris —its formalities and refinements, its false cravings and restraints—was in raptures. It was to him the very romance of life; he could not have believed that matter-of-fact Europe possessed anything so much approaching to the habits of his own

romantic East, and apparently so refined, that his first idea, on meeting with a merry group of our Breisgauers, on what happened to be a *jour de fête*, was that they were a party of ladies and gentlemen dressed to appear at some masked ball in the neighbourhood.

We now entered the defile of the Treisam, better known as the Höllenthal, more with the view of exploring the scene of Moreau's famous retreat, than to indulge in the romantic grandeur of the scenery. The principal charm, I thought, lay in the magnificent foliage of the trees, through which you everywhere see rising up huge pyramids of rock, in every possible form; a view which is seen to still greater advantage on arriving at a place called the "Leap of the Deer."

On emerging from the gloomy defile, a capital road conducted us to Donaueschingen, immortalized in German song as the true source of Europe's noblest river, the Danube.

Owing to the annual fair, which was now being held at this little out-of-the-way town, together with the great influx of students from every part of Germany, who had come for no other purpose than that of acting the colossus to the Danube, we were obliged to be content with a very inferior species of accommodation. Even the talismanic sight of an English sovereign, usually so effective on the great beaten track of travellers, in remov-

ing difficulties of this kind, had no influence whatever over the conscience of our stubborn Boniface of the Goldene Falke. Nein, Nein!—his Zimmer were already filled with visitors, and he would not be bribed to turn one of them out—no, not if the Czar of all the Russias himself desired it! We had, therefore, no other resource but to rough it, like others in a similar position—on a shake-down of straw.

It is true, his good-natured, bustling Frau did everything in her power to make us comfortable. I think I see her now, with her bunch of keys dangling by her side, and the distress depicted on her open, rosy countenance when I hinted to her that the Junge Herr, my travelling companion, was a near relative of his Sublime Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, and had come all the way from Constantinople to see the source of the mighty Danube. What the bribe of a gold piece had not the power to obtain, was now freely given for the sake of showing kindness and hospitality towards the stranger. What was refused to an Englishman, who, to a certain extent, was regarded as one of themselves, was granted to an Osmanli traveller; in addition to which, when it became known to the guests who the travellers were, every bed in the hotel was instantly placed at the disposal of the "fremde Herrschaften." My young friend, however, had the manliness to

refuse every offer—the beds had all been taken before our arrival, and he could not think of disturbing anybody. Truth to say, with nice linen sheets, white as snow, and eider down pillows and coverlets, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with our shake-down of straw.

But all this was nothing compared with the trouble these good people took to prepare a suitable repast for the entertainment of such "vornehme Leute." The Danube, here a tiny rivulet, was taxed to supply our dinner-table with the most delicious of all fresh-water fish, the "Forellen." The farmyard and the apiary were put into requisition to furnish us with *gebratenes*, *gebackenes*, and *süssiges* of every description. Neither did the landlord fail to furnish us with the finest wines in his cellar, and even did us the honour himself of waiting at table. In short, no attention, no care, no kindness was spared in order that these good people should make us feel that we were treated more as guests than travellers; and, what was equally remarkable, the bill for all this trouble and good living was extremely moderate. But so it usually is in these remote places of Germany, when you leave the great beaten track of the traveller, and get among the primitive Germans of the good olden time, who have not been corrupted by the gold of ostentatious travellers.

On the following day, our landlord of the Falke, with the burgomaster, and one or two other notables of the little town of Donaueschingen, had the kindness to conduct us to the palace of the mediatized Prince Fürstenberg, in whose rather neglected pleasure-grounds they introduced us to what is believed to be the source of the Danube, enclosed in a neat basin, where it may be seen bubbling up and descending into a sort of subterranean channel, from whence, at some little distance lower down, it is again seen leaping out with increased strength, where, uniting with another tiny rivulet called the Briegach, it takes the name of Donau (Danube).

Historians and travellers, however, are not agreed about the source of the Danube, any more than they are about those of the Nile and the Niger. Some contend that the spring near the old convent, Saint George's, some twenty miles higher up in the mountains, is the origin; while others allege, with equal obstinacy, that it is to be found at a place called Hausebene, five miles still higher up. Be this as it may, the general opinion is that the basin of water in the palace garden of Prince Fürstenberg must be the true source, because the other two rivulets entirely disappear during the summer months, while the latter is always bubbling up and running, no matter how great may be the drought, or how long the summer. This opinion is, more-

over, further strengthened by the name of the town itself, Don-au-eschingens a most expressive Slavonic word, which means the source of a river in a meadow; that town having been founded by the Slavonians, supposed to be the original inhabitants of this part of Germany, long before the inroads of the Teutons.

From hence our friendly guides took us to the village of Swenningen, where they pointed out to us the source of another very considerable German river, the Neckar, which, after running through a great part of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and the kingdom of Würtemberg, falls into the Rhine at Mannheim.

In nearly every other part of the world but the Black Forest, glaciers and perpetual snows form the grand reservoir for the supply of water to mighty rivers. Here their place is amply supplied by a multitude of tiny rivulets; and so abundant are they, and never-failing, that the whole country, for miles around the town of Donaueschingen, may be compared to a vast sponge. And how interesting and remarkable it is that this sponge, so to speak, with its marshes, rills, springs, and tiny lakes, should be the never-failing source from whence to supply with water the two finest and most important rivers in Europe, the Danube and the Rhine; for although the latter has its source in the Swiss Alps, it is much indebted to the Neckar for the

large supply of water it receives from that fine river at Mannheim.

It has been often said that trifling causes give rise to great events; and what is true in the moral, we shall sometimes find to be the case in the physical world. Of this I had a striking example in the two tiny rills beneath my feet, the source from whence spring two rivers, that have done more towards civilizing mankind, than any other in this great planet of ours; and this they have done most effectually, by rushing onward to the two opposite extremities of the European Continent—the German Ocean on one side, and the Black Sea on the other. When I thought of this, and the numerous flourishing towns and cities that adorn the banks of these noble rivers, I could not forbear reflecting on the ingratitude of mankind in general, who seem to take more interest in the mystery that shrouds the source of the Nile and the Niger, than they do in the source of rivers to which they owe so much; yet the country in which they are situated is highly romantic and beautiful, while the inhabitants may be numbered among the most primitive, honest, and well-conducted in the Deutschen Fatherland.

CHAPTER XVI.

Journey through the Black Forest—Its Inhabitants—Schaffhausen and the Fall of the Rhine—Constance, and the Interest Attached to its Historical Recollections—Absence of Religious Prejudice in Germany—The Kaufhaus and its Curiosities—The Reformer Huss and his Murderers—Sketch from the Work of a Contemporary Writer on the Pope's Visit to Constance—The Great Council at Constance—Its Purport, and the Humanizing Influence it Exercised over the Pope, the Princes of the Church, and the other Rulers of Men.

SHORTLY after leaving Donaueschingen, the country became almost immediately wildly romantic. The huts of the peasants, few and far between, hanging here and there on the brow of a steep hill, or peeping out through the thick foliage of the gloomy pine, alone told that it was inhabited by man; for we were now on the summit of the highest range of mountains in the Black Forest. The few peasants we met with, said to be a mere remnant of the original lords of the land, are not a fine race. In vain I sought, even among the young and the robust, for a pleasing set of features, or a graceful form. No, they were all alike, whether old or young, coarse and unprepossessing,

at least in appearance; and not a few, I thought, frightfully ugly, disfigured as they were by that curse of mountain districts, the *goître*. Surely, thought I, if fair Helen resembled one of these houries of the Black Forest, the world would never have heard of the siege of Troy, or the song of Homer, its immortal bard. Still, notwithstanding their ill-favoured features, they are said to be an industrious, moral, well-meaning race. That they are courteous and obliging, we had abundant proofs, since they never failed, along the road, and in the villages, to present us with fresh strawberries of the most exquisite flavour, and to wish us a hearty God-speed and a happy journey.

On approaching Schaffhausen, the landscape all at once assumed a more cheerful appearance. The beech, the oak, the walnut, and the vine succeeded the gloomy pine; and expansive fertile valleys, the dark and barren dell. The inhabitants also, attired in their very becoming costume, appeared to be altogether a different race from those we had left behind us. The blue eye and broad shoulder, the elastic figure and expressive features, telling you, without seeking for it in the page of history, that they were the descendants of the warlike Teutons, that drove the former possessors of the land to seek their future home in the fastnesses of the Black Forest.

Schaffhausen offers but little to interest the

stranger in the present day. Its fine bridge, so long one of the wonders of the world, was totally destroyed by that modern Goth of the French army, General Oudinot; we therefore hurried onward to Lauffen, where the object of our journey, the cataract of the Rhine, is seen to perfection. All that I need say in the present day respecting this mighty rush of water, is, that we were fortunate in seeing it at a time when the Rhine was at its greatest height. It is not, however, so much the height of the fall, which rarely exceeds seventy feet, that constitutes the great beauty of the cataract, as the immense body of water you see broken into spray, as it is hurled by the force of the current over an abrupt ledge of projecting rocks; one of those freaks of nature which is rendered still more picturesque and romantic, should you happen to see it at a time when the full rays of the sun are brought to bear upon it, for then you have, in addition to the cataract, one of the most magnificent rainbows that can be conceived.

A pleasant drive of a few hours took us from here to Constance, in historical recollections one of the most important cities in Europe. There is no doubt of its having been founded by the Romans. In European history, the great interest attached to it commences from the time it became the seat of that famous assembly, the Great Council of Con-

stance, which for so many centuries exercised an authority in affairs of the Church superior to that of the popes. It was composed, not of bishops and elders, as it used to be in the times of the first fathers of the Church, but of deputies, civil and ecclesiastical, from every part of Christendom, convened, from time to time, more with the intent of remedying abuses of the Church, than of debating upon abstruse matters of faith. In fact, it was the first mighty effort of the intellect of the age to emancipate itself from the crushing tyranny of the Roman pontiffs, who, about this time, aspired to the sovereignty of the world, as belonging to them by divine right; and who, to show their contempt for any authority not emanating from themselves, laid their feet upon the necks of emperors and kings.

A full council usually numbered five hundred members, composed of sovereigns, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, professors of universities, doctors of theology, abbots, friars, and ambassadors from every part of the Christian world; over whom the Emperor of Germany, for the time being, acted as president. It was a species of Parliament, affording the various members an opportunity of stating before the Council any grievance in political or religious matters from which their country might be suffering.

History records many instances of the mighty

influence this famous assembly exercised in purifying the Church of its numerous abuses, and in limiting the prerogatives which the popes for so many centuries had usurped. It also tells us of the benefits mankind in general received from its equitable decrees, and the very able manner in which it deposed two pontiffs as powerful as their conduct was infamous. But unhappily for the interests of religion, and the prosperity of the Church it served so well, by one foul act, the treacherous seizure and cruel death of poor John Huss, it lost the confidence of all good men, and gave the first impulse to a Reformation, which has gone on increasing, and still increases, in every part of the world.

Time, that has laid in ruins so many of the public buildings, has spared the Minster, which may still be termed a fine Gothic edifice. Its great attraction, however, in the present day, is its connexion with the martyrdom of poor Huss, who was tried, sentenced to death, and drawn out from here on a hurdle, to be tied to a stake and burned to a cinder in the midst of the scoffs and jests of the ignorant multitude; and here may also be seen the brass plate let into the pavement, which marks the spot where the unhappy victim stood when he received sentence of death. All this is pointed out to you, and commented upon, in no flattering terms to the character of the Emperor Sigismund

—a name everywhere abhorred in Germany—through whose dastardly connivance, and utter breach of faith, the barbarous act was perpetrated.

Thanks to the Reformation, and that agent of civilization the printing-press, what a happy change has come over the spirit of mankind since the perpetration of such acts as these were the common events of every-day life. Imagine with what indignation the mention of an *auto-da-fé* would now be received throughout the whole civilized world. Why, the mere threat of perpetrating such a barbarity in our day, would be sufficient to seal the fate of Popery for ever. Even the most devout Roman Catholic, unless he was either a fool or a madman, would shrink with very shame from holding any connexion with a Church that could sanction such an outrage as the martyrdom of any human creature, whose only crime was his profession of faith.

I know not whether it arises from the strong common sense of the Germans, or the effects of the Thirty Years' War on the national character; it is, however, a well-known fact that of every other people in Europe there is none less inclined to quarrel with their neighbours on the mere score of professing a different creed. This is everywhere evidenced, not only in their social intercourse, but in the house of God, where it is by no

means uncommon to see the clergy of the two rival creeds performing Divine service, according to their own ritual, at the same time, in separate parts of the church, and afterwards mingling together, priests and people, on the most friendly terms, just as if they all belonged to the same congregation.

Perhaps it is not generally known that, immediately after the revolutionary outburst in Germany in 1849, an attempt was made, it is said at the instigation of the Austrian Government, to disturb this happy harmony in the religious feelings of the masses, under the impression that it was much easier to curb the longings of freedom in a people who were under the control of their priests, than those whose religious creed allowed them to think for themselves. Without vouching for the truth of the report, it is not the less certain that about this time Ultramontane ideas became highly fashionable with the upper ten thousand in Germany, as well as in other countries nearer home. Concordats were everywhere made with the Pope, and every underhand means resorted to for the purpose of winning back the erring masses to the old creed of their fathers. It is scarcely necessary to say that, among a people so thoughtful and so highly educated as the great mass of the Germans undoubtedly are, the attempt signally failed, and was only given up when it was

found that so much quarrelling about the truth of this or that peculiar tenet of faith, and all the other nonsense that was said and written about the miraculous effects of certain relics in certain churches, had the effect of making the Lutherans more protesting than ever, and their equally wide-awake neighbours the Romanists more and more inclined to leave the fold of the Shepherd of Rome altogether.

Among the numerous public buildings that at one time adorned the far-famed city of Constance, the Kaufhaus, with its splendid hall, still remains, an interesting monument of German architecture and German influence in the Middle Ages. But how are the mighty fallen! Out of the number of monasteries, nunneries, and other religious establishments, which the old German writers tell us were so magnificent and so richly endowed, only one has escaped the ravages of the thirty years' religious war, and that has been converted into a sort of market for the sale of fish and poultry. On the other hand, as if everything connected with the painful history of the poor Bohemian reformer was to last for ever, the house in which he took up his residence on his arrival here shows no symptoms of decay, neither does any of the other implements they show you connected with his unhappy martyrdom. There they are — stake, chains, and other implements of torture, all

looking as fresh and sound as if they had only been fabricated a few years ago. I cannot say the same of the worm-eaten, rickety thrones of the Emperor of Germany and the Pope, which are pointed out to you among other interesting antiquities of the time and place, either of which may now be occupied by any traveller, who has the courage to do so, at the trifling cost of handing over six kreutzers to the master of the ceremonies.

What a wonderful change has come over the spirit of the age since these two thrones were last occupied by the awful majesty of an Emperor and a Pope! The latter still clings, with the tenacity of a drowning man, to the mere semblance of one; but oh! how bereft of its ancient pomp and splendour! History is apt to repeat itself; it is, therefore, highly probable that the next generation may see an Emperor seated on the throne of Germany; but I think I may safely predict, without fear of being called a false prophet, that so long as the world lasts, there never will be again a Pope seated on the Pontifical throne, wielding the all-absorbing power and influence of its great founder, Gregory the Seventh.

Like everything else in this uncertain world of ours, where every created thing is doomed to decay and death, the mightiest empires have their appointed term, and the highest stage of their

elevation is not unfrequently the precursor of their decline. About the time upon which I am now writing the power and influence of the Popes might be said to be at their zenith. They were then in the full exercise of a spiritual despotism, so perfect in its machinery, and so artfully set in motion, as to cause the greatest monarch of the day to tremble at the sight of its slightest mandate. Yet, singular enough, as if fate had so willed it, the decline of their power almost immediately set in after the cruel death of a poor Bohemian monk, whose name in all probability would never have been heard of, had he not died the death of a martyr. It is true, the writings of such intrepid benefactors of mankind as our own Wickliff, John of Paris, Dante, and other eminent divines, had already done much towards removing the veil that had so long shrouded the failings and shortcomings of a system which, being founded on the holiest of all holy things—the sanctity of religion, enabled it to tyrannise, in these barbarous times, alike over prince and peasant.

Independent, however, of any other cause, nothing human could have much longer withstood the excess of power, and the abuses made of it by each succeeding pope. That alone would have been sufficient to pave the way to the downfall of a system which was too selfish, too exacting, and too illiberal to the rest of the world to last. And,

however much the pious Romanist in our day may lament over the faded splendour of his church, he ought in reality, as a good Christian, to rejoice on seeing that its influence, in conjunction with other influences in these enlightened days of ours, has been gradually, ever since its fall, moulding the world in its approach to a higher and much nobler destiny. He must indeed be the most senseless enthusiast—the veriest bigot, who has not at this time of day become a convert to the fact that knowledge begets knowledge, and that science, in opening to view the glories of the universe, has been the friend, instead of the enemy, to religion. Of all this mankind was deprived, so long as the whole civilized world groaned beneath the weight of a spiritual despotism, from which there was no relief, so ably had its creators laid their plans of making every other system of rule among men subservient to their own.

After all, if we analyse it, we shall find that the spiritual and temporal dominion of the popes, during their day of might and power, was nothing more than the old story of humanity played over again; they had their day, their struggles, their conquests, their losses, like that of their predecessors; and, like them, having risked their all on the cast of a die, they lost and fell, never to rise again.

The system, no doubt, was suited to the age, and could only have prospered at a time when an extravagant superstition held the whole Christian world in subjection; to which may be added that thunder of ecclesiastical anathema, *Excommunication*—so much dreaded by the greatest potentates of the day, ignorant as they were of the bounds which equity and common sense should have set to the authority of an ambitious priest; but, then, that priest was reverenced with a veneration approaching to that only due to the Deity. Still, as there are two sides to a question—in this light, at least—the mighty influence exercised by the Church must have benefited mankind in general, being the only tribunal society then had sufficiently powerful to protect it from the oppressive tyranny of every great and petty despot, who, we know, in that barbarous age, acknowledged no other arbiter than the sword—no other law than that "might was right."

With this single exception, the system altogether was too worldly and selfish to satisfy the ideal of man, and it must have been peculiarly so to have found its first and greatest enemy among the clergy—a class whose interest it might be supposed to benefit above every other. It is sufficient to say that it had its day, and perished, as all incomplete forms of governmental administration, whether political or religious, are sure to do.

That the gain has been great to the whole civilized world, we have only to look around us, and see how marvellously the Christian religion has developed itself, and how civilizing has been its progress ever since it cast off its fetters. Thus fulfilling, as it were, the very words of our Lord —"Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Perhaps there is not a more interesting chapter to be found in the history of the world than that which refers to the origin of the secular power of the popes, which, every student of history must know, had its source in a revolution and a republic—the Republic of Rome, over which Gregory the Second was elected by the S.P.Q.R. of Rome, as its Pontiff, in imitation of the ancient Romans. The details, however, are too long to be disposed of in a mere sketch; I must, therefore, for the present, confine myself to giving a few extracts from the work of the Abbé Ullenthal, a contemporary writer, who has left us an interesting description of the visit of a pope to the city of Constance in his day, and at a time when their power and influence might be said to have been at its zenith.

The worthy Abbé, after giving us a most minute account of the number of bonfires that blazed on the adjacent hills, the illuminations in the town, the triumphal arches, the bands of

young maidens, all dressed in white, holding in their hands baskets of flowers, that lined the streets and the highway, the troops of warriors, and pious pilgrims, says that His Holiness, on this occasion, was accompanied on his journey by not less than five hundred sovereign princes. And if we add to these the number of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and their retainers, who had come from various parts of Europe to do homage at the footstool of the greatest potentate then in the world, we can easily agree with him in believing that never before was there seen in any part of the world such a numerous gathering of the rulers of men.

Among other things, our author is equally minute in the account he has left us of the number of cooks and other servitors in the service of His Holiness, who, he says, were employed from morning till night in preparing a suitable repast for such a number of sovereigns and princes of the church, whose rank entitled them to take a seat at the same table with the successor of Saint Peter; and certainly not the least novel and interesting to our readers of the present day, is that part of his work in which he alludes to the little army of couriers and purveyors, whose duty it was to journey from one end of Europe to the other, in their search after all the good things that money could purchase, or piety furnish, towards replenish-

ing the larder of a master whose resources must have been boundless, to enable him to support such a luxurious style of living.

I think I have now extracted sufficient details from the work of this old author to convince the most sceptical of my readers that the princes of the Church, in his day, were jolly good fellows. They were, in truth, the real lords of the land, and enjoyed its wine and oil without hindrance or restraint, and might do so still, had it not been for that mortal enemy of theirs, the printing press, together with the searching inquiries of such obstinate, meddling busy-bodies as the monk Luther and his successors proved themselves to be. How often extremes meet. In this instance, at least, we have a striking example, if we contrast the merry jovial life these old fathers of the Church must have led, with that of their Puritanical successors in the present day, who never leave home without a prayer-book in their hand, nor lose that peculiar sanctified look and manner which mark them so distinctly from every other class or profession of men.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Great Council of Constance in 1849—Its Dispersion by the Present King of Prussia—Steamboat Travelling on the Lake of Constance—Legend of the Shrine of St. Gebhard—Bregentz—Beautiful Scenery—Passports—Strictness of the Austrian Regulations—Swabian Alps—Original Home of the Hohenzollern Family—Biographical Sketches—The Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns—German Railways—Railway-carriages in Würtemberg.

IN the annals of nations, how often does history repeat itself! The city of Constance, that had lain, as it were, entombed for so many centuries, became again in 1849 the seat of the Great German Republican Council, an assembly which had for its object the dethronement of thirty-eight sovereign princes; thus assuming as its avowed intention a far higher flight than its predecessor, the Great Council of Constance, had ever dreamed of, even at the very zenith of its power. In plain language, Constance had become the head-quarters of a very powerful body of conspirators, whose end and aim was to unite all Germany into one Grand Republic; and never, perhaps, since the martyrdom of poor Huss, was there seen within

its walls such an excited multitude, the only difference being that for the cry of "Death to the Heretics!" was substituted "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality!"

As I have neither time nor space to do more than allude to this mighty gathering of the German Republicans, of whom the hero of the day, and chief actor, was the well-known Frederic Hecker, I can only say that after several desperate encounters with the Prussians, under the command of the present King of Prussia, then Crown Prince, they were scattered to the winds. It might, however, have had a very different termination if Mierolowski, the Republican general, had succeeded in his well-laid plan of making a prisoner of the Prussian prince, with the greatest part of his army, which all impartial writers admit he could have done, were it not that a Prussian spy had sufficient time to reach the prince and his army before they fell into the trap. Still it is very doubtful, even if they were successful, that a Republic in any shape would meet with the views of a people so firmly attached to the traditions of history as the Germans are known to be.

As a proof of this, the cry for unity under one sovereign, which was raised spontaneously and simultaneously all over Germany at the commencement of the movement, was nothing more than the reconstruction of a Germanic Empire, as it existed

previous to its destruction by the first Napoleon; and the comparative ease with which the Republican movement was defeated is a strong evidence that the great mass of the German people were inimical to a Republican form of government. In short, the great difference between this calculating, thoughtful people and their more impulsive neighbours, the French, is that they know how to put a limit to their desires. It must also be taken into account that the inhabitants of South Germany, where the Republican movement had first shewn itself, have more of the volatile disposition of the fiery Gaul than their countrymen in other parts of Germany.

This time my companion and myself availed ourselves of a steam-packet as our means of conveyance, which afforded us a good opportunity of seeing the whole of the scenery on the banks of this magnificent lake to the best advantage. After traversing its whole length, about nine German miles, we landed at Bregentz, the first town in the Austrian Empire.

Here my young Osmanli companion made his first essay as an Alpine traveller, by ascending the Gebhardsberg, from whence we enjoyed a very fine prospect, embracing, as it does, a part of the Austrian Empire, the kingdoms of Bavaria and Würtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden. We also obtained a fine view of the Swiss valley of the

Upper Rhine, as far as the base of the Alps at Appenzell, together with the whole of the lake of Constance, and the cataract at Schaffhausen.

Whether it arises from an innate love of the marvellous in the German character, or a taste for romance and superstition, certain it is you will find supernatural legends current among the people in every part of Fatherland, more especially in those districts where the inhabitants still adhere to the old faith, as they do here. The mountain from which we had just descended is celebrated all over Germany, and it may be in every Roman Catholic country in Christendom, for the romantic history attached to the shrine of Saint Gebhard—one of those half-crazy priests in the olden time, who were accustomed to eschew the haunts of man and live a life of solitude and penance. Nothing less would satisfy the religious craving of the hero of our legend than to pitch his tent on the summit of this bleak and dreary mountain, where he lived and died, and to which he bequeathed his name.

It appears the holy man, from some cause or other—the legend does not say—had taken under his especial protection those fair ladies who are desirous to present their lord and master with a son and heir; which they will do to a certainty if they only take the trouble of making a pilgrimage to his shrine, and saying before it a prescribed number of Ave-Marias, Pater-nosters, &c. Do

not imagine, reader, I have been drawing upon my imagination for your immediate gratification. No such thing; facts are facts, and in this case, at once confirmed by the gigantic son of the Church you see before you, who resides here, and whose duty it is, as a paid servant of the Austrian Government, to direct the prayers and supplications of the fair pilgrims who come here with such a laudable intent. Should you be sceptic enough, however, to doubt the miraculous power of the saint, you have only to inspect the large, richly-gilt folios full of the names of the pious dames whose prayers had been granted—and not a few of those of the very highest rank.

Among the other luxuries of travelling in our day, we may now number the partial exemption from that intolerable grievance, the passport system, for which we have to thank the enlightened despotism of the present ruler of France. As a proof of this, I had now traversed the entire length of France, from the British Channel to the Rhine, and from thence through the dominions of several of the minor princes of Germany, without a demand having been made upon me to produce a passport. There are, however, certain countries, owing to the faultiness of their internal organization, that cannot, without actual danger, harmonize with a movement so much in unison with this industrial age of ours; and Austria is one of these.

I had a practical example of this on reaching Bregentz, the first town in this part of the Austrian Empire where, *nolens volens*, I had no other choice than that of surrendering myself a prisoner to the Philistines of the Passport Office, until its chief should pronounce a verdict in my favour. In this, thanks to the *Civis Romanus sum* of an Englishman, backed by a Foreign Office passport, signed "Earl Russell," my travelling companion and myself were more fortunate than a party of travellers whose passports represented them to be citizens of the United States. It was easy to see, in the knowing look of the grand inquisitor, *alias* chief of the Passport Office, that he was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. A glance was sufficient to tell him that their passports were not *en règle*—they wanted the *visa* of the Austrian ambassador, without which no strangers were permitted to cross the frontier of the Austrian Empire. Expostulation, threats of what the mighty Republic would do if he persisted in his refusal, were all thrown away—the despot of the bureau was inexorable; they must retrace their steps, or submit to the indignity of being compelled to do so at the point of the bayonet.

They were, in truth, a rough-looking lot, scorched and tanned as they were by the burning sun of America; it was easy, however, to see that they had not a single trait of the Yankee either in

their features, manners, or bearing, and this the sharp Austrian official discovered at a glance. Poor fellows! they had been my fellow-travellers on board the steam-packet from Constance to this place. They were, in reality, natives of Poland, spoke our language remarkably well, had served in the Federal army, and contrived, by some means or other, to scrape together a sufficient amount of money to enable them to live at comparative ease for the rest of their lives. Whatever they might have been in early youth, before they emigrated to America, a long pilgrimage in the land of the stranger had taught them to moderate their opinions about the so-called blessings of a government based upon vote by ballot and universal suffrage. They spoke altogether disparagingly of the great American Republic, the state of society, and what they termed the rule of the mob—so much so, that they preferred to leave that El Dorado of the rights of man, and return to their old homes in Galicia, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having for a ruler a foreign prince, and living under a government so absolute as that of Austria.

Much as we may sympathise with the grievances of these poor travellers, and condemn the policy of a government so outrageously despotic as this, yet, if we reflect for a moment, menaced as it is, sooner or later, with another insurrectionary

outbreak in Galicia, to say nothing of the elements of discord existing in Hungary, Slavonia, Venetia, and elsewhere, we can scarcely wonder at the strict watch it is obliged to keep on the frontier of such an extensive empire as this. It is nevertheless to be deplored, because it not only arrests everything in the shape of commercial development, but proclaims to the world its own weakness. It is true, Rome was not built in a day, and now that the young Emperor Francis Joseph seems disposed to pursue a system of administration more enlightened and liberal than that of his predecessors, much may yet be done, even at the eleventh hour, towards consolidating an empire so admirably placed, to serve as a sort of bulwark against the ambitious pretences of the only two powers now in Europe, France and Russia, that are likely to disturb the peace of the world.

After making a few more excursions in the neighbourhood of Bregentz and the Upper Rhine, we again took the steamboat at Rheineck, in Switzerland, and once more crossed the lake to the old town of Lindau, in Bavaria. Here, by way of change, we took the rail as far as Stuttgart, and passed through some of the most interesting and picturesque districts of old Swabia. Among other interesting points of view hallowed by historical recollection, my attention was drawn to the ruins of an old castle, perched on the summit

of a high mountain, which, my fellow-travellers assured me, was the original home of the Hohenzollern family, now the reigning princes of Prussia. It appears that so early even as the days of Charlemagne, these Counts of Zollern exercised a sort of sovereignty over this part of Swabia; but whether as bandit lords, or legitimist rulers, the record does not say. It merely tells us that, at a later date, one of these counts managed to obtain the hand of a daughter of the Imperial House of Hohenstauffen, through whose interest he was elected to the high dignity of being made Seneschal of the free town of Nürnberg—a much coveted post of honour and emolument in those days. They were evidently the Coburgs of their day, these Swabian Zollerns, since we find, in the same record, mention made of another prince of this ambitious family, Count Conrad by name, uniting his destinies with the daughter of the Emperor Rudolph, of Habsburg; thus connecting, singular enough, by the ties of consanguinity, the two rival houses of Germany, Austria and Prussia, whose sovereigns claim the same illustrious descent through the female line—the only difference being, that while the Zollerns, who now call themselves Hohenzollern, never wanted for a male heir, that of Habsburg died out, and was again revived in the Duke of Lorraine, who, having married the heiress of that ancient house, Maria

Theresa, of Austria, took the name of Habsburg.

It has been said over and over again by travellers that slowness, with no inconsiderable mixture of caution, is one of the most distinguishing features in the character of the German people; nevertheless, on political questions, I have seen them exhibit a degree of enthusiasm bordering on insanity, as in the case of the Schleswig-Holstein-Danish affair, which appears destined to end in a war between Austria and Prussia. Generally speaking, however, they infinitely prefer—more especially when their student days are at an end—to glide gently down the stream of life, and never to disturb their equanimity by any very hurried proceedings. This philosophical method of passing through the world characterizes every part of their railway administration. As a proof of this, I have been creeping, ever since I left the lake of Constance, at the rate of about ten English miles an hour, and even this snail's-pace seems too rapid for the nerves of my fellow-travellers, if I might judge from the frequent cries of "Ach, mein Gott!" whenever we rattled over a bridge, or were carried along the brow of some steep precipice. Still, this very deliberate method of travelling has this advantage, that a railway accident is of rare occurrence in Germany. It is also said to promote economy in fuel, and as it suits the requirements of the people, and

the commerce of the country, the traveller must be content to accept safety as a substitute for speed.

With respect to the system of administration, so far as the traveller is concerned, nothing can be more satisfactory. Everything is carried on with the precision and regularity of clockwork. The officials are remarkably civil and attentive to their respective duties. You are not driven about, and penned up, like a flock of sheep, until the moment arrives to let you loose, as in France. Here you are as free to move about, and take your seat in a carriage, as in England. Except in the case when your luggage is over the prescribed weight, railway travelling is less expensive in Germany than in any other country in Europe; but as this only affects the pocket of the rich, the poor man, who travels with the common necessaries of a traveller, has no cause to complain. In general, the carriages are clean, airy, and commodious—in many respects preferable to those in England, more especially the third-class ones, which, here, are quite as commodious in their construction as the first, the only difference being that they are not furnished with the luxury of being padded and having cushions.

The railway carriages in the kingdom of Würtemberg especially deserve commendation, as they have been constructed after the model of those in

the United States of America. They are at once lofty, airy, and well-lighted; and as each separate compartment forms in itself a large roomy carriage for the reception of travellers, connected together by a tiny bridge which enables the guard to pass from one to the other, it is very evident that carriages constructed upon this principle must be the best safeguard a traveller can have from falling a victim to the fury of a madman, of being burned to death, or robbed and murdered by a brigand—to all of which you are exposed while penned up in the box-like railway carriages built on the European system. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, carriages constructed on the American principle are not popular. The Germans urge that they are disagreeably cold in winter; and, at best, noisy and uncomfortable. Everything considered, it must be confessed these objections are not altogether unfounded, when we remember the severity of a German winter, and the current of icy cold wind that is certain to pass through one of these long passages, like carriages whenever the door is opened at each end, to admit the egress and the ingress of so many passengers at the same time. Neither is their Babel-like chatter altogether agreeable, should you feel disposed to indulge in a little social chit-chat with your nearest neighbour. On the present occasion, I was so far fortunate in procuring a seat in a corner of one of

these carriages, *vis-à-vis* two travellers, who, like myself, were bound for Stuttgart. There is but little reserve on the part of a well-bred German, more especially if he happens to meet with an Englishman. With respect to myself, as an old traveller, I am too thoroughly cosmopolitan not to be at home in any part of the world; consequently, our little party soon became as communicative and friendly as if we had known each other for years; and as my companions happened to be highly intellectual men of the world, and had mingled much in good society—the one being no less a personage than a professor of philosophy in a German university, and the other an M.D. attached to the household of the Grand Duke of Baden—the time glided on most pleasantly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Opinions of the German Intellectual Classes on the Writings of Bishop Colenso—Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Liberalism in Bavaria—An Interesting *Tête-à-tête*—An Old Traveller discovers that All is not Gold that glitters.

HITHERTO the conversation I held with nearly every German I met with was certain to turn on the question of German unity and the prospect of a war between Austria and Prussia, arising out of the Schleswig-Holstein Danish affair. On the present occasion, the subject of our discourse was purely intellectual, being, of every other, the one on which I was most desirous of obtaining some trustworthy information. It originated in the inquiries of my companions respecting the writings of Bishop Colenso, and how his opinions had been received by the intellectual classes in England. This gave rise to an animated discussion on the very remarkable and unexpected movement which had lately manifested itself among a large portion of what may be called the working clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany,

a movement so liberal, and so entirely opposed to everything in the shape of sectarian prejudice, as to promise results at once important and desirable.

It commenced, it appears, in Bavaria, of every other part of Germany the one that had been the most notorious for the bigotry and fanaticism of its inhabitants. As everything in Germany, to be successful, must be influenced in some shape or other by the ruling power, it is so far promising in having had from the first an able supporter in Maximilian, the late King of Bavaria, and in his amiable consort, a princess of Prussia; it is therefore to be hoped that his son and successor will follow the footsteps of his enlightened father, and foster, by every means in his power, the endeavours of those liberal-minded ecclesiastics who are now labouring to render the spirit of their Church more in accordance with the enlightenment of the age. It must not, however, be imagined that the movement aims at subverting the peculiar tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. No such thing. The sole object of its supporters is to emancipate opinion from the chains of sectarian prejudice, and to establish in its place something like Christian charity.

It is needless to point out to the intellectual reader the importance of a movement like this, or the consequences it is certain to produce among a people who, like the Germans, are at once inquiring

and reflective. At the same time, if we look around us, we shall find, on examination, that the whole of the literature of civilized Europe bears unmistakeable traces of this new spirit of the age; with the exception of that under the immediate control of the Ultramontanes. It will also be seen that even the scepticism of the day has taken a more moral and intellectual tone than that assumed by the coarse, shallow reasoners of the Voltairian school, which was so much in fashion about the close of the last century. There still are, and always will be, men who disbelieve in everything in the shape of revealed religion, that is not capable of mathematical demonstration. But it is very rarely now that you find anybody so silly as to question the existence of a Supreme Being.

Since the commencement of time, religion, in some shape or other, has occupied the first place in the heart of man, and the more civilized he is, the more anxious he becomes to obtain a knowledge of the truth. On the other hand, should he feel dissatisfied with what he has been taught to believe, no earthly power can deter him from pursuing what his conscience and common sense tells him must be true. In accordance with this new movement in Germany, a species of levelling process has been going on for some time among the intellectual classes in every part of civilized Europe, that promises, even without the assistance

of the clergy, to efface altogether that bane of society, religious prejudice, accompanied, as it is, by a sincere respect for genuine religious feeling, and a hearty contempt for every profession of faith that encourages cant or hypocrisy. This is the reason, it is said, that new religious sects do not now spring into existence, as they did in former days—from which we may infer that the common sense of the age is content with the formularies of one or other of the great leading churches of Christendom.

Generally speaking, none of the Continental people, not even the French, are more obstinate than the Germans in maintaining their opinions on any subject they may take up. It is useless to attempt to contradict them, for they are generally so well informed in most things, and so well acquainted with history, you are at once overwhelmed with such an avalanche of quotations from this or that author, sacred or profane, as to be rendered absolutely helpless. Up to the present time I have merely given an outline of the subject we had been discussing, but now that the conversation had assumed a character totally at variance with our quiet English manner of viewing things connected with the past and the future, the speakers must express their own sentiments, leaving the reader to decide for himself as to the soundness of their opinions. That they sincerely

desired the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and, above all, were anxious for the extension and triumph of the Christian religion, in its purely charitable spirit, cannot be doubted.

"Of this tolerant spirit, and really Christian feeling," said the Doctor, "now so happily diffused among us, we have abundant proofs in the thousands of wealthy philanthropists who are now devoting themselves, in all our great European cities, to minister to our poorer brethren. Even in our own little towns, where the means of the inhabitants at best is of a most limited nature, no sooner is a scheme of benevolence proposed than money flows in to its promoters from every quarter, and not unfrequently from nameless benefactors. Is not this a most convincing proof of the existence of Christianity in its noblest form? Is it not a proof that the duty of the rich towards the poor is now better understood in our generation than ever it was before? All of which we owe to the first great French Revolution; for as lightning purifies the air in which we breathe, so has the changes it has wrought on the government and temper of the ruling classes been beneficial to mankind, and in nothing more so than in causing the downfall and prestige of a Church which till then held in thraldom the intellect of the world."

"You cannot, at least, deny," exclaimed my two companions, at nearly the same moment, their

excitement increasing the more I disagreed with their favourite theory, which, truth to say, is entertained by nine-tenths of the intellectual classes you meet on the Continent, of this class and standing in society—"You cannot, at least, deny," now argued the professor of philosophy, "that by no other means in the power of man, but violence of the most outrageous nature, could you strike at the root of a power based, as it was in that benighted age, on the holiest aspirations of man—religion. You must also be aware that a deed of such sacrilege as this was then believed to be by a superstitious world, could never have been effected by any other people but the French, who had then, as if inspired by some hidden agency, thrown off, in a delirium of excitement, as a useless incumbrance, everything in the shape of revealed religion. No, no, my friend, believe me, we may argue till the end of time, we may refute each other's opinions, we may weary ourselves with useless discussions, still, you will be obliged to come to the conclusion of the sage, who left us these remarkable words, 'Out of evil cometh forth good.' In some measure the evil has, happily for mankind, passed away. Much of the good remains. Nay, you yourself gave a verdict to this effect when you said that ours was a great age, and that Christianity was never better understood, or less corrupt, than in our day.

"No, no! my friend, believe me when I tell you that the French were nothing more than an instrument in the hands of an insulted God. Religion, morals, manners, all were corrupt—corrupt to the very core, and when the day of reckoning came, the greatest sufferers were the mighty ones of the earth, the rulers of men, and their host of titled lords, who had sinned the most deeply. After all, you have only to take up your Bible, and peruse the history of the Jews, from their first appearance on the stage of the world to their final dispersion, when you will find that the French Revolution was nothing more than a repetition, as it were, of what they did, and how they were punished. Again, every page of profane history tells the same tale, and so it will be till the end of time. Abuse of power, crime, irreligion, and immorality may run their course, but will be certain, when the allotted period arrives, to meet with the punishment they deserve. This ought to serve as a warning to those whom heaven has appointed to guide the destinies of man."

Our conversation was now most disagreeably interrupted by the loud tinkling of the railway-bell, and the hoarse cry of the guard, "Stuttgart! Stuttgart!" indicating that here I must part from my *compagnons de voyage*, which I very much regretted. There cannot be a doubt that a traveller who possesses a thorough knowledge of the lan-

guage of the country through which he is travelling may gain a great deal of reliable information respecting the opinions of the inhabitants on all the great leading topics of the day, even in a railway-carriage. Of course, a traveller must be careful in the selection of his companions, and how far what he hears may be depended upon. If he judges rightly, he will be certain to gain more accurate information than if he set out with a pocket full of letters of recommendation, and for this reason—that there will be no attempt made by those with whom he converses indirectly to exhibit both themselves and whatever is connected with their country to the best advantage. I always found professional men better informed and more inclined to enter into an agreeable chit-chat than any other. Still, a traveller while on the road must be very cautious whom he associates with; even the most experienced is liable to be deceived now and then, as I was only a few years since. I had, however, the consolation—and very consoling it was—that I was duped on this occasion by one of a nation who are all by nature more or less actors.

It will be sufficient for my purpose to say that I had taken my place in the express night train from Paris to Marseilles, on my route to Algeria and Morocco. There was nothing remarkable in my fellow-travellers, nor in their conversation,

until we arrived at the third or fourth station, when we received an addition to our party in the person of a passenger as remarkable for the neatness of his equipment as the perfectly gentlemanly style of his general appearance. Everything about him exhibited the taste of a man of the upper ten-thousand, who had plenty of money at his command, and was accustomed to the best society.

Up to the present time, as the conversation of my fellow-travellers had consisted of nothing more interesting to a stranger than the prospects of the harvest and the vintage, I half dozed in the corner of the carriage, quietly enjoying my cigar.

"Ah! monsieur," exclaimed our new *voyageur*, "what a splendid cigar that is you are smoking! I knew it to be an Havanna, by the aroma, the moment I entered the carriage. You cannot get such a thing now in France at any price, unless you import them yourself, and then you must get a special order to do so from the Government. Nevertheless, fine as yours undoubtedly are, I think mine are equally good," said he, handing me at the same time his cigar-case to help myself.

This led to a most animated conversation; and if I was struck by the *distingué* appearance of the stranger at first, half an hour's conversation showed me that he was a man of rare ability. Like myself, he was also a great traveller; had been all over Europe, and a great part of Asia and Nor-

thern Africa, spoke several of the languages of Europe with great fluency, as well as a little Russian and Turkish; and while comparing notes, I found he was as well acquainted with the manners and customs of the various countries he had visited as myself—a very unusual thing in Frenchmen, who have nothing of the passion of the English for travelling, and rarely speak any foreign language sufficiently well to make themselves understood.

During the whole night we amused ourselves with details of our adventures, and anecdotes of the strange characters we had met with during our travels; took refreshments together at the different *buffets* along the line; treated each other in the same friendly, confiding manner as if we had known each other for years. Nothing occurred to interrupt our harmony until I arrived at Marseilles, where, having secured a place in the steamer bound for Algiers, we sat down to a comfortable breakfast at our hotel. I had, however, scarcely taken the first mouthful, when the waiter entered, telling me there was a gentleman waiting to see me in the adjoining room. A glance was sufficient to tell me that the person who had sent for me was an agent of the police.

"Monsieur est Anglais?" said he, rather abruptly.

"Oui, monsieur."

"I thought so. You have come direct from Paris, and you are on your way to Algiers; you took some refreshment at Lyons, and drank a bottle of old Chambertin with your *compagnon de voyage* of the railway-carriage."

"Most accurately described," I replied.

"Did you ever meet with the gentleman before?"

"Never."

"Of course, then, you know nothing of his history or antecedents?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"No doubt you found him a very pleasant companion?"

"I never met with one more agreeable or gentlemanly."

"So much the worse for those he selects as his victims. Just look and see if you have lost anything."

"No; here is my money all right in my pocket-book, and there are my despatches in the breast-pocket of my coat."

"Marvellous!—most marvellous!" cried my interrogator. "You will no doubt be astonished when I tell you that you have made the acquaintance of one of the most accomplished *chevaliers d'industrie* at this moment in all Europe, who, notwithstanding his disreputable calling, is a nobleman, and related to some of the first families

in France. We have nothing against him at present, for the very best reason, that he has only just completed his term of imprisonment; but he is such a wonderful actor, and his disguises are so numerous, and so true to nature, that even the Argus eye of the most vigilant *agent de police* is deçeived. Indeed, it was only by the slightest chance I recognised him, and then I owe it entirely to that strong bottle of Burgundy he helped you to drink at Lyons; but so it is, and has ever been, in nine cases out of ten, the cleverest men in crime that I have had to do with lose their wits when they take a glass too much."

On saying this, he turned on his heel, and most unceremoniously quitted the room. I was bewildered. I knew not what to think. Might it not be a case of mistaken identity?—some persons so much resemble each other. The more I thought—the more I considered the matter—the more I believed I had arrived at the right conclusion. What, so perfect a gentleman as that to be a common pilferer!—a common pickpocket!—Preposterous! I had lost nothing—on the contrary, he had plenty of money at command, and throughout the journey paid his share of whatever we had in common, as every other high-spirited gentleman would have done. I was lost in amazement, and full of confidence in the honourable character of my friend, I entered the breakfast-room, and

laughingly said, in the off-hand manner of a man who disbelieves *in toto* what he is about to say,

"Do you know, *mon ami*, that I have just had a visit from an *agent de police*, who has told me that you are one of the greatest *escrocs* of the day?—one of the most accomplished *chevaliers d'industrie* at this moment in Europe?"

"Monsieur! have you seen anything in my conduct, during our short acquaintance, to warrant such a supposition?" he answered, drawing himself up with all that indignation of manner and bearing that might be expected from a gentleman who felt himself injured by unjust suspicion.

"Nothing!" I exclaimed—"on the contrary, in all my travels I never met with a companion I liked so much, nor one that was more amusing, and all I regret is that I did not kick the fellow downstairs!"

"Don't be so hasty, monsieur. Appearances are all in my favour, but, alas! every word the agent told you is too true. I am a sorry dog, for, having lost all that I had, and afterwards what my friends and relations could spare, I have been compelled, for the last four or five years, to live by my wits. Still, during all that time I never forgot that I am a gentleman. My quarries, when I want money, are those that prey upon the weakness of their fellow-creatures—your princes of the

State and Church, your rich *financiers*, bankers, and stock-jobbers; but never yet have I taken a cent from a poor gentleman. My scouts at the Hôtel des Princes, where you were staying, put me on a false scent. I certainly did intend to do a little business on my own account, at your expense, when I took my place with you in the same carriage; and now you must be aware of the numberless opportunities I had of taking every farthing you were possessed of, if I was so inclined. But no; I very soon saw you had no money to spare, and to spoil such as you, monsieur, would be worse than sacrilege. Above all, you charmed me with your conversation and adventures; you made me happy; I was again a gentleman, and you treated me as one. It recalled to my remembrance the brighter period of my life —the time when I was free from crime—the spoiled child of a doting mother, who denied her darling boy nothing that wealth could purchase. And now, monsieur, having told you something of my sad, eventful life, I am sure you will grant me one favour: Please retire into the adjoining room for just five minutes, while I pack up the few things I have, and be off."

On my return, instead of my travelling companion, I found a commissionaire from the Messagerie Imperiale Steam Packet Office, who had been sent for my luggage, and to say that,

owing to a telegraphic message just come from Paris, the steamer would sail in less than a quarter of an hour. Having no time to lose, I hurried on board, and when in the act of placing a piece of money in the hand of my conductor, a peculiar look, and a deep-drawn sigh, told me at a glance whom I had before me: but so completely transformed in appearance as to defy the possibility of recognition. I had merely a moment to say—

"Go on the stage—that is your true vocation. Do not forget this; there is my card—write and let me know if I can be of any service to you."

In all my travels, in all my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, whether civilized or semi-barbarian, I never met with one, however vicious, who had not something good in his nature, if you happened to strike the right chord. The high-born titled *roué*, who, up to this time had been celebrated only for crime, all at once vanished from the world, as if he never had been. In short, he adopted the counsel I had given him, changed his name, and is now one of the most popular actors of the day, as much respected for his virtues, as he is admired for his talents, by every man of his acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIX.

Peasantry of Würtemberg—Stuttgart and its Public Buildings—Great Wealth of the Würtemberg Royal Family—Where the Money comes from—How the Electors of Germany became Kings and Reigning Grand Dukes—Unpopularity of the King and Queen—Marquard Hotel—Luxurious Living—Arrival at Ulm—The Danube—General Mack's Shameful Capitulation to the French in 1805—Poor Austria.

YOU may become satiated, after a time, with the sublime beauties of an Alpine landscape, more especially should you happen to meet, oftener than you wish, with the *goitre*, and those abortions of creation the *cretins*; but you are never tired of a country where you see the vine growing luxuriously, for there you are always certain to find a lively, happy-looking people; such I now found the peasantry of this little kingdom of Würtemberg, as I approached its capital, Stuttgart. As it happened to be Sunday, that universal holiday on the Continent in Europe, wherever the eye rested, there they were to be seen, decked out in their gayest costume, looking for all the world like so

many antique figures peeping out of a gay work of tapestry. Happy people! from century to century, their dress, their wants, and wishes have been the same. How much, then, is it to be hoped that that matter-of-fact thing, the rail, will spare to us this last remnant of the romance of an age never more to return. I was very much struck with the healthy appearance of these blond beauties of old Swabia, their rosy cheeks and smiling features showing off to great advantage beneath the sable lace of their winged caps; they were, in truth, meet companions for their stalwart lords, who also looked remarkably well in their broad hats, and jackets overloaded with real silver buttons. How much better is all this than that inordinate love of finery which has seized hold of our own giddy peasantry, since crinoline, and all the other *outré* fashions of the day, came to us from that godless people on the other side of the Channel, leading to more unhappiness in social life than was ever known before among that class.

If broad, open streets, fine spacious squares, palaces, theatres, barracks, *corps de guard*, with their parks of artillery, and other signs and tokens of a Royal residence, warrant the comparison, Stuttgart may well deserve the name of the little Paris. It is, in truth, a very pretty town to look at, and one in which, those who are not slaves to the excitements and emotions attendant upon a

sojourn in a larger city, might well pass a month or two. Beautiful as Stuttgart really is, more especially when you take your stand of inspection in the Königs Platz, still, I could not refrain from remarking to my companion the great similarity this *petit* Paris of the Würtembergers bears to the other Lilliputian capitals of the petty states of Germany, appearing as if they had all sprung into existence within the last half century, and had been built to order from the same design and by the same architect.

There can be little doubt that the first Napoleon was the Mephistopheles that effected this great change in the fortunes of these little towns. What a master-stroke of policy was that of his, and how fatal to the hope of Germany ever becoming a first-rate power, when he placed diadems upon the heads of its electors, who up till then were nothing more or less than subjects of the Great Germanic Empire. How could it be expected, when these electors became kings and reigning grand-dukes, that they would continue to vegetate in the mouldy old Schloss with which their fathers had been contented? Impossible. How was it possible for them to uphold the regal splendour to which they were so suddenly elevated, without their town and country palaces, their Oberhofmarschalls, Oberstallmeisters, Oberkämmerers, their life-guards, Champs de Mars, and all the other luxuries and

delights which constitute the splendour of a Royal court.

While viewing with astonishment all this magnificence of the Würtemberg *petit* Paris, the first idea that strikes the stranger is how has the national exchequer been able to furnish the necessary for the creation and support of all he sees. It could not have been derived from the taxation of a people who number little more than a million and a half, and are very poor into the bargain; least of all did it come in the shape of a gift from the great king-maker himself, who we know had no money to spare; and even if he had, he was too sagacious a politician to give it in the shape of a bribe for securing the allegiance of a vassal so completely in his power as a petty German prince.

After a little meditation, you are reminded of the commands Peter the Great laid upon his descendants when he said to them these memorable words: "Above all things, if you would elevate Holy Russia to the first empire in the world, increase your influence in Germany, and this you will best do, without exciting the suspicion of the other great European Powers, by means of dowries and annuities to the petty princes." I believe it is now pretty well known that the whole of these little sovereigns of Germany are either more or less pensioners of Russia in some shape or other, and this is one of the reasons that, let what will

happen, you will always find them leaning to the side of Russia, when anything is agitated affecting the interests of that power.

With respect to Würtemberg, the Russian royal family have improved upon the commands left to them by their great ancestor; for of all the petty princes of Germany, there are none so completely Russian in this sense as the King of Würtemberg. The first wife of the late king was the well-known Princess Catherine of Russia; his niece, the Grand Duchess Helena, was the widow of the Grand Duke Michel; and the present king is married to the Princess Olga, daughter of Nicholas, the late Emperor of Russia. Prussia, we know, is also very nearly allied to the Russian royal family. In short, with the exception of Austria, the whole of the reigning sovereigns of Germany are more or less allied to the Russian royal family, by marriage or by pecuniary interests; for although the Bavarian royal family, as strict Roman Catholics, do not intermarry with the schismatic Russians, they are, nevertheless, closely connected with the court of Russia through the marriage of the Archduchess Maria, also of Russia, with the Bavarian Duke of Leuchtenberg.

What with the Marriage Act of our George the Third, and the commands of Peter the Great to his descendants, which are binding on all succeeding

sovereigns of Holy Russia, the princes of Germany have a wide field open to them of becoming husbands to the daughters of the two wealthiest sovereigns in the world, denied to their brothers of Germany, and other countries who still adhere to the old faith. Can we, then, wonder, with such a never-failing source of wealth at their command, that they should be able to build sumptuous palaces, and live in right regal style?

I was sorry to find that the present King of Würtemberg is not popular with his subjects. Is it that these sturdy Swabians are becoming more and more inoculated with the union mania, and regard their sovereign as one of the obstacles standing in the way of the accomplishment of their wishes?—or is it, as some say, that the court has become more Russian than German since the death of the late king? Be this as it may, the disrespect manifested by both the military and the people towards their sovereign, and the other members of the royal family, must have been most marked to necessitate such strange orders of the day as you see officially posted up in all the barracks and guard-houses, laying down certain compulsory rules with the utmost exactness of detail, when, how, and where the sovereign, his family, and household are to be saluted, including the royal carriages, even when they are empty; regulations, which, it must be confessed, breathe more

of the military despotism of Russia than the good-nature which usually characterizes the sayings and doings of a true-hearted German prince.

As might be expected, the whole of the blame is thrown on the pretty shoulders of Queen Olga, who, if she is not very much slandered, does now and then display a somewhat arbitrary disposition, and rules not only those around her, but even His Majesty the King, with a strength of self-will and determination from which there is no appeal. Truth to say, if we take into account the character of the Swabians of Würtemberg, than whom there is not in all Germany a better behaved nor a more kind-hearted, courteous people, I am afraid that the sovereign is to blame. I can at least testify to their good qualities, having lived some little time in Stuttgart myself, and mingled freely in every class of society, during the reign of the late king, who was one of the most popular sovereigns in Germany.

We took up our quarters at the Marquard, in the Königs Platz, one of the largest and best conducted hotels in Germany—a sort of Hôtel du Louvre on a small scale. It is in reality a very fine building, and, in point of comfort, cleanliness, economy, *cuisine*, and good attendance, preferable to its Parisian prototype. We were conducted to the *bel etage* usually reserved for the reception of travellers of distinction. I presume the *maître*

d'hôtel was struck by the Asiatic features and dignified demeanour of my travelling companion, and resolved, upon the spur of the moment, to confer the honour upon a stranger who had come so great a distance to visit Fatherland. For myself, I always avoid incurring unnecessary expenses while on the road; but as I was desirous that my young Osmanli companion should carry home with him a favourable opinion of the manners, customs, and social life of the *Giaours*, I always selected the best hotels as our place of residence. Indeed, it was this alternately roughing it in the little inns of the villages and hamlets, and then enjoying the luxuries of life to their fullest extent that constituted the great charm of our tour, and at the same time made him more intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the people among whom he was sojourning, besides the amount of information it afforded him of swelling the pages of his MSS.

Our apartments on the *bel etage* were decorated and furnished with the most perfect good taste, and without any regard to expense. There was a profusion of sofas and divans of the newest Paris fashion, tall pier glasses in their richly gilt frames, well-stuffed cushions in the windows, upon which you might rest your arms, if you were disposed to admire the king's beautiful palace, and its well laid-out grounds. In short, there was nothing

omitted, either in the salons or the bed-rooms, that could minister to the wants of the most fastidious traveller. At the same time, every description of refreshment was excellent of its kind, and the charges moderate.

In enumerating the luxuries of our rooms, it would be very unjust to the proprietors of the hotel if I neglected to mention that every room throughout the building was furnished with one of Luther's Bibles. The good intentions of those who had, as it were, placed the sacred volume in the hands of the stranger, in the present instance received their reward, for the young Osmanli, who was tolerably well acquainted with the German language, having merely taken it up, as he would any other book, to pass away the time, became so deeply interested in its contents, that he purchased several before he left Stuttgart, with the intention of presenting them to those among his friends who, like himself, had received a European education.

On our route to Ulm, where we expected to find a steamer, or some other description of boat, to take us down the Danube to Vienna, we occasionally skirted the banks of the Neckar, now become a broad rapid river, and therefore interesting to travellers like ourselves, who only a few weeks previously had seen it rise in the mountains of the Black Forest.

I never yet passed through Ulm without recall-

ing to my recollection General Mack's shameful capitulation in 1805. Poor Austria, she lost through the cowardice or treachery of that ill-omened commander (historians are not agreed which) twenty-six thousand men, with the whole of the material of war, provisions, guns, and three thousand cavalry. Throughout the whole of that terrible war there was no event so utterly disgraceful to the military spirit of the Germans as this —none in which the French had such signal cause for triumph. Ulm is now far more strongly fortified than it was in 1805, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of poor Germany, that in the event of another war with France no portion of her armies will be commanded by such a poltroon as General Mack, who, it appears, was a Jew by descent.

Notwithstanding that wonderful self-command which the Asiatics evince in suppressing all external appearance of emotion or passion, my young friend could not conceal the joy he felt on again beholding the Danube. There it was, the noblest and most important of all European rivers, rolling majestically onwards towards his own bright land in the East; the contrast was most interesting to us, as we had so recently seen it a mere bubble, issuing up from the earth in the palace garden of Prince Fürstenberg at Donaueschingen. The whole extent of this splendid river, from its source to the Black Sea, is computed by German writers to be

about seven hundred leagues, receiving in its progress through Germany, Hungary, and the provinces of Austria and Turkey on the Lower Danube, no less than one hundred and fifty rivers. The scenery through which it passes is, of course, very much varied, but the country it traverses between Ulm and Vienna is frequently most beautiful and picturesque, more especially that in the vicinity of Passau and Lintz, in Upper Austria.

CHAPTER XX.

Novel Description of Boat—Dislike to Change and Progress inherent in the Character of the Germans—German Writing and Printing unintelligible to the Rest of Europe—Their Money, Weights, and Measures—What Germany was before the Thirty Years' War—Lecture at Heidelberg—Enthusiasm of the Youth of Germany—Professors and Students—Who are the Supporters of the Bismarck Policy—Aspirations for German Unity—Military State of Europe—What must follow—The End justifies the Means—England and Honest Michel.

TO say the best of it, travelling by steamboat or rail is a tedious affair in Germany—its beer-drinking, pipe-smoking inhabitants are wearisomely slow in all their movements. You would, however, expect that a people numbering altogether about fifty millions, possessing the finest rivers in Europe, would be able to furnish a traveller with some sort of boat, if he should be inclined to commence the voyage of the Danube from this town, where it commences to be navigable. On inquiry I found that a steamboat, when there is a sufficient depth of water, does leave the town. I was further informed, if I were to continue my journey by the railway to Passau, I should be certain to

find one that would take me to Vienna, and from thence to the Black Sea.

This was a great disappointment to my young friend, who ardently desired to make the voyage of the Danube. At length, after further inquiries, I found something in the form of a boat, which the dealers in wood here are accustomed to send to Vienna loaded with some sort of merchandise, which, being disposed of, the boat—if you can dignify it by such an appellation—is then broken up and sold for fire-wood.

Want of *practicalness*, as they call it, in their own expressive tongue, is the curse of the Germans in our day; it is innate in them—it shows itself in everything they do. To this want of practicalness, we may attribute their supine neglect of the advantages and capabilities of this noble river. If either the English or the French had it running through the centre of their country, hundreds of beautiful cities, rivaling each other in wealth and magnificence, would now be lying on its banks. The Danube is Nature's own highway, opening the most direct communication, and one that costs nothing to keep in repair, between Europe and Asia. Talk of want of water, indeed, as an obstacle to its navigation during the droughts of summer! Then why not adopt the flat-bottomed steamers that their neighbours, the French, have found so useful on the Loire, and the other shal-

low rivers of France, and which pay a much better dividend to the shareholders than any railway.

Again, what can we think of the practicalness of a people situated in the very centre of European civilization, who still obstinately persist in printing their books in that horrible black letter type of theirs, and writing in a character which, out of Germany, can only be deciphered by a hieroglyphist. We have another still more glaring evidence of this utter want of practicalness, if that were necessary in a people who, in this nineteenth century of ours, present to the world such a coinage as theirs, consisting, for the most part, of dirty, greasy-looking paper Florins, and rouleaus of six Kreutzers each, as utterly valueless to a traveller, the moment he crosses the German frontier, as if he had his pockets filled with so much tin. But even this, bad as it is, would be bearable, were it not that in some of the states you find sixty Kreutzers to a Florin, and in another so much as a hundred; then there is the Reichsthaler, and the Prussian thaler, the Silbergroschen and the Schelling, the Bundes-münze and the Conventions-münze, the Gulden-münze, and the Scheine; appearing as if the various governments, one and all, had joined in a conspiracy with the bankers, money-changers, hotel and shopkeepers, to plunder the unhappy traveller who may visit the country for the first

time—else why is it that the whole of the sovereigns do not at once consent to adopt the decimal system?

It is singular that a people who equal, if they do not excel, all others in whatever requires severe mental labour, should be so deplorably wanting in the very faculty which, of all others, forms the basis of the prosperity and greatness of nations. The professors of the German universities, who never take up a subject without probing it to its utmost depths, tell us in their lectures that practicalness is not indigenous to one race of mankind more than another, and that it is nothing more than a plant grown and matured by free institutions and self-government. They also contend that the inhabitants of the free England of to-day are not more practical than their own ancestors were in the olden time. In support of this theory, and as a proof of the truth of what they say, they proudly refer you to the grand old towns and cities they erected at a time when Germany was the first power in the world, and her people, of every other, the freest, most industrious, and enterprising.

That the Germans were in many respects a very different people from their descendants of the present day, we may be convinced, if we only visit their imperial towns. We also must admit their practicalness, when we see the magnificent

edifices they have erected in the old cities, several of which are allowed by professional judges to be unequalled for the beauty of their peculiar style of architecture. But in these days, let it be remembered, the inhabitants of these imperial cities were as free and independent as ourselves, and, as a people, equally alive to the value of self-government and municipal institutions.

It is only a few years since I heard a most interesting lecture on this subject at Heidelberg. It was given by a professor of history to the students of that university. The German language, owing to its richness, and the facility it offers of coining, as it were, new words, is remarkably well adapted for the display of eloquence on the part of a gifted orator. It was not, however, the eloquence of the lecturer on this occasion that so much riveted the attention of the hearers as the subject; and the repeated roars of applause it now and then drew forth, showed that it was a very popular one with the youth of Germany.

After proving, to his own satisfaction, and that of his hearers, that Germany, and not England, was in reality the cradle of liberty, and that what we now enjoy, in the shape of self-government and municipal institutions, was imported to us from Germany by our Saxon invaders, he passed in review the rule of the ancient Romans, the

conquests of the Francs and the Teutons, the rise of the Imperial cities, the rule of the emperors and their electors—showing, from historical quotations, that, during the whole of this time, no German of whatever class was compelled to obey a law that had not been previously enacted in a general popular assembly. He also proved, by the same indisputable authority, history, that neither the Emperor of Germany, nor his electors, could enforce or commence war without the consent of the same guardian of the public rights. If this, he contended, was not the very form itself of constitutional freedom, and the representative system, he knew not what was—a system of laws which remained, he said, in full force among us up to that dreadful outburst of sectarian hatred and fanaticism, the Thirty Years' War.

After one of the most striking orations I ever heard on a subject of so much importance to the German people in the present day, our able lecturer concluded his interesting discourse by reminding his hearers that, although Germany at that time lost her freedom amidst the turmoil of war and religious fanaticism, and with it more than two-thirds of her inhabitants, including the destruction of the whole of her trade, industry, and commerce, her gallant sons gained in return the eternal honour of being the first among the nations that had the manliness to stand up and defend the holiest of all

holy things, civil and religious liberty; and not only to defeat, in a thousand battles, the whole of the armies of papal Christendom arrayed against them, but to establish, on an indestructible basis, the reformed faith.

I can only give the reader a very imperfect idea of the enthusiasm of a German student when he is excited upon any topic that may happen to strike his fancy in connexion with his dear Fatherland. The subject, undoubtedly, was very attractive, and the lecturer had every reason to be satisfied with his reception, as the students of Germany are anything but indulgent critics. On the present occasion, the applause was kept within due bounds through the exertion of a large staff of head-masters, tutors, and monitors; but when he came to that part of his discourse relating to the Thirty Years' War, and the successful struggle of the Germans of that day to break the chains of papal tyranny, masters, tutors, monitors, the whole assembly broke forth in one long and reiterated burst of applause. This was still more remarkable, as my friends assured me, that at least one-third of the young men present were members of the Roman Catholic religion. The real fact is this, sectarian prejudice has completely died out in what may be termed Germany proper. It still lingers, it is true, in some of the remote, secluded districts of Austria, France, and Italy;

but nowhere in Europe, not even in benighted Spain, is it found so rampant, I regret to say, as among the Ultramontane priests and their followers in the British islands.

To the unprejudiced observer, who takes into account the eternal disputes between Prussia and Austria, together with the conflicting interests of a little army of sovereign princes, the future of Germany appears very gloomy; but if he holds this opinion, and doubts that great things are in store for that country, let him seek for information from the professors and the members of the learned and scientific professions, and he will come to a very different conclusion. There are altogether twenty-eight universities in Germany, and about seventeen hundred professors, a class of men who, since the outburst of 1848, have, by their liberalism and intense devotion to Germany, acquired far greater political power than they ever possessed at any former period. They are, for the most part, able writers and admirable lecturers. These are the men who train the youth of Germany, and consequently exercise an immense influence not only over the present, but the future destinies of their country. They are, without exception, liberal, without being revolutionary; thoroughly patriotic, without any party feeling; and have only one object in view—how they can best compass the ardent desire of all Germans,

with scarcely an exception, the union of their beloved Fatherland.

These are the men who, stimulated by their devotion to German interests, as lecturers and writers in the public journals, urged on the war against Denmark, and never laid down the pen till they saw her finest provinces torn from her. They wanted Schleswig-Holstein, with its fine ports and harbours, as a position for their darling pet, the infant fleet of Germany. These are the men who, as chiefs of the National Verein, build their chief hopes upon Prussia, as the power which shall found a German Empire. Where can we find, they say, a centre of unity but in that thoroughly German state, Prussia, whose brave sons have done so much in establishing the military fame of our beloved Fatherland?

They are the men who support M. Bismarck, and hold him up as the greatest man that Germany has seen since the days of the hero Wallenstein. In fact, this is the game that the wily minister of Prussia has been playing. It is this devotion to the national cause and intense Germanism that has enabled him to ride, rough-shod, over the shadow they call a constitution in Prussia, and at the same time to enlist under his banner the whole of the union party in the other German states—a party who would sacrifice liberty, equality, the rights of man, and all the other clap-traps

of the Republicans, if they thought it would further the union of Germany. "Give us," they exclaim, "a united Fatherland, make us one great people, and we care not who is the ruler, whether despot or liberal."

Can we therefore doubt that Germany is on the eve of some great change? Prussia is, in fact, her rising star, and the monarchs of Austria and the minor states are fully aware that even if they were to attempt to get up a confederation, placing it under the protection of either the Emperor of Austria or the Emperor of the French, it would most certainly prove a failure. Again, Austria, however much she may pride herself upon the strength of her thirty-five millions of subjects, has in reality no solid influence in Germany. The sovereigns of the minor states, in their fears for the future, may promise to support her in the event of a war with their natural enemy, Prussia. But I have studied the present state of public feeling in Germany to very little effect if I may not venture to assert that eternal banishment from his hereditary dominions would be the fate of any German prince who should have the temerity to link his fate with Austria. Besides, the Germans have no confidence in the truth and good faith of a Hapsburg; for so long as a Protestant exists in Germany, so long will the sufferings their forefathers endured from that fanatic race remain

engraven on the minds of their descendants.

Finally, to give the reader a more convincing idea of the state of public opinion on this all-absorbing question—the Union mania—I have been assured by more than one friend of high social position that, if the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia had not just at that critical moment taken upon themselves the conduct of the late Danish war, to the utter exclusion of the soldiery of the minor states, it would have led to such a revolutionary outburst as must have settled the question for ever. In other words, then, it is evident that poor Denmark has been sacrificed by the Unionists on the one hand, as a sort of *pis-aller* to effect the object of their wildest ambition; and on the other, by their opponents, to prevent what they knew must be the result unless they acted promptly and decisively; and having carried out the object they had in view, does it not unquestionably show that the famous maxim of the Jesuits, "the end justifies the means," is as well understood by all parties of men now in Germany as it is in France?

This demoralizing principle of the Jesuits, acted upon with such success by Austria and Prussia in the contest with Denmark, and which Louis Napoleon in our day was the first to adopt in his policy, must be considered as a dangerous violation of that truth and loyalty which had hitherto guided the great

European powers in their negotiations with each other. This truly Jesuitical principle, if persisted in, cannot fail to entail the most pernicious consequences upon the children of men, weakening as it does the only ties that bind nations together. Do we not see the seed already bearing fruit? Do we not see a want of confidence already showing itself in the vast standing armies that every continental power feels itself compelled to maintain at such a ruinous expense?—proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that treaties are not regarded as anything better than so much waste paper, and that a nation has now no other safeguard, no other protection, than to be able to repel force by force. This, however, is not the only evil attending this unnatural state of things, nor the least to be deplored, when it is remembered the thousands of energetic youths in the full vigour of manhood who are compelled by the conscription, year after year, to leave the peaceful pursuits of life and take to a career which unfits them in after days to battle with the world in any occupation that requires manual labour, to say nothing of the demoralizing effect it must have upon society in general.

To a certain extent this has been the fate of Europe ever since the French revolution of 1848, aggravated in no slight degree by the *coup d'état* of 1852. Knowing somewhat of soldiering, and the cost to a state of supporting so many men in

a life of comparative idleness, the wonder is where the money has come from, or how the working portion of the population have been able to support such an extravagant expenditure. It is true the rail, that powerful aid to industry, has had its influence. Even so, if I have been rightly informed, there is not a single state in Europe, with few exceptions, whose finances are not in the most critical state.

With respect to what may be termed the fighting power of Europe, in this bellicose age of ours, the statement I am now about to make is so marvellous, that I should not be surprised if some of my industrious, money-making countrymen received it with a smile of credulity; it is nevertheless but too true. In looking over the statistical accounts of the armies now maintained in full fighting order by the various European States, including those of Turkey, I find they amount to the almost incredible number of exactly four millions seven hundred thousand; and if to this is added the naval force, gendarmes, coast-guard, and military colonists, they amount altogether to something more than five millions! The cost of maintaining such a vast multitude of armed men, for the want of reliable information, can only be guessed at; but if we take that of the two great military powers, France and Russia, as our guide, it cannot be far short of a hundred millions sterling! The

French, those eternal disturbers of the peace of the world, were the first to commence the game, encouraged as they have been by their present ruler, whose sole aim and object, it cannot be denied, has been, ever since he seized the helm of power, to render the trade of war more and more destructive.

Talk indeed of the civilization of the age, and the harmony of nations in the face of such vast standing armies as these!—it would be nearer the mark if I said the peace of the world never before rested on such a rickety foundation. How long this demoralizing rivalry is to continue it is impossible to say—the general opinion is, that it must lead to a general war, or end in one of those terrible outbursts of human passion, to which every country is more or less subject where the inhabitants are treated by their rulers as if they were so many machines, created to minister to their pleasures.

It is true we have been promised a congress, which was not only to put an end to all this, but to usher in that millennium of peace, when we should see the lion and the lamb lie down together. What a happy prospect! Nevertheless, I feel certain the intelligent reader will agree with me when I say that of all the shams that our inventive neighbours ever put forth to impose upon the credulity of mankind, this was the most transparent.

In fact, there is not a man in France or out of France who knows anything of the policy of the oracle of the Tuileries, that regarded the question in any other light than one of those clever *coups de théâtre* which His Imperial Majesty now and then finds necessary to put forth, for the purpose of giving his own subjects something to talk and write about, and at the same time to remind the great world out of France that he is still the foremost man of his day, and that he has only to say "I will," to be obeyed. Even assuming the possibility of compelling a man invested with sovereign authority to submit to any other decision than the sword, our obstinate cousins in Germany, in their own blundering way, settled the question at once, by declaring war against little Denmark, and that in defiance of all the laws of chivalry, justice, and the faith of treaties.

I have already had occasion in a previous chapter of alluding to the *gaucheries* of honest Michel, and the facility with which he allows himself to be made the instrument of a clever intriguant. This time, if report speaks true, he succumbed to the machinations of Russia, in the encouragement she had given him to continue the war with the Danes, with the view of drawing the attention of the Western Powers to that scandalous affair, while she was drawing the last drop of blood from her hapless victim, poor Poland.

Here again we have that famous maxim of the Jesuits, "the end justifies the means," carried out to the very letter. In this instance, however, it might have proved a somewhat dangerous proceeding if, stung by the abusive language of Honest Michel, England had actually drawn the sword and joined her ally France. What, then, would become of that tottering, hollow thing called the Deutsche Bund? Where now would be the frontier of Germany? No doubt it would not suit the interests of a great power like England to expose an old friend so helpless to certain destruction; still, the amount of dirt that ill-advised, querulous old gentleman, Master Michel, made us eat, in his silly rhodomontades about England and the English, will be long remembered by every Englishman who happened to be sojourning in Germany at the time.

Among other disagreeable things, the Danish war has taught us what we ought to have known before—the folly of trusting to family alliances if we need support. Nations are all swayed by the same principle—self-interest. This is the reason, however unpalatable it may be to the Germans, that we have allied ourselves and our interests to our old enemy, the French: it suits our industry, trade, and commerce, and tends to promote the peace of the world. In short, we have learned to know, and so have our neighbours the French,

that, together, we defy the world in arms. It is true, we should prefer seeing France governed by a free constitution. It is the enormous power wielded by one man that makes us anxious and apprehensive of what he might be betrayed into in some moment of irritation, or, it might be, by the derangement of his intellect—an evil to which every human being is liable. It is, in fact, the possession of this despotic power by the present ruler over such a restless people as the French that has led to a general want of confidence in the future, and has caused those vast armies to be raised that now press so heavily upon the industry and finances of every country in Europe.

CHAPTER XXI.

Voyage down the Danube—On Board the Ulm Packet—Dillingen—Dreary Appearance of the Town—Superstition of the Lower Classes in Bavaria—Altercation with a German Landlady—A Soft Answer turneth away Wrath—Visit to the Battle-Field of Blenheim—Beautiful Scenery of the Danube—The Old Towns of Germany—Ingolstadt and Loyola the Founder of the Jesuits—General Tilly and the Thirty Years' War—Biographical Sketch of that General.

TRAVELLING has become so easy since the establishment of steam-boats and railways, that you can journey wherever you please, let the distance be what it may, are words you now hear in every man's mouth. It is true, you may accept an invitation to a shooting-party or a public entertainment in either America, French Africa, or even our own possessions in India, and arrive at your destination almost to a certainty at the time specified. Still, with all this, if you leave the great beaten track for a few miles, your difficulties now more than ever multiply at every step. I was now very much puzzled to decide what would be our best mode of journeying to the Austrian

capital, and at the same time enjoy the scenery of the Danube. The young despot my travelling companion, no doubt accustomed to have his own way in all things, resolved, in defiance of the Danube fogs, bad inns, and damp beds, to proceed onwards, and trust to the Ulm boat as his mode of conveyance. As for the prospect of living on saurkraut, butter-bemme, and pancakes, with now and then a stringy fowl and potatoe salad by way of change, he considered it would be an agreeable variety, and give the charm of novelty to the book he was writing. Above all, as the rivers in his own country were for the most part shallow, this was precisely the sort of boat adapted to them and the wants of the inhabitants. Was it not, then, indispensable that he should learn the right method of managing them, resolved as he was on introducing them on his return home.

Against all these arguments in favour of this most primitive mode of conveyance, there was, of course, no contending. Behold us, therefore, on board the Ulm packet, precisely the same in build and appointments as that I took some thirty years ago, and of which I gave an account in my work, "Sketches of Germany and the Germans;"* and so little have the inhabitants changed in their manners or customs, in all the towns and villages

* Published in 1836, by Messrs. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

I then visited, that every line I wrote at that time might be copied into my present work. Our ark was constructed of the same sort of unplaned deal boards and clumsy beams, here nailed together, and in other places fastened by strong willow ropes, into something bearing a distant resemblance to a boat. The square enclosure of boards, which by courtesy we call a cabin, rested on the mass of planks, and being roofed and water-tight, furnished with a table and a few chairs, served to protect us from the rays of the sun and rains. The propelling impetus was in no respect changed, and consisted of very long oars, each manned by two or more boatmen, more for the purpose of keeping it away from the banks than for urging it forward on a river which descends from a height of nearly seven hundred feet from Ulm to Vienna, and rushes onward with great rapidity, especially when it is swollen with water from the mountains.

The freight of our vessel was of the most miscellaneous description; but now that the railroad connects most of the towns in the interior with those on the banks of the Danube, there were few passengers, and those consisted chiefly of women and children, and a few old men, whose fear still prevents them from trusting the safety of their lives to the mercy of a steam-engine.

Ober-Thailfingen, with its picturesque convent perched on the last pinnacle of the Swabian Alps

was the first place at which we passed the night, famous for a battle that was fought here in 1805—as usual, at the expense of the Germans—and for having given the title of duke to Marshal Ney, the hero of the fight. Although a very small place, and rarely visited by a traveller, we fared remarkably well. The landlady, a fine buxom dame of about four or five and twenty, was a perfect German, kind, good-natured, and anxious to do anything that could make her *Herren* comfortable. My young friend was in raptures, and looked forward with the confidence of youth to a pleasant voyage. He had already learned, in his own mind, how to construct an Ulm boat, and he was on the best of terms with the boatmen, to whom he was the most generous of paymasters. Nothing, indeed, could have been more promising, until we got to Dillingen, at one time renowned throughout all Europe for its university of Jesuits, and in latter days as the residence of Louis XVIII. It was here that the attempt was made upon the poor exile's life, said to have been done by a paid agent of Bonaparte. The ball grazed his forehead, but the assassin escaped.

I know not how it is, there are some places that produce upon you a disagreeable impression, a sensation of something unhomely, so well-expressed by the Germans in that comprehensive word of theirs, *Unheimlichkeit*; and this was what my com-

panion and myself felt on entering Dillingen. There was a gloomy, saddened look about the place, and a cadaverous smell in the air, that was most oppressive; yet the country around it, without being picturesque, was lovely. It was the hour for the Angelus, the salutation at parting-day to the Madonna, and the ringing of so many little bells as we passed along the street, summoning the faithful to prayer, reminded me that I was in Bavaria, and among the most bigoted people in all Germany, and none more priest-ridden nor more likely to carry their religious prejudices into the commonest affairs of life. Of their superstition, we had ample testimony on entering the Speise-saal of our inn, where we found the whole of the inmates kneeling, and beating their breasts before a small image of the Virgin, in a conspicuous part of the room, in front of which a lamp was burning.

My young friend (whose mother was a Lutheran Christian, a Hungarian lady of high rank) had nothing of the Mussulman fanatic in his character, neither had the pacha, his father; otherwise, it is not probable he would allow his only child, the hope of his family, to journey in the land of the Cross, and eat and drink and live with the Giaours; but this being the first time my young companion had ever beheld such an exhibition of abject superstition, of downright idolatry, as the present, it was

easy to see, by the flush that overspread his manly countenance, how great was the disgust and contempt he felt. We remained standing, undecided whether or not to retrace our steps and seek another inn; however, as the invocation was nearly at an end, the people rose from their knees before we could retreat. Still, it was easy to see by the angry expression on the countenance of the landlady, that she regarded us as accursed heretics, to whom she was not bound to render any courtesy she could legally avoid as a licensed victualler.

We were shown to our rooms, where everything, to say the truth, bore the appearance of being perfectly clean; but as I knew it was the custom in this part of Germany to dispense with sheets to the beds, I had some difficulty in making the *soubrette* that attended us understand that we could not sleep without them, even though each bed was supplied with an eiderdown plumeau. This brought the *Gastgeberinn* herself bouncing into the room, crying in alto,

"Was ist dem! not sleep in my beds, that smell as sweet as new-made hay, without sheets! Where did you come from? Who are you, to presume upon more than one of our own princes would even think of?"

I still persisted I could not sleep in a bed made after that fashion, and must have nice, clean, well-aired sheets. Whether it was my determined

manner, or that the feminine kindness of the woman had got the better of her sectarian prejudice, a clapping of hands, and the cry of "Lieschen, Mäbel," was sufficient to assure me I had gained my point.

To persuade her, however, to provide us with a tolerable supper, appeared hopeless—it was evident she still disliked us most heartily, and probably thought that to entertain two such wicked unbelievers would provoke the anger of the Virgin.

From long experience in the German character, I am perfectly aware you will never overcome its inflexible obstinacy by threats or harsh language; neither will the offer of double or treble pay prove more effectual. I had, therefore, no other resource to rely on than the most diplomatic soft sawder to gain the victory. At first all my eloquence was unavailing. No, indeed, she had nothing so late in the evening, after the hour of the Angelus, but pork sausages and saurkraut, an omelette, or a Biersuppe (pork sausages for a Mussulman's supper!)—besides, she was not going to kill herself, or her poor maidens, with cooking a supper for two gad-abouts *(herumlaufenden)*, who could not afford to pay for any better conveyance than a miserable Ulm boat.

This was a home-thrust, evidently intended by our amiable *Gastgeberinn* to put an end to any further *Plaudern*. I, however, persevered, and she re-

lented; for the Germans in this part of Fatherland, no matter how great an amount of sectarian prejudice they may have, are *au fond* good-natured, and can be as amiable as other people, when you touch the right chord, and at the proper moment. It is sufficient to say that, everything else having failed in the shape of soft-sawder, it was enough when I told her, as a *dernier ressort* that my young friend had come all the way from Asia to see her beloved Fatherland, more especially that beautiful Danube—her own noble river, that ran past her door.

The torrent of excuses, the low curtseyings that followed this avowal, made ample amends for all my trouble. The stoves were lighted, the maids set to work, the wrongs of the Madonna were forgotten in the desire of the whole household to do honour to the stranger; and, to say the truth, rarely, very rarely, at so short a notice, have I sat down, while travelling, to a more plentiful or a better-cooked repast, now most acceptable to travellers who had eaten nothing substantial since five o'clock in the morning.

The exhibition, however, of the worship of the Virgin appeared such downright idolatry, even to a liberal Mussulman, who abominates everything that can be construed into a breach of the second commandment, that my young friend came to the resolution to change his mode of travelling.

"How can I," he said, "expose myself again to be a witness to such an unmeaning, irreverent spectacle as that, without doing outrage to my own religious feelings, and which I know, as well as you reformers do, is not only contrary to common sense, but to everything written in the Christian's own book of faith."

For myself, I did not altogether regret the exhibition at the inn, as it had the effect of changing my young friend's mode of travelling. A voyage *à petites distances*—that is, stopping every night at one or other of the towns on its banks—no doubt has its charms in fine weather, affording to the traveller, as it does, an opportunity of viewing at his leisure the beauties of that noble river, were it not that there are morning and evening fogs, and the possibility of damp beds to be guarded against. All of which might be risked with impunity by an old traveller like myself, so long accustomed to rough it, but not by a tender plant, reared under the burning sun of Asia. Taken altogether, our new mode of travelling by railway, and of occasionally changing it by availing ourselves of the services of a *Landkutscher;* was in every respect much better, because it afforded us not only an opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery of the Danube, but of visiting at our leisure several of the fine old towns in the interior on our way to Passau, where we were certain to find a steamer to Vienna.

On the route to Donauwerth, our first excursion was to the field of Blenheim—the theatre of the Duke of Marlborough's greatest victory, which may be placed side by side with those of Cressy and Agincourt, and though the consequences involved by it were not so important as those depending on Waterloo, yet I do not think it is recorded of any other general that he not only beat his enemies in a fair stand-up fight, when they were more than two to one, but took a greater number of prisoners than the whole of his own army. On this occasion the French and Bavarians lost eighteen thousand killed in battle, and twenty thousand prisoners, including the whole of their artillery and baggage. This was a terrible blow to the French, who, just as the national vanity fever was at its height, exulting over the defeat of the Austrians under General Sturm, received the news of the total discomfiture of their troops on the same field of battle. It seems almost as if it was written in the book of fate that the French were to be victorious over every other people but their neighbours, the English; and really, if we enumerate the number of battles they lost when arrayed against us from the earliest times, it is most remarkable. The self-love of our neighbours may, however, be consoled, since it has not been our custom to perpetuate the names of those battles by giving them as titles to our successful

warriors, otherwise, we should now, in all probability, have our Dukes of Cressy, Agincourt, Blenheim, Waterloo, and a hundred others of minor importance. It would be well if our neighbours followed our example. But no; wheresoever their arms have been triumphant, they invariably select the names of the towns and provinces as titles for their generals, which can have no other effect than that of perpetuating national hatred.

On leaving the field of Blenheim, we drove along the banks of the Danube to Donauwerth, formerly a very important town, as one of the free imperial towns of Germany, now only remarkable for the fine residence of Prince Wallerstein, the Holy Cross, at one time a monastery belonging to the Benedictine monks; and for the abbey, which contains the remains of the ill-fated Maria of Brabant. Maria appears to be an unfortunate name for a princess—for instance, Maria Stuart and Maria Antoinette, like their sister of Brabant, are said to have been the most beautiful women of their day, but that did not save them from falling victims to tragical deaths. Maria of Brabant must have been pre-eminently good and virtuous, since the mere touch of her sarcophagus is still considered by the faithful among these good Bavarians to be a remedy for every disease.

The scenery of the Danube between Donau-

werth and Neuburg, without being sublimely beautiful, was very lovely—more especially in the vicinity of the picturesque castle of Bertholdsheim, and the ruins of Altenburg and Kaiserburg. We remained the greatest part of a day at Neuburg, one of those fine old towns, of which we see so many in this part of Germany, as remarkable for their peculiar style of architecture as for the solidity with which the Germans of the olden time were accustomed to construct their public and private edifices, so different from the lath-and-plaster structures of their descendants in the present day.

When you compare the quiet, half-deserted look of one of those old German towns, with the noise and bustle of one of ours, where every man appears as if he was running a race with his neighbours, to catch hold of that fickle jade, Madame Fortune, and where you may see money flying from hand to hand, as if it were valueless, your wonder is excited as to how or from what source the inhabitants find the means of subsistence. There is no appearance of industry or commerce beyond that which is common to every place where a number of people congregate together. Yet there does not seem any want of money or inability to live in the different classes of society; and, what is equally remarkable, you never meet with what may be termed a really

destitute man or woman. There they were—the same quiet, staid, respectable-looking people that I had seen some thirty years ago. Gnädiger Herr, Gnädige Frau, Bürger, Burschen, and Mädeln, in dress, manners, customs, and expression, absolutely the same, with this sole difference—that some of the women had taken to wearing crinoline.

With respect to the public buildings and the dwelling-houses, they all seemed kept in perfect repair, without any alteration, that I could discover, since I first saw them so many years ago; neither could I see that an old house had been pulled down, or a new one erected in its place. I must leave it to the judgment of the reader to decide which are the happiest—the inhabitants of these quaint but picturesque old German towns, whose wants are few and easily satisfied, or those of our luxurious cities, where the millionnaire of to-day may be a pauper to-morrow?

On approaching Ingolstadt, the scenery of the Danube became extremely monotonous. Of all the towns in Germany, this was the most famous during the Thirty Years' War. It was then a university, and the head-quarters of the Roman Catholic league, and contained more than thirty thousand inhabitants—it does not now number five. Here the celebrated Tilly, the most successful general employed in the Papal army during that long and dreadful war, died.

It is really impossible to say which was the greatest fanatic of the two—Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, or his pupil, Tilly; the latter was an enthusiast from his youth, and firmly believed himself an instrument, expressly created by heaven, for the propagation of the true faith. This conviction of the youth having been reported to the Superior of the Jesuits, he spared no expense in giving him a first-rate military education; and when his training was complete, and he was ready for action, the well-known scene was arranged of his interview with the Virgin, when he swore to be her faithful soldier till the end of his life. This was so cleverly managed, that Tilly, who could not be considered either a fool or a madman, firmly believed, till the end of his days, that he had absolutely not only seen the mother of God in the flesh, but conversed and shaken hands with her! He also felt convinced that from that day forth his ife was charmed—he was invulnerable to the bullet of a heretic.

As a general, he was almost invariably successful, till Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the reformed army, appeared, as if sent expressly to check his hitherto triumphant career; from that moment he lost his prestige—disaster followed disaster; in vain he invoked the aid of the Holy Virgin, in vain he fasted and beat himself with whips till the blood trickled down his back, heaven

was deaf to his cries and prayers; till at length his sorrows and his life were terminated together by a bullet from the gun of a Swedish heretic, but not till he had suffered the most excruciating and protracted tortures from the wound. An extract from an autograph letter he wrote to the Emperor Ferdinand II., of Austria, after the fall of Magdeburg, congratulating him upon the victory, as chief of the Catholic league, will be sufficient to give the reader a correct idea of the atrocities this cruel fanatic was capable of perpetrating. "Never," said he, "since the fall of Jerusalem, has the earth witnessed such a massacre, such a wholesale destruction of a town. I spared none but those who could make the sign of the cross, as a true Catholic only knows how to do. As to the heretics themselves, I burned them, old and young, women and all, in their Satan's temples, as I would so many pigs!"

For the sake of poor humanity, it is to be hoped that the world will never again be cursed with another religious war. Magdeburg was then one of the most prosperous towns in Germany—its enlightened inhabitants were among the first that embraced the reformed faith, and none contributed more generously to its support, or sent forth so many heroes in its defence. History tells us that the town was burned to the ground, after a long and fearful siege, and more than thirty thousand

of its inhabitants butchered in cold blood by the bigoted soldiers of their leader, the monster Tilly. It also says that while this was being done, the victorious fanatic, who was also a priest in holy orders, employed himself in celebrating a *Te Deum* in the cathedral.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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